

SPECIAL  
ISSUE

MARGARET TALBOT LOVES BETTIE PAGE

SEPTEMBER 8 & 15, 1997 • \$2.95

# THE NEW REPUBLIC

Andrew Young and the GoodWorks Game—by Stephen Glass

## ZIONISM AT 100



### THE GOD THAT DID NOT FAIL

BY MARTIN PERETZ

ALSO: DANIEL BELL LEON BOTSTEIN ARTHUR HERTZBERG MICHAEL IGNATIEFF

RON K UNZ  
555 BRYANT ST #371  
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704  
009

94301  
DIGIT 11/5#54 26MAR01  
#BXBKDML\*\*\*5-DIGIT  
#TNR00000068171/5#54 26MAR01

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER DAVID S. LANDES  
TER LAQUEUR GEORGE L. MOSSE CYNTHIA OZICK  
ES MICHAEL WALZER STEVEN WEINBERG  
ER RUTH R. WISSE EDWARD WITTEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BECAUSE WE'LL RECYCLE OVER 200 MILLION PLASTIC  
BOTTLES THIS YEAR, LANDFILLS CAN BE FILLED WITH OTHER THINGS.  
LIKE LAND, FOR INSTANCE.



We can't make more land. But we can do more to protect what we have. In fact, this year Phillips Petroleum's plastics recycling plant will process over 200 million containers. This effort will help reduce landfill

waste and conserve natural resources. And that will leave another little corner of the world all alone. At Phillips, that's what it means to be The Performance Company.

**PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY**



*For an annual report on Phillips' health, environmental and safety performance, write to: HES Report, 16 A1 PB, Bartlesville, OK 74004, or visit us at [www.phillips66.com](http://www.phillips66.com).*





Editor-in-Chief and Chairman  
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor  
MICHAEL KELLY  
Literary Editor  
LEON WIESELTIER  
Executive Editor  
JONATHAN COHN

Senior Editors  
PETER BEINART, JOHN B. JUDIS, CHARLES LANE,  
WILLIAM POWERS, HANNA ROSIN,  
ANDREW SULLIVAN, MARGARET TALBOT,  
JAMES WOOD  
Legal Affairs  
JEFFREY ROSEN  
Managing Editor  
DAVID GRANN  
Assistant Managing Editor  
DEBRA DUROCHER

Films  
STANLEY KAUFFMANN  
Poetry  
MARK STRAND  
Theater  
ROBERT BRUSTEIN  
Dance  
MINDY ALOFF

Art  
JED PERL  
New Republic Books (Basic Books)  
PAUL GOLOB

New Republic Online (Electronic Newsstand)  
BRIAN HECHT

Contributing Editors  
FOUAD AJAMI, ELIOT A. COHEN, STANLEY CROUCH,  
JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN, NATHAN GLAZER,  
ANN HULBERT, MICKEY KAUS, MICHAEL KINSLEY,  
CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE,  
MICHAEL LEWIS, GLENN LOURY,  
DOUGLAS G. McGRATH, LOUIS MENAND, DAVID RIEFF,  
ROGER ROSENBLATT, MICHAEL J. SANDEL,  
MAGGIE SCARE, ROBERT SHAPIRO, RONALD STEEL,  
E. V. THAW, TOM TOLES, TATYANA TOLSTAYA,  
MICHAEL WALZER, JACOB WEISBERG, SEAN WILENTZ,  
ALAN WOLFE, C. VANN WOODWARD, ROBERT WRIGHT

Special Correspondent  
ANNA HUSARSKA

Associate Editors  
STEPHEN GLASS, JACOB HEILBRUNN, RUTH SHALIT

Design Consultant  
ERIC BAKER

Editorial-Corporate Coordinator  
LAURA E. OBOLINSKY

Production Director  
BRUCE STEINKE

Production Manager  
HENRY RIGGS

Assistant Editors  
SUSAN ELLINGWOOD, ROBYN GEAREY

Assistant Literary Editor  
MELANIE REHAK

Staff Writer  
JONATHAN CHAIT

Reporter-Researchers  
MICHAEL BRUS, CATHERINE ELTON,  
SYDNEY FREEDBERG JR., ADAM KIRSCH

President and Publisher  
JOAN M. STAPLETON

Vice President  
JAMES J. McCABE

Associate Publisher-Advertising  
JENNIFER BARRETT

Associate Publisher-Circulation  
JAMES J. SMITH

Controller  
CHRISTINA R. BONIFER

Circulation Director  
CECELIA M. STEPHENS

Marketing Manager  
SHABNAM K. SHARMA

Advertising Manager  
ASHLEY H. COOPER

Accounting Assistants  
JACQUELYN M. McCULLOUGH

Circulation Assistant  
CLAIRE P. STERN

Advertising Assistant  
KATHLEEN WILEY

Back Issues and Reception  
MARGO JOHNSON

SEPTEMBER 8 & 15, 1997



Cover by Eric Baker for THE NEW REPUBLIC.  
Photo of Theodor Herzl from *Pillar of Fire: The  
Rebirth of Israel—A Visual History*. Articles on  
pages 2 and 12 of insert and on page 46.

FOUNDED 1914  
WASHINGTON, D.C.  
ISSUES 4,312 & 4,313

- 4 **CORRESPONDENCE** Sen and sensibility, Powers and censorship &c.
- 6 **MICHAEL KELLY** TRB: OP CITY Johnny Chung and the sleaze factor.
- 7 **THE EDITORS** BAD COP, GOOD COPS Is New York's aggressive policing too aggressive?
- 8 **NOTEBOOK** Summer snooze, Gingrich blues, B.U. news &c.
- 10 **JAMES CARNEY** LARGESSE OBLIGE Nobody noticed Gore's pet budget item except a few Democratic mayors—which was precisely the idea.
- 11 **GARY BASS** CAMBRIDGE POSTCARD: GEEK CHIC MIT achieved gender parity without the usual admissions tricks. Now the girls are just as miserable as the boys.
- 12 **RICH LOWRY** GROWTH PAINS More Republican fratricide: Kemp v. Forbes.
- 15 **JONATHAN CHAIT** REFORMULATION Democrats always pretended they were for campaign finance reform. Now they mean it, for purely selfish reasons.
- 18 **DAVID SIMON** BALTIMORE POSTCARD: MURDER, I WROTE How "Homicide" turned real.
- 20 **STEPHEN GLASS** THE YOUNG AND THE FECKLESS Over the last thirty years, civil rights hero Andrew Young has cultivated a reputation for high-minded independence. So what does he do now? Sell his good name to Nike.

## ZIONISM AT 100

### 2 THE GOD THAT DID NOT FAIL MARTIN PERETZ

- 12 **A SYMPOSIUM** DANIEL BELL, LEON BOTSTEIN, ARTHUR HERTZBERG, MICHAEL IGNATIEFF, TONY JUDT, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, DAVID S. LANDES, RICHARD A. LANDES, WALTER LAQUEUR, GEORGE L. MOSSE, CYNTHIA OZICK, DAVID PRYCE-JONES, MICHAEL WALZER, STEVEN WEINBERG, RUTH R. WISSE, EDWARD WITTEN

- 27 **RONALD STEEL** THE HARD QUESTIONS: RE-ORIENT The perils of Yellow Peril.
- 28 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: A LOST LOVE? Ruminations and some lamentations on film and American cinephilia.
- 29 **MARGARET TALBOT** CHICKS AND CHUCKLES Bettie Page and the fate of pleasure in America.
- 38 **HUGH THOMAS** AFTER THE REVOLUTION *Mexico: Biography of Power: A History of Modern Mexico, 1810-1996* by Enrique Krauze, translated by Hank Heifetz
- 41 **CHRISTOPHER BENFEY** LOVE IN THE RUINS *Walker Percy: A Life* by Patrick Samway, S.J.; *The Correspondence of Shelby Foote & Walker Percy* edited by Jay Tolson
- 44 **JO ANN CLARK** POEM *Mole Rhapsody*

### 46 LEON WIESELTIER WASHINGTON DIARIST: ZIONISM AT 100 DISTINCTIONISM

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 217, Numbers 10 & 11, Issues 4,312 & 4,313, September 8 & 15, 1997. (Printed in the U.S. on August 20, 1997.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 6 & 13, July 14 & 21, Aug. 11 & 18, and Sept. 8 & 15, 1997) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. The New Republic Advertising Sales Office (212) 702-4882. Yearly subscriptions, \$69.97; foreign, \$99.97 (U.S. funds); Canada, \$84.97 (U.S. funds). Back issues, \$3.50 (includes postage & handling). © 1997 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Periodicals postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest, Microform, Canadian Periodical Index, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Internet mail address: [tnr@aol.com](mailto:tnr@aol.com) Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 37298, Boone, IA 50037-0298. For subscription problems call 1-800-827-1289.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## Fiddlesticks

To the editors:

Which version of *Fiddler on the Roof* did Secretary of Defense William Cohen—or writer Charles Lane—see? Certainly not the version that depicted traditional Jewish townsfolk in their shtetl.

Lane writes in "The Double Man" (July 28): "Ruby Cohen, his son has said, was 'like a *Fiddler on the Roof* character'—a man who could handle himself in a fistfight or a billiard game...."

That show's trademark song is "Tradition." Tradition can mean different things to different people, but fistfights and billiard games were definitely not the tradition of the real Jewish shtetl—let alone the romanticized one of *Fiddler on the Roof*.

STEPHEN LISTFIELD  
Pompton Plains, New Jersey

## Survival of the fittest

To the editors:

John B. Judis ("Careless," July 28) is correct that reimbursing HMOs for Medicare costs based on the average costs of fee-for-service seniors will induce HMOs to recruit healthier than average seniors. But in analyzing who gains from this, he doesn't take his incentive analysis far enough. HMOs will have to compete with each other for these healthy seniors, each offering a better deal than the last, until the cost of the inducements equals the profit the HMOs will make. Thus, the policy is a transfer to healthy seniors, not HMOs. This doesn't justify it. In fact, it undermines the insurance role that Medicare is supposed to provide.

ABE WICKELGREN  
Somerville, Massachusetts

## Right or wrong

To the editors:

Of course, Amartya Sen in "Human Rights and Asian Values" (July 14 & 21) is correct in his rejection of Asian particularism regarding "conformism" in the exercise of religious belief. However, Sen is incorrect in denying particularism to Eurocentric history, since Western tradition does in fact possess a mixture of "constitutive components" unique to itself and rarely found in other societies, namely the acceptance of religious tolerance at a sufficient level that even atheism is permitted as a principled

rejection of religious belief.

During the Age of Pericles, such figures as Protagoras, Anaxagoras, Phidias, Pericles's mistress Aspasia and very probably Pericles himself were all identified as atheists. Later in ancient history, the Epicurean and skeptical schools of philosophy always verged on atheism, and such figures as Carneades, Lucretius and Cicero were correctly identified as atheists. After a millennium of Christian despotism usually described as the "dark" and "middle" ages, the Renaissance entailed a rediscovery of free thought. It is no accident that Copernicus read Cicero's *Academica*, nor is it any accident that the gradual progression of empirical speculation through the seventeenth century by such figures as Bacon, Hobbes, Gassendi and Spinoza involved

Where in Asian history, one asks, can Amartya Sen find anything equivalent to this remarkable history of skepticism, atheism and free thought? Where can it be found in the history of any other society in the world? Lacking sufficient documentation to the contrary, one may assume that Western civilization is unique in at least this one respect: that it supported and contextualized our unique contributions in secular philosophy, in systematic epistemology and in all the advances of modern science that we take for granted today.

EDWARD JAYNE  
Kalamazoo, Michigan

## The Brady bunch

To the editors:

While Jeffrey Rosen is no doubt correct that the Supreme Court's ruling on the Brady Act reflects a new judicial activism on the right, his gratuitous shots at the statute itself are puzzling ("Dual Sovereigns," July 28). Rosen demeans the statute as a "feel-good law" and a "cheap symbol of federal virtue"—one that represents an invasion of an area "traditionally, and properly... left to the states."

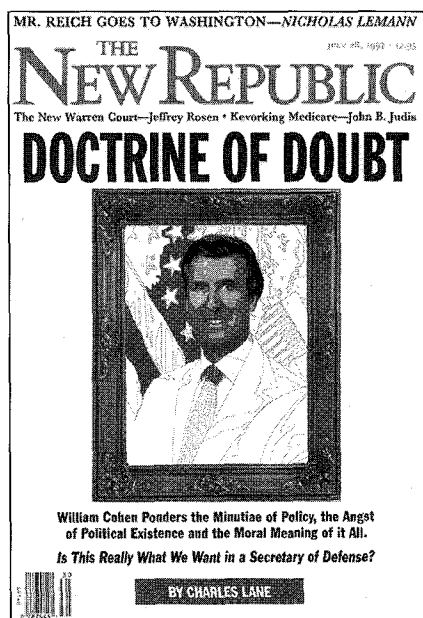
Prior to the Brady Act, convicted felons and other prohibited gun buyers could purchase a handgun over the counter simply by lying about their legal status on a federal form. By requiring waiting periods and background checks, the act put an end to this. According to the Justice Department, since Brady went into effect, over 250,000 felons have been prevented from buying handguns from retail dealers. A statute that blocks the easiest means of criminal access to handguns cannot be dismissed as a "cheap symbol."

And since when is the regulation of gun sales a matter "left to the states?" The federal government has been regulating commerce in guns (albeit weakly) since 1934. Because guns travel quite freely across state lines, making the regulation of gun sellers the exclusive domain of the states would be as pointless as exclusive state regulation of polluters.

DENNIS A. HENIGAN  
Handgun Control, Incorporated  
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

Jeffrey Rosen exhorts the Supreme Court to "resist the temptation to save the president and Congress from their own excesses," but isn't that the Court's job? In *Federalist* 78, Hamilton argued that a limited government implies a Court that will step in as "an intermediate body between the people and the legislature in order... to keep the latter within the



a substantial diminution of God's role in the universe as a personal deity. Several of Locke's disciples introduced deism as the philosophy of an impersonal God, and with the eighteenth-century Enlightenment that followed, Voltaire, Hume, Diderot and Holbach (the latter very decidedly an atheist) made the final inductive leap of challenging the authority, then the very existence, of God. These were followed in the nineteenth century by Germans such as Feuerbach, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Marx, Büchner, Haeckel and Freud, and by Englishmen such as Paine, Bentham, Godwin, Thomas Huxley and Bertrand Russell. In the United States, Emerson (a defrocked Unitarian minister) was followed by Twain, Mencken, Dewey and Santayana. During the first two-thirds of the twentieth century, the Marxists, Freudians, French existentialists and logical empiricists were almost entirely atheists or agnostics.



limits assigned to their authority." This was by design: the Founders protected liberty by restricting the national legislature to powers expressly listed (or enumerated) in the Constitution. Reminding Congress that the American people never vested *plenary* legislative authority in them is precisely the role the Founders intended for the Court when they devised an independent federal court system.

Acting as "the bulwarks of a limited Constitution against legislative encroachments," as Hamilton intended them, the last thing the federal courts should do is heed Rosen's plea for "judicial humility." The protection of individual rights against an encroaching Congress is too important for a false modesty on the part of the Supreme Court.

LUCAS MOREL

*Siloam Springs, Arkansas*

## Uncensored

To the editors:

William Powers mocks the Western Journalism Center for naming my TNR article on Federico Peña one of the top-ten spiked stories of the year ("Censor This," July 7). "The WJC's problem with this story isn't really that it was 'spiked,' because of course it wasn't," Powers writes. "It appeared in TNR on October 7, 1996."

But just because a set of facts made it into one article in one prestigious publication hardly pulls it out of the realm of "spiked." It simply means it wasn't *completely* spiked. To use an extreme example, what if two reporters named Woodward and Bernstein did a piece for TNR in the early 1970s showing that high-ranking White House officials had ordered a break-in at DNC headquarters at the Watergate, yet no other publication ever picked up on this?

In my article, I noted that one of the nation's top officials had repeatedly ignored warnings about ValuJet's safety problems; that a week before a horrible ValuJet accident, killing over 100 people, a report had been produced clearly exposing those safety problems; and that immediately after this crash Peña had the *cojones* to wave this very report on national TV as evidence that ValuJet was as safe as any other airline. Newsworthy stuff, you'd think. Yet the article received zero publicity outside TNR. My guess is that's because it would have terribly embarrassed the Clinton administration just weeks before the election.

Sure, many people throw around accusations of "censorship" rather carelessly. People for the American Way slapped on this label when parents asked a high-school library to put the highly explicit *The Joy of Sex* behind the reference desk.

There's plenty of silliness like this to chronicle, but the fate of the Peña story isn't one of them.

MICHAEL FUMENTO

*Washington, D.C.*

## Exposed

To the editors:

I am the artist whose painting was removed from City Hall in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, because of questions about its semi-nude content. The work was mentioned in Jonathan Rauch's article ("Offices and Gentlemen," June 23) on First Amendment rights in the work place. Though the article was sympathetic to me, some of the facts seem to have been lost.

Only the citizenry here and the local newspapers seem to understand the political and social dynamics of our city. We recognize censorship zealots. We know one is not sexually harassed by passing a benign semi-nude painting only one time. We also know a city official should not use the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and Title VII's vagueness to cover for censorship.

MAXINE HENDERSON

*Murfreesboro, Tennessee*

## Number cruncher

To the editors:

I don't care where Stephen Moore went to college ("Correspondence," July 28), but I do wonder where he went to junior high. His basic math skills need work. Reducing the top tax rate from 28 to 20 percent is not a 40 percent cut as he declared. It is a 29 percent cut. A 40 percent cut would be a reduction to 16.8 percent. If the tax rate were increased from 20 to 28 percent, that would be a 40 percent increase.

Moore may be careless, unable to perform simple math or trying to confuse the issues. Or maybe this is what is meant by voodoo economics. In any case, he does little to further intelligent discussion.

ANN B. MAINE

*Lincolnshire, Illinois*

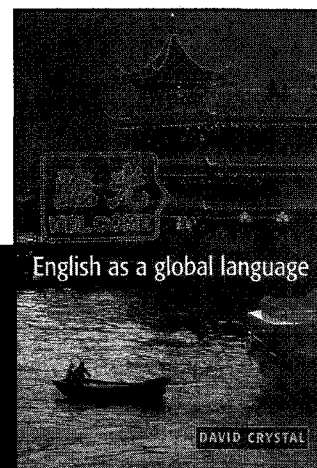
THE NEW REPUBLIC welcomes unsolicited manuscripts and article proposals. Because of the volume of submissions, we regret that we cannot acknowledge an article or return it unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. If articles are accepted for publication, authors will be notified within two weeks. **No fax or phone queries, please.**

## English as a Global Language

David Crystal

In this timely and informative account of the phenomenon of English as a global language, David Crystal steers even-handedly through the minefield of political debate while approaching some of today's most divisive questions:

- What makes a world language?
- Why is English the leading candidate?
- Why will it continue to hold this position?



This lively book will appeal to anyone with an interest in language issues, whatever their political views on the subject.

59247-X

Hardback

\$19.95

Available in bookstores or from

**CAMBRIDGE**  
UNIVERSITY PRESS

40 West 20th St., N.Y., NY 10011-4211

Call toll-free 800-872-7423.

Web site: <http://www.cup.org>

MasterCard/VISA accepted.

Prices subject to change.



# TRB<sup>®</sup>

## FROM WASHINGTON

### Op city

Remember the sleaze factor? That was what we called the way of doing business that so many of the Reagan and Bush people seemed to think was proper, back in Decade of Greed I. The most common piece of chicanery that the sleaze factor described was the habit of high Reaganites and Bushies who had not yet gone into government service, or had just left it, of peddling access to their friends who were on the inside, and who would, in their own sweet turn, leave the White House grounds to set up their own peddling shops. The Republicans were so blatant at this delicate practice we thought

we'd never see their like again.

Ah, innocence. It took the Clintonites, in Decade of Greed II, to develop the full potential of the sleaze factor. Why, the Republicans hadn't even understood that you don't have to wait until you leave office before you start peddling access to your bosses and colleagues. Just ask Johnny Chung.

Chung was on television this week, talking to Tom Brokaw about his adventures in the political skin trade. He has spoken as well to *The Los Angeles Times*, and he is trying to negotiate an immunity deal so he may testify before Congress. Born in Taiwan, Chung became a U.S. citizen and settled in Southern California, where he has in recent years been working to build an international faxing business. Chung has had contact with the Clintons since the 1980s, when he met Hillary Clinton in Little Rock. For whatever reason, he seems to have decided that the Clinton presidency offered him a great opportunity to impress his clients with his access to important American officials by the simple expedient of giving large amounts of cash.

Between 1994 and the elections of 1996, Chung gave \$366,000 to the Demo-

cratic National Committee. All of it has been returned by the DNC, owing to suspicions that the money might not have been Chung's. What did Chung get for whoever's money it was? The access he paid for: forty-nine visits to the White House alone. The transaction, he says, could not have been more straightforward. "I see the White House is like a subway," he told the *Times*. "You have to put in coins to open the gates."

Watching the Johnny Chung story unfold is like seeing Tammany Hall come to life. Let us examine the convoluted trail of what appears to be

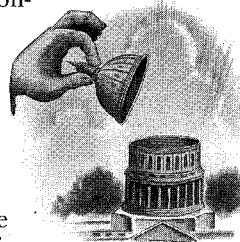
Chung's most important endeavor, a campaign in 1995 on behalf of some mega-businesses that are owned by the People's Republic of China. The effort seems to have begun in March 1995, when Chung sought a White House invitation for himself and six Chi-

nese associates to the taping of the president's Saturday radio address. According to recent testimony before the Thompson committee by former DNC Finance Director Richard Sullivan, Chung offered the DNC \$50,000. Sullivan, who testified that he "had a sense" that Chung might be "taking money from [the Chinese] and giving it to us," says he declined to help.

So Chung strolled over to the White House and, as he told the *Times* and NBC, went to Hillary Clinton's office. Here, he says, he was greeted by Evan Ryan, a young woman who worked for the First Lady's chief of staff, Margaret Williams. He says he asked Ryan to help get his friends into the White House, and asked also if there was anything he could do to assist the president. Ryan left, he says, and soon returned, saying she had spoken with Williams and adding: "Maybe you can help us." Chung says she told him that the First Lady needed a hand with debts to the DNC for a White House Christmas party. "Then a lightbulb goes on in my mind," Chung told the *Times*. "I start to understand. I said I will help for \$50,000." He gave Williams the check the next day. Chung got what he wanted for himself and his friends from the People's Republic: lunch in the White House, a tour, a photo-op with Mrs. Clinton and the radio broadcast with the president. Both Williams and Ryan have strongly denied soliciting Chung.

In October 1995, Chung decided he needed additional access for one of the parties involved in the White House visit, the state-run China National Petrochemical Corporation. Specifically, Chung wanted a delegation headed by Huaren Sheng, the president of the com-

*continued on page 45*



## ROUTLEDGE

### Confronting the myth

#### Black Wealth/ White Wealth

Melvin L. Oliver & Thomas M. Shapiro

Winner of the  
ASA's 1997  
Distinguished  
Scholarly  
Publication  
Award

Winner of the  
1995 C. Wright  
Mills Award

#### Black Wealth/ White Wealth

A New Perspective on Racial Inequality

Melvin L. Oliver and  
Thomas M. Shapiro

The award-winning *Black Wealth/ White Wealth* offers a powerful portrait of racial inequality based on an analysis of private wealth.

256 pp 23 tables \$16.95/pb

#### The Myth of Rescue

Why the  
Democracies Could  
Not Have Saved  
More Jews from the  
Nazis

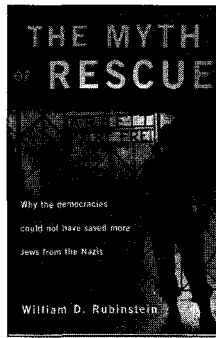
William D.  
Rubinstein

"The Myth of the

*Rescue* is a commanding work of historical criticism. Rubinstein's rigorous analysis of a terrible time in human history should bring to an end the long and understandably emotional debate about the possibility of saving more victims of Hitler's holocaust."

—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

288 pp \$25.00/hb



AT BOOKSTORES, or call  
Routledge Customer Service  
(800) 634-7064 FAX (800) 248-4724

Routledge 29 West 35th Street,  
N.Y., NY 10001-2299  
www.routledge.com  
Prices are subject to change.



SEPTEMBER 8 & 15, 1997

# BAD COP, GOOD COPS

In the shocking case of Abner Louima, much seems to be beyond argument. That the 30-year-old Haitian immigrant was gravely wounded inside a New York City police station early on the morning of August 9. That one or more police officers sodomized Louima with a stick (believed to be a toilet-plunger handle), which ruptured his bladder and pierced his colon. That the attacker(s) jammed the stick into his mouth, breaking his teeth. And that these acts were monstrously wrong, a crossing of the lightly defended border between humanity and barbarity.

What is not beyond argument is the meaning of what the *Daily News* is calling the "police torture scandal." Torture it certainly was, and a scandal it is, but what kind of scandal? Already there are protesters brandishing plunger handles. The usual mountebanks (Sharpton, et al.) have emerged to breathe deep of the hatred and make it multiply. The exploiters must be resisted, for they desire a return to the old, a disastrous way of policing.

Nearly three decades ago, Frank Serpico went to *The New York Times* with tales of massive corruption inside the department, a secret empire of bribes and payoffs. The consequent Knapp Commission found that the cops had become too close to gamblers, drug dealers and other criminals on the streets. So the cops withdrew from the streets, back into their cruisers and station houses, and stopped not only consorting with some of the worst criminals, but stopped arresting them, too. For merchants of crack cocaine, this rendered 1980s Gotham a richly receptive turf in which to take root and blossom. Collateral crops, such as murder and robbery, flourished alongside.

In a 1982 *Atlantic Monthly* article, "Broken Windows: The Police and Neighborhood Safety," James Q. Wilson and George L. Kelling argued for a revival of preventive policing. They said cops should be physically present on the streets, and ever-vigilant for small signs of "disorder" such as vagrants, graffiti and broken windows, because they are both harbingers and stimulants of the more serious crimes that truly destroy communities. If a single broken window is left unfixed, the theory goes, others follow, and soon the whole neighborhood looks broken, inviting hard-core criminals to move in. Slowly, the idea

of returning to a more involved, assertive brand of policing won a following.

New York Mayor Rudy Giuliani is this school's most prominent disciple. He and police commissioners William Bratton and Howard Safir have vigorously applied the broken-windows credo, among other reforms, to the NYPD. The results have been stunning: a more than 50 percent drop in the crime rate since 1990 and a 63 percent drop in the murder rate. For residents of cities where irrationality still rules (Washington, D.C., for example), the sheer sanity of the new New York is enviable.

But the rescue of the nation's most important city has seemed to some a suspect thing. They have found the price of Giuliani's pax too high; if the police are doing a vastly better job, they sniff, it must be at the expense of liberties. These critics have seized with great satisfaction upon the Louima horror, asserting it as proof that aggressive policing leads to a pattern of abuse of poor and minority New Yorkers. This is a terribly false idea, and liberals, who care about the conditions in which the poor live, should be the first to say so. Cops and liberties are not zero-sum rivals; a strong and effective police force is not a corrupt or an abusive police force; good street policing does not oppress and brutalize the poor: it benefits the poor, who are overwhelmingly the victims of street crime, above all.

Nowhere has the falsity of the liberties v. police equation been more clearly demonstrated than in the response of the New York Police Department and the Giuliani administration to the Louima case. It is the mayor and the police who have led the uproar about the matter and who have driven the pursuit of the wrongdoers; indeed, it was a cop who fingered his own colleagues as the alleged thugs.

This response evinces a determination to move beyond the old reductionist stalemate, and we share this determination. Justice must be served here, but the abuse of one man does not mean that an assertive rule of law generally abuses the people, and the violence that was inflicted on Abner Louima does not argue for anything that would cause the withdrawal of a force that protects Abner Louima's neighbors from the far greater violence of unpoliced criminality. •





# NOTEBOOK

**SEAL OF DISAPPROVAL:** The long knives still bristling thickly from his back, like the quills of an unusually well-armored porcupine, Newt Gingrich limped up to New Hampshire during the August recess to campaign. For president, incredibly enough. *The Atlanta Journal and Constitution* reported that Newt's advisers envision a "coming out" party for the embattled speaker, where a "slimmer and trimmer Gingrich will offer himself to the public as a legislative leader" with bipartisan instincts. Our minds would boggle, if years of watching His Supreme Egoness hadn't rendered us boggle-proof. Mr. Speaker—Newt—the people have pretty much spoken: only 18 percent of Americans currently approve of the job you are doing. That puts you twenty-four points behind Gary Hart the week following l'affair Rice, fifteen points behind Stalin's current popularity in Russia and two points behind Nixon upon his resignation. You trail the hotel-haunting Frank Gifford by eight points. Substantially more than 18 percent of the country thinks rapist-turned-masticator Mike Tyson deserves a chance to chomp his way back into boxing. Newt should keep in mind, as ex-Reagan aide Lyn Nofziger told the Atlanta paper, "There's no sense running for president when everybody knows you and most of them hate you."

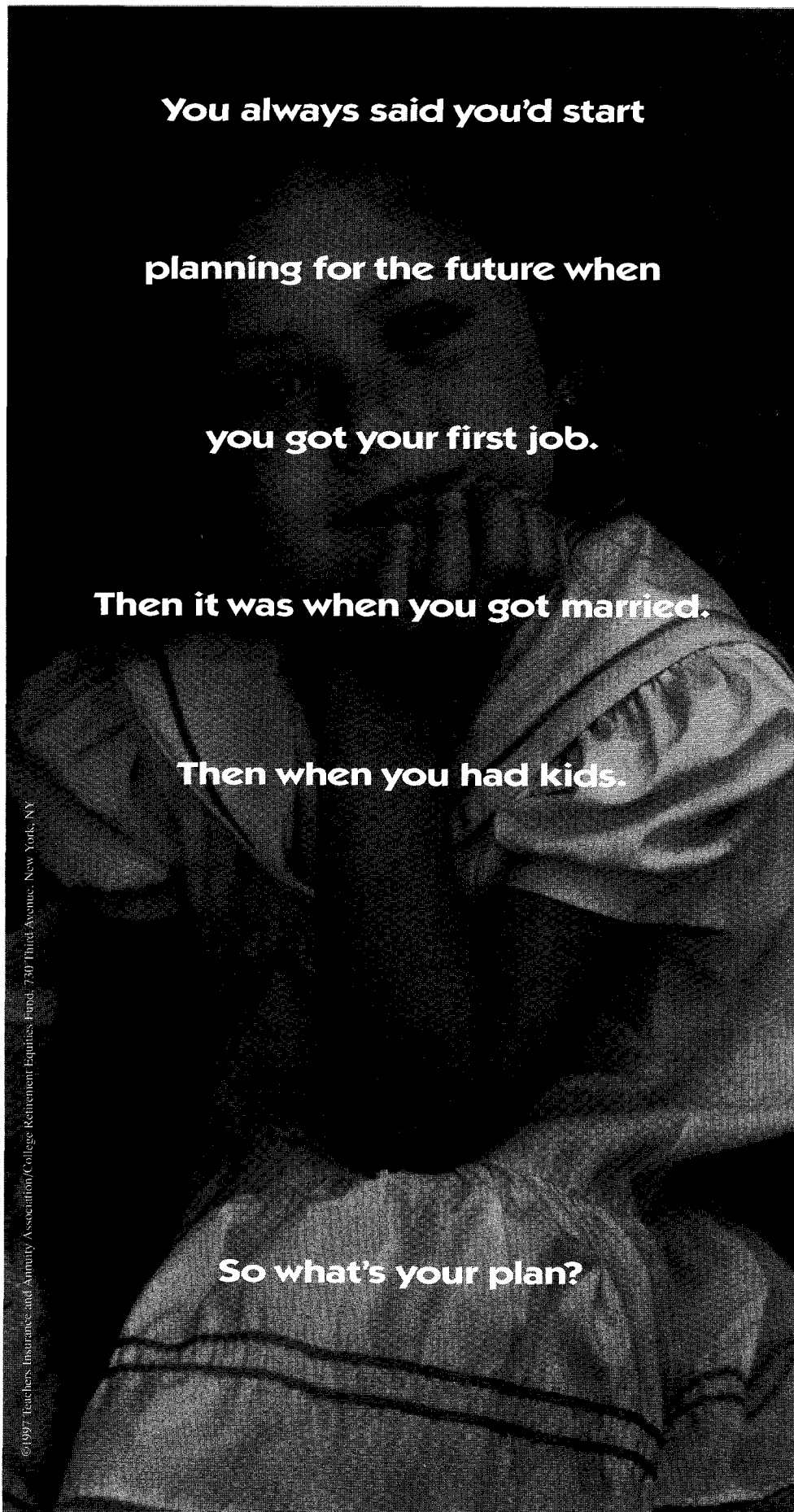
**LEARNING CURVE:** Several weeks ago, TNR reported on the class-action lawsuit filed by ten learning-disabled students at Boston University. The students, whose afflictions ranged from "dysgraphia" (bad handwriting) to "foreign language disability," contended in their lawsuit that B.U. violated the Americans With Disabilities Act when it tightened its policies on accommodation of such maladies. (See "Defining Disability Down," by Ruth Shalit, August 25.) We're disheartened, although hardly surprised, to report that, on August 15, Judge Patti B. Saris ruled against B.U.—castigating its president, Jon Westling, for perpetuating "uninformed stereotypes" about the disabled and awarding the student plaintiffs \$30,000 in damages. Never mind that B.U.'s new accommodations policy seems both sensible and warranted. (Under it, no learning-disabled student would be granted special privileges without a diagnostic evaluation less than three years old and prepared by a physician or licensed clinical psychologist; and such accommodations as waivers of required courses would be banned altogether.) Saris ruled that B.U.'s changes were motivated not by a desire to uphold academic standards, but by bias against the disabled. She ordered B.U. officials to jettison the new standards for documentation, and ordered the school to re-evaluate its prohibition on waivers of the foreign-language requirement. The student plaintiffs were understandably elated. "This decision definitely sends the message that discrimination against students with disabilities will not be tolerated," said learning-disabled law student Elizabeth Guckenberger. Neither, it

seems, will even the mildest of checks on the entitlement mindset of America's newest minority class.

**SUBSTANDARD:** A recent issue of *The Weekly Standard* announces in ominous panic-red type: "Is There a Worldwide Conservative Crack-Up?" You would think that the *Standard's* readers would, by now, know the answer to this question, many times over. They would have learned it from, say, a June issue about "The Clueless GOP," containing the lead article "Confused Conservatives: The Worldwide Crackup." Or maybe from the miniseries of articles this year: "Gingrich's Damaged GOP," "The Great GOP Agenda Hunt," "A Cure for GOP Ennui" and "Newt Melts." Or from these other cliffhangers: "What Now? The GOP Congress, Act II," "Beware Republican Complacency" and "Hey, Republicans: Get Tough." Then there was the cover story "Chaos on Capitol Hill," followed within weeks by the cover story "Total Chaos on Capitol Hill—All New!" We don't mind the right cracking up. But could they be a little less hysterical about it?

**RUN OF THE MILLENNIUM:** For all the hype about the millennium, it's really a small thing—a date. But Bill Clinton can make it even smaller. Before departing for vacation on Martha's Vineyard, Clinton gave a speech on the calendric inevitability. Replete with the usual unringing phrases ("we are making education our children's first priority") and dinky proposals ("I invite you to share your ideas with us by visiting our new White House Millennium Program Web site at [www.whitehouse.gov](http://www.whitehouse.gov)"), the speech reached its bold apex on the subject of computer clocks. "Experts are concerned that many of our information systems will not differentiate between dates in the 20th and 21st century," the president said. But he assured us that the federal government will prevent this from causing "any interruption in government services." Coming soon: millennium mousepads for one and all.

**FILLING SPACE:** It's not exactly news that August is a slow news month, but both *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* have published essays decrying the lack of something to write about. The *Times* summed it up nicely: "In the news business August is regarded as a permanent weekend. . . . Often, editors think news waits to happen until August is over." Not to worry, though. *Times* editors have found a solution. On a recent Sunday, the paper ran a large photo spread of the Capitol—in the A section. Then, on the following Friday, it ran the same story (a Reuters bit on the rise in college ACT scores) *twice*. NPR's "All Things Considered" recently featured a segment that consisted almost entirely of the hosts reading a list of the inane stories on the front pages of the big-city dailies. "[C]ertainly, we can't accuse them of scraping the bottom of the barrel for news," sighed host Linda Wertheimer. "The bottom of the barrel is doing a story about the lack of news. . . ." No, the bottom of the barrel is doing a story about people doing stories about the lack of news. •



**You always said you'd start  
planning for the future when  
you got your first job.**

**Then it was when you got married.**

**Then when you had kids.**

**So what's your plan?**

**TIAA-CREF.**

**Proven**

**Solutions**

**To Last**

**a Lifetime.**

Let's face it. Planning for tomorrow is easier said than done. Especially when you're busy making ends meet today. With low-cost tax-deferred investment programs, insurance coverage, and personal annuity savings plans, TIAA-CREF can help make things a lot easier for you. Just ask the 1.8 million people we're helping build a safe, secure future. So before one of your kids celebrates another birthday, call 1 800 226-0147 for more complete information, including charges and expenses, plus a free Personal Investing Kit. It contains our variable annuity prospectuses. Please read them carefully before you invest or send money. TIAA-CREF. Financial services exclusively for people in education and research.

[www.tiaa-cref.org](http://www.tiaa-cref.org)



**Ensuring the future  
for those who shape it.™**



## Gore's gift to mayors.

# LARGESSE OBLIGE

By James Carney

In late July, when Al Gore joined President Clinton on a sun-dappled afternoon on the South Lawn to hail the balanced budget agreement with Republicans, the vice president had a special message to deliver. Gore duly noted the spending and tax cuts that were at the heart of the deal, but he saved his rhetorical passion for a part of the package that few pundits had even noticed: the new funding for programs to "renew and revitalize our cities." "Let there be no doubt," he declared triumphantly. "This is *urban* America's balanced budget!"

Gore's very particular focus is understandable. While the Democratic presidential nomination in 2000 is clearly Gore's to lose, he and his advisers are determined to prevent such potential liberal challengers as Missouri Congressman Richard Gephardt and Minnesota Senator Paul Wellstone from gaining any ground. And to the degree that Gephardt or Wellstone might draw from Gore, they will draw in the big cities, where the Democrats' old, urban base comprises what remains of the party's left wing. As Philadelphia's popular mayor, Ed Rendell, says, "On issues of importance to urban dwellers, Dick [Gephardt] has been more consistently for us than the president or the vice president."

Gore may not believe Gephardt and Wellstone are very dangerous rivals, but he cannot afford to ignore the challenge they pose in the cities. With eight of the ten largest states now ruled by Republican governors, Democratic mayors control the only remaining street-level party organizations able to muster a large turnout on Election Day. Just as important, they can mobilize their local business elite to raise the kind of mega-contributions necessary to win a presidential race. For a Democrat, the road to the White House must pass through city hall. Thus it is that hardly a week passes without Gore posing for a photo-op with one of America's mayors or dropping into a city with a bagful of federal dollars to dole out. "The vice president," a close aide notes, has spent "a *huge* amount of time investing in his relationship with mayors."

The budget was an opportunity to invest even more. In the final days of bargaining over the tax package, White House negotiators presented Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott and House Speaker Newt Gingrich with a list of the administration's top four priorities. The first two were President Clinton's, and the third was Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin's. The fourth priority, however, was Gore's. He insisted that two of his pet pro-

jects—an expansion of the administration's empowerment zone program to twenty more sites, fifteen of them urban, and a tax break to help cities clean up blighted areas—be folded into the final deal.

On the Saturday before the agreement was announced, Rubin and Gene Sperling, the president's economic policy adviser, were in Lott's Capitol Hill office struggling over the final details of the tax bill. The Republicans had put several offers on the table. According to an administration official familiar with the negotiations, Sperling picked up the phone and called Ronald Klain, the vice president's chief of staff, "to find out what we had to have." In the end, it was Gore who decided the bottom line on the tax bill. "We all support the same things," explains the official. "But intensity is what decides what goes to the top of the list of priorities. And the VP's intensity on the urban agenda made it clear to most of us that this was a must-have thing."

Republicans could also sense Gore's influence. "We knew that some of the positions the administration was taking had to do with Gore's presidential campaign," says Richard May, then the GOP Budget Committee staff director. For example, the White House insisted that most of the \$3 billion earmarked for welfare-to-work programs be distributed through the cities instead of the statehouses, thereby giving Democratic mayors like Detroit's Dennis Archer control over the money, instead of GOP governors like Michigan's John Engler. "Everybody assumed it was Gore's doing," says May.

Gore's courtship of the nation's Democratic mayors has been relentless. Look at a recent slice of Gore's summer. On July 22, he swept into Boston to participate in a conference on empowerment zones with several mayors from the region, including Thomas M. Menino of Boston. On the 29th, he delivered his "urban America's balanced budget" speech from the South Lawn. On August 2, Gore and his wife were in Chicago to catch dinner and a play with Chicago Mayor Richard Daley and Daley's wife, Maggie. On August 6, he delivered the keynote address at the annual conference of the National Urban League. August 7 brought the vice president to Kansas City, Missouri, the home state of rival Gephardt, where he spent the day touring an "enterprise community" funded by the federal empowerment zone program and schmoozing with Mayor Emanuel Cleaver. Finally, on August 11, Gore was the star attraction at a \$300,000 DNC fund-raiser that lured twenty Democratic mayors to Washington, an event organized by Detroit's Mayor Archer, a key Gore ally.

Archer, who this spring was invited to three dinners over the course of just six days to discuss urban policy at the vice president's house, has all but endorsed Gore for 2000. "I'm from the school that says you go home with the girl you brought to the dance," Archer says. "I'm impressed with the hard work put in by the vice president on behalf of cities." Archer is especially impressed with what Gore has done for Detroit. When the empowerment zone program Gore oversees first accepted applications from around the country, "no one gave us a prayer" of being selected, says Archer. But, because of

Gore's backing, he adds, Detroit's empowerment zone has been a success.

The vice president's urban assault does have its weaknesses. A case in point is the environment, Gore's Achilles' heel with the mayors. The administration's decision earlier this year to back the Environmental Protection Agency's strict new clean air standards has strained Gore's relations even with Archer. The Detroit mayor derides the standards as unsupported by science and devastating to industrial areas. That explains why Gore fought so hard to include his urban agenda in the balanced budget deal.

All of this has left Gore's potential rivals scrambling. Gephardt hopes he can use his strong ties both to House members from urban districts and to interest groups like the unions to limit the vice president's incursion into the cities. But neither Gephardt nor any other challenger can compete with the vice president's ability to direct federal funds toward a city. Even mayors who might otherwise support Gephardt are having a hard time resisting Gore's cash-carrying advances. Laments Philadelphia's Rendell, "It's gut-wrenching to choose among friends."

JAMES CARNEY covers Congress for *Time* magazine.

## CAMBRIDGE POSTCARD

# GEEK CHIC

By Gary Bass

Nerds still reign at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Stressed-out, sleep-deprived engineers still roam the halls. Men with pocket protectors still make bad linear algebra jokes. Q: What happens when you cross a mountain with a mountain climber? A: You can't—a mountain climber is a scalar, and you can only cross a scalar with a matrix. And MIT students still decorate the utilitarian campus's main hallway, the "infinite corridor," with signs only a theoretical mathematician would find amusing: "Since the corridor is infinitely long and of nonzero width, its area must also be infinite. The average number of people per unit area is functionally zero. This proves that you will never see another person in the corridor, unless, perhaps, you haven't slept in a long time."

But freshmen arriving in Cambridge this month will find one thing new under the MIT sun: almost half of the geeks are women. This past academic year, women made up 42 percent of the freshman class and just under 40 percent of the undergraduate student body.

Under determined pressure from the institute, that figure has crept up over the past few years. As recently as four years ago, MIT was only 33 percent female; now the school rivals its neighbor Harvard, where 45 percent of undergraduates are women.

This is no small feat. If any school has been a male bastion, it's MIT, alma mater of both McDonnell and Douglas, and of the Tappet brothers, both Click and Clack, from National Public Radio's "Car Talk." MIT is overwhelmingly a school for engineers—still a male-dominated field—and only about 5 percent of undergrads major in either the humanities or social sciences. Yet MIT achieved gender parity, and, more remarkably, it did so without the usual tricks. MIT hasn't offered merit-based scholarships or dumbed down the curriculum, and, according to the admissions office, it hasn't lowered its official entrance standards, either. "They're on the table with all the men, fair and square," says Marilee Jones, the interim director of admissions.

This seems to come as a great surprise to MIT's women: nearly every one I interviewed said she thought she'd been held to lower admission standards. Says Amalia Miller, a sophomore from Montreal, "People in the dorm would say the girls aren't as good as the guys, that the girls got in by affirmative action." But there's at least one good reason to believe the admissions office is being truthful about its no-preference policy: if anything, MIT's women slightly outperform the men when it comes to academics. What's more, the women are less likely to drop out: according to the admissions office, the undergraduate completion rate for women is 95 percent; for men, it is 89 percent. Senior faculty say that the women are coming by these figures honestly, as a group performing as well as, or better than, men in an intellectual contest that has not been rigged to produce affirmative action gains. "As far as gender, I haven't the slightest indication that there's any difference," says Henry Kendall, a Nobel laureate who teaches a freshman physics lab.

By no means does this suggest MIT's attempts to attract women have been an unqualified success. Women here are slightly less likely than men to major in the hard sciences—they prefer biology to mechanical engineering. And in a survey last year, while 42 percent of men said they had more self-esteem at the end of their college years, only 23 percent of women said they felt the same way.

Nor is it clear whether MIT's performance puts to rest the arguments in favor of affirmative action for women in the sciences. MIT's competition isn't doing nearly as well: at the California Institute of Technology, in Pasadena, California, only 26 percent of undergraduates are women; at

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York, the figure is 31 percent. Citing these numbers, one could credibly argue that MIT—and MIT alone—can afford to shun preferential policies because, thanks to its reputation, it can skim from the top, attracting a disproportionate share of qualified female scientists by luring the best ones from other schools.





But it may also be argued that MIT is simply better at capitalizing on a twenty-year national campaign to get women interested in science at an early age. Not too long ago, society actively discouraged girls from going into pure science, a field depicted as nearly as uniquely male as the military: aloof, cold, hierarchical, socially uncaring—a lonely, autocratic business, purposely apart from society and its problems, purposely unegalitarian. In contrast, MIT now vigorously sells science as collegial and socially relevant, apparently with some success: from 1985 to 1996, applications from young women increased by 94 percent.

The admissions office is particularly proud of its glossy, hip publications and of the distinctly un-aloof, self-consciously ironic video it has produced to woo prospective students; the video opens with two young scientists ripping off their protective goggles and making out in the middle of a lab. The video and the brochures are painstakingly tailored to the themes that are supposed to resonate with young women: images of the pursuit of science as socially conscious teamwork; men and women working together to use their high-powered degrees and specialized knowledge to do good for society. Men, the admissions people think, are more concerned with making money, while women want to make a difference in other people's lives. Thus, in the promo literature, you see no pictures of solo people in labs, but you do hear from two sorority sisters who have "become family." This image-making is so precious to MIT that its staff gets weirdly protective of its brochures. "I don't want to have someone duplicate what we're doing," says Jones. The admissions office even frets that Boston's Wentworth Institute of Technology, about as much of a threat to MIT as Monaco is to Germany, is trying to imitate its style of publication.

MIT starts recruiting kids as early as the ninth grade. "There hasn't been a mistake," Michael Behnke, the then-director of admissions, wrote in a letter sent out this year to girls who did well on standardized tests. "I know you're a freshman." To these girls, and to others whose names the institute buys from standardized-testing-snoop services like the Student Search Service, MIT sends out a chatty guide on getting into college. MIT follows up with recruiting visits to high schools with lots of girls in science, like the Illinois Mathematics and Science Academy, inviting women "to see Nerd Pride® in action." Those who apply and get in face a barrage of mail. Robert Birgeneau, dean of the school of science, sends a letter to all the admitted women, gushing about his own daughter's happy college days at MIT. More recruiting calls follow.

The hard sell drags in at least some women who might have been better off elsewhere: "I was under the impression there were humanities here," says an irritated sophomore. Many women feel uncomfortable in classes with ill-behaved, overachieving boys, and while the administration tries to make the place more friendly to women in the ways most colleges do these days—women's support groups, counseling, a concrete all-female dorm called McCormick Hall that overlooks the Charles River—MIT's testosterone-thick institutional culture is

slow to get in touch with its feminine side. While it is no longer socially acceptable to decorate the labs with pictures of naked women, as was commonplace in the 1970s, there are still occasional displays of frat boys being frat boys. After this year's robot-building contest for a mechanical engineering class (known in colorful local parlance as 2.70), the professor in charge described the robots as "technogasmic." At Senior House's annual steer roast, gawky young men in ponytails and Newbury Comics T-shirts cheered on mud-wrestling classmates. "For some reason, these guys always attack each other from behind," someone said over a P.A. system as two guys thrashed in brown slime.

Then again, at MIT, suffering can be a badge of honor. Students of both genders take masochistic pride in bragging about how they are wretchedly overloaded. Even happy students gripe. Carol Cheung, a junior in aeronautical-astronautical engineering, complains in typical fashion, "When you're walking home and the sun's coming up and your eyes are bugging out and you haven't showered, you think, why am I doing this?" But she still likes the place enough to rhapsodize about the "technogeek experience." Is this a friendly environment for women? Replies one junior woman, "this isn't a friendly environment for *anyone*." Other schools hope to make all their students equally happy. But at MIT perfect gender equality will be achieved when the women are precisely as unhappy as the men.

GARY BASS writes for *The Economist*.

---

## Supply-side spat.

# GROWTH PAINS

By Rich Lowry

**T**wo days before last year's Florida primary, an aide to Steve Forbes named John Preyer listened in disbelief as Jack Kemp gave reporters a background briefing on the Forbes press bus. Kemp had endorsed Forbes for the GOP presidential nomination just days earlier. Now Kemp was saying he planned to help ease Forbes's exit from the race. The next morning, *The Orlando Sentinel* ran a story under the devastating headline, "AIDE: FORBES MAY QUIT IF DOLE BACKS TAX PLAN." (The "aide," of course, was Kemp.) A stunned Forbes, who had hoped to upset Dole in Florida, asked Preyer if Kemp had really made the comments. "Mr. Forbes," Preyer told him, "he said everything that was in the story and much more." Afterwards, Forbes booted Kemp from the campaign bus.

Now, nearly a year and a half later, the two exceed-

The PLO is sheltering killers of Americans.  
Who is leading the fight to have the  
killers extradited and prosecuted?

**The Zionist Organization of America.  
We will not be silent.**



...Brandeis University student  
**Alisa Flatow** was killed in an Arab terror  
bombing near Gaza in 1995. Nabil Sharihi,  
who prepared the bomb, was recently  
released from a PLO prison.

...**Sara Duker**, of Teaneck, and her fiancée,  
Jewish Theological Seminary student  
**Matthew Eisenfeld**, were killed in an  
Arab terrorist attack in Jerusalem in 1996.  
Nafez Sabih, who planned the attack,  
resides in territory controlled by the PLO.

...New Haven teacher **Joan Davenney**  
was killed in an Arab terror bombing in  
Jerusalem in 1995. Abd al-Majid Dudin,  
who trained the bomber, and Muhi a-Din  
a-Sharif, who transported the explosives,  
are being sheltered by the PLO.

...**David Boim**, an American-Israeli  
teenager, was murdered in a drive-by  
shooting by Arab terrorists near Beit El in  
1996. The PLO refuses to hand over his  
killer, Amjad Hanawi.

The Zionist Organization of America (ZOA) is the only organization that speaks out on behalf of American victims of Arab terrorism. On Capitol Hill, in speeches around the country, in articles and advertisements, on radio and television shows, the ZOA is calling on the Clinton administration to demand that the PLO hand over the murderers of Americans for prosecution here.

It's just the latest example of how the ZOA is not afraid to speak out for what is right.

Founded in 1897, the ZOA is the oldest and most exciting Zionist organization in the United States. Under leaders such as Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis and Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver, the ZOA mobilized the support of the U.S. government, Congress, and the American public for the establishment of Israel. Today, under the dynamic activist leadership of Morton A. Klein, the ZOA monitors and exposes PLO violations of the Oslo accords, educates the public and Congress about the importance of strong U.S.-Israel relations, and combats anti-Israel bias in the media. With a national membership of over 50,000 and active chapters from coast to coast, the ZOA is making a difference for Israel and the Jewish people.

In Israel, the ZOA sponsors ZOA House, Tel Aviv's premier cultural center. The ZOA's Kfar Silver campus, near Ashkelon, has provided vocational training to tens of thousands of Jewish immigrants. The ZOA's Youth Division, Masada, sends hundreds of young Jews to Israel each year, providing a Zionist educational experience that fortifies their Jewish identity and helps combat assimilation and intermarriage.

The ZOA is celebrating its 100th anniversary with a variety of Zionist educational events around the country, culminating in a gala Centennial Banquet at the Grand Hyatt Hotel in New York City on November 2, 1997. Prominent Israeli and American officials will be among the featured speakers. Information and reservations: 212-481-1500

*For a free copy of our latest report on PLO violations, contact:*

**ZIONIST ORGANIZATION OF AMERICA**

4 East 34 St. - New York, NY 10016

telephone 212-481-1500 / fax 212-481-1515 / e-mail: [email@zoa.org](mailto:email@zoa.org) / web site: [www.zoa.org](http://www.zoa.org).



ingly nominal allies are about to pick up where they left off in Florida. While former Massachusetts Governor William Weld and Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Jesse Helms supposedly struggle for "the soul of the Republican Party," Kemp and Forbes are struggling for the heart of the soul: the supply-siders. And, though they still publicly reaffirm their friendship, they are jockeying openly for the presidential nomination in 2000; any lingering speculation that Forbes would step aside quietly if Kemp decided to run has dissipated. "Kemp has to fight for it," says one GOP strategist. "He just never expected he would have to fight Steve."

On the surface, the differences between the former football star and the low-key publisher are matters of style. Kemp is the son of a truck driver, Forbes a millionaire scion; Kemp talks interminably and passionately, Forbes minimally (by political standards) and as flatly as his tax plan. On a more fundamental level, though, the clash between the two stems from their political temperament. Kemp, a former congressman and Cabinet member, wants to ride the GOP establishment to power; Forbes, in contrast, hopes to spark a populist revolt against Washington.

Forbes, for instance, has assailed the GOP leadership through his New Jersey advocacy group, Americans for Hope, Growth and Opportunity. In April, when AHGO ran radio ads against the chemical weapons treaty, it even bought TV spots in Mississippi, the home of GOP Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott, who shepherded the treaty's passage. The group also spent \$55,000 on radio and TV spots denouncing President Clinton and the budget deal—and, by extension, the congressional Republicans who crafted it. "Kemp would never make that kind of move—where he would be perceived as being publicly critical through paid media," says Forbes's pollster John McLaughlin.

Though Kemp has agitated against the budget pact as well, he has maintained close ties with his former Hill colleagues. "At least subconsciously Kemp is trying to work himself into the position of being almost an establishment presidential candidate," says a Kemp adviser. "He sees himself almost as a shadow president." And he carries himself as one, too. His mid-June White House meeting with President Clinton, Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin and Chief of Staff Erskine Bowles to talk tax cuts was a perfect example of how Kemp moves to perpetuate his standing as a Washington establishmentarian. Indeed, at least on paper, Kemp is positioned to inherit the leadership of the GOP. "He's run on a national ticket," notes supply-sider Jeffrey Bell. "He's run for the nomination in his own right. And he's been

a national figure for a number of years." But Kemp's poor performance in his debate with Al Gore last year, his reputation for lacking discipline and his condescension to fellow Republicans on matters of race have all served to alienate many conservatives—and this has opened wide the GOP field to other potential 2000 candidates, like Forbes.

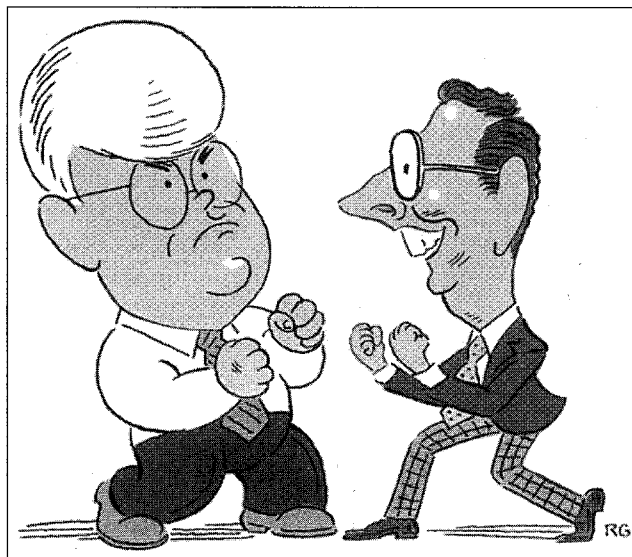
Forbes and Kemp met in the late 1970s, when Kemp was pushing the Kemp-Roth 30 percent tax cut. The relationship solidified in 1993, when Kemp turned to Forbes to become chairman of the board of Empower America, the policy organization founded by Kemp, Bill Bennett and Jeane Kirkpatrick. Forbes thought Empower America could serve as a launchpad for a Kemp 1996 presidential run. When, after the Super Bowl in 1995, Kemp refused to run, Forbes urged him to leave his options open. But, by the fall of 1995, the publisher decided to make the plunge himself.

The rest of the story is well known: Kemp joined the Dole team for a disappointing turn as a vice presidential candidate, while Forbes exceeded expectations in his bid for the nomination. "The dirty little secret," says a former Dole strategist, "and I think Forbes started realizing this, was that Forbes was a ten times better candidate than Jack was. He was more disciplined, he was more focused, he did a better job in getting the tax message out."

Yet Forbes's tax message failed to attract many social conservatives (the Christian Coalition attacked him in the early primaries as a pro-choice moderate). Both he and Kemp are now trying to woo the social wing. But Kemp has made only a few scattered speeches, while Forbes has undertaken a meticulous campaign. Earlier this year, Forbes invested in the tottering National Empowerment Television, run by longtime social conservative activist Paul Weyrich. In February, Forbes gave a big speech at Jerry Falwell's Liberty College. And, in June, he had lunch in Colorado with James Dobson, the Christian broadcaster whose radio show reaches millions.

Most important, Forbes has backed a radio and TV ad campaign supporting the partial birth abortion ban, making inroads among pro-lifers who attacked him last year. Says the Reverend Lou Sheldon, chairman of the Traditional Values Coalition: "It certainly is encouraging to see that he is supporting—with money he has raised—all of these ads and that he really, in all his heart, believes that abortion is morally wrong and we should try to eliminate it."

All of this has made the unthinkable suddenly seem possible: that Forbes could steal the leadership of the



DRAWING BY ROBERT GROSSMAN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

pro-growth wing of the party from Kemp. "I think if I went to my friends who are supply-siders and said you have a choice for presidential candidate," says one GOP supply-sider, "a huge majority would say Forbes." Kemp, who attended the Tyson-Holyfield fight as a guest of Don King and shook Louis Farrakhan's hand at ringside, recently traveled to Africa. On the same day in mid-June that he left to give an economic speech in Zimbabwe, Forbes was in tiny Woodstock, Vermont, attending a packed fund-raiser thrown by the state's Republican Party. That's how the methodical Forbes could outlast Kemp, despite his head start.

Says John Preyer, the former Forbes aide: "I think Jack Kemp suffers from such serious jealousy and such tremendous ego problems that, during the brief period [in 1996] when Forbes was the flavor of the week and on *Time* and *Newsweek* covers, I think Kemp was going out of his mind." He might have to get used to it.

RICH LOWRY is a national political reporter for *National Review*.

---

## The new politics of campaign finance.

# REFORMULATION

By Jonathan Chait

From everything you've read or heard, campaign finance reform is failing for the same reasons it has always failed: both parties oppose it because both benefit from the current system. Newspaper articles, reform advocates and even politicians repeat this narrative. "THE PARTIES TALK OF REFORM, AND BRING IN RECORD MONEY," read a typical *New York Times* headline recently.

Certainly this used to be true, largely because there was rough parity in fund-raising: the wealthy interests that donate most campaign money naturally gravitated toward the Republicans because of ideology, but they gave to Democrats, too, since Democrats controlled Congress. The financing system did not reward one party or the other so much as it rewarded incumbency.

But the idea that both the Republican and the Democratic houses are equally boxed on the subject of campaign finance is no longer true; it fails to account for what has happened since the 1994 elections, when Republicans took control of Congress. Now that the GOP has ideology and incumbency on its side, fund-raising's most salient feature is its sheer one-sidedness. During the last two-year election cycle, Republicans raised \$673 million in total donations, the Democrats just \$444 million.

That gap will likely grow: this year Republicans have taken in more than twice as much soft money as have Democrats. That statistic is even more dramatic than it sounds—before this year, soft money was about the only area in which Democrats kept pace. From a moral perspective, the two parties may appear equally mired in the muck of special interest money: the fact that the Democrats take in fewer dubious donations does not make them less sinful, only less successful at sinning. But, as a practical matter, the partisan calculus has changed so dramatically that the inherent bipartisan appeal of the old fund-raising system has largely disappeared.

The first people to grasp the implications of the Republican ascendancy on the politics of campaign finance reform were the Republicans themselves. "If we can stop this thing," said Kentucky Senator Mitch McConnell, referring to the leading reform bill, "we can control the institution for the next twenty years." He's right. Just look at the 1996 House elections: in the closest ten GOP victories, Republicans outspent Democrats by an average of \$372,000—a crucial fund-raising advantage that helped preserve GOP control of the House. In the absence of effective reform, the Grand Old Party is well-positioned to parlay its control of Congress into greater fund-raising dominance and a continued majority.

McConnell's argument has persuaded most of his fellow Republicans. In years past, reform opponents squishily mouthed support for change but always found procedural excuses to do nothing; only McConnell was bold enough to openly defend the status quo and call for elimination of the weak rules currently on the books. Now such pronouncements are common—Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott recently called big donations "the American way."

Lest any Republicans fail to grasp his logic, though, McConnell has other methods of persuasion. As chairman of the National Republican Senatorial Committee, he decides how much funding Senate candidates receive from the party. People who hold positions like McConnell's typically refrain from using it to force their viewpoint upon the party, but McConnell has turned the NRSC into a bludgeon against pro-reform Republicans. In one particularly notorious incident, he actively recruited candidates to challenge Washington Senate hopeful Linda Smith, an outspoken campaign finance reform advocate.

So the Republican Party, with a few well-publicized holdouts like Senator John McCain of Arizona, has decided that campaign finance reform is fundamentally antithetical to its basic interests. But what about the Democrats? On the face of it, there is strong evidence that Democrats, grasping the new fund-raising realities, have shifted to real support of reform. While only three Republicans co-sponsored the reform bill introduced by McCain and Wisconsin Democrat Russ Feingold, the measure has thirty Democratic co-sponsors, plus the professed support of all the remaining members in the Democratic Caucus.

Washington wise-guy opinion discounts this support



as hollow. A spate of newspaper articles—enough of them to amount to a genre—have appeared on this theme. The articles juxtapose, with an air of heavy irony, Democratic pleas for reform with Democratic efforts to raise money. A *Washington Post* editorial summed up this prevalent view: “The President’s people keep coming up with ways for him to look as if he’s fighting earnestly for campaign finance reform, when in fact what he’s mainly doing is continuing to raise large amounts of precisely the kind of money the giving of which reform is supposed to prevent.”

But wait a second. There’s nothing hypocritical about wanting to ban soft money while continuing to raise it. Democrats don’t claim that the act of giving or receiving soft money is inherently evil—their position is simply that the rules force both parties into a debilitating funding race. The *Post*’s editors argued vehemently against the 1997 tax cuts. Next April those same editors will no doubt find a way to enjoy their new tax breaks with a minimum of moral anguish, and rightly so.

Another explanation for dismissing Democratic support for reform is that it is a “free vote.” Democrats, according to this theory, can afford to take a righteous stance because they know Republicans will never allow a bill to pass; if it stood a chance, Democrats would bail out. Since no lawmaker would ever admit to such hypocrisy, the conventional wisdom rests on the Democrats’ resistance to reform before 1994 and supposedly self-evident logic.

But it’s not really so self-evident. If disingenuously supporting McCain-Feingold is such an easy way to win political points, why don’t more Republicans do the same thing? Surely the GOP leadership could spare a few votes from its most politically vulnerable senators and still maintain a filibuster. Second, even if most Democrats in their hearts remained opposed to reform, they would be acting against their own interests. Republicans have calculated, rightly, that killing reform will help cement a permanent majority. What hidden motive would Democrats have to cooperate? A secret masochistic desire to be pounded into political oblivion? (Democrats being Democrats, we can’t dismiss this possibility, but then the explanation for their behavior would not be Machiavellian, but Freudian.)

Reform advocates reply by falling back on their classic complaint: members of both parties are still motivated by a common interest in keeping their jobs. Again, this was true before 1994. Now, however, not only are Republicans discouraging lobbyists from donating to Democratic lawmakers, but a greater proportion of campaign spending comes in the form of independent expenditures and soft money, which enables outside interests to spend as much money as they want targeting hostile incumbents. This is important because challengers, who previously could not raise enough money to knock off an incumbent, can now turn to an interest group or their party—which, thanks to the last year’s Supreme Court decision in *Federal Election Commission v. Colorado Republican Campaign Committee*, can freely coordinate soft money expenditures with local candidates. South Dakota farm-

ers may not spend millions to oust Senate Minority Leader Tom Daschle, but the Republican Party, or GOP-aligned lobbies like the Christian Coalition or the National Association of Manufacturers, will. (Republicans frequently cite the impact of labor’s independent expenditures and soft money donations—almost all on behalf of Democrats—as evidence that Democrats still benefit from the status quo. But, in the last election cycle, business outspent labor by at least seven to one on contributions and ran independent expenditures, too.)

All of which is to say that reform would likely curtail the sorts of spending—soft money, independent expenditures, out-of-state donations—that most threaten officeholders, particularly Democrats. Even if reform did make it harder for a sitting lawmaker to defend his seat, that would hardly make it rational for Democrats to support a system that consigns them to permanent minority status. A slightly lower risk of losing one’s seat should hardly be worth relinquishing any hope of regaining power.

**T**he bipartisan fable of campaign finance reform is so widely accepted without question because, in a strange sort of way, everybody has an interest in repeating it. Republicans do not want to be singled out for killing reform. Democrats face a trickier calculation: while dramatizing Republican opposition could win Democrats public support in the short term, actually passing a substantive bill would help them much more. And since any reform bill needs significant GOP support—at least fifteen Senate votes, enough to join forty-five Democrats and override a filibuster—McCain-Feingold supporters naturally downplay the partisan implications of reform.

Recently, I attended a briefing with campaign finance reform activists and journalists who cover the topic. The journalists seemed just as outspokenly for reform as the advocates. The invisible line separating reporters from partisans melted away easily; aside from recognizable faces, I could not tell who was who. None of the assembled scribes would have felt comfortable meeting in public to plot, say, health care reform.

The reason: health care reform is regarded as essentially a Democratic issue. A newspaper story on health care would, for that reason, make at least an attempt at balance. Yet media coverage of campaign finance shamelessly touts reform. Almost every campaign finance story features quotes from campaign finance reform advocates—Public Campaign’s Ellen Miller, Common Cause’s Ann McBride and the Center for Public Integrity’s Charles Lewis—without any counterbalancing quotes from reform foes. All these experts share a distinct ideological agenda. What allows journalists to act as advocates, and advocates to act as experts, is the pretense that campaign finance reform lacks any partisan or ideological overtones. Supporters of campaign finance reform, though, use bipartisanship to deny the essential partisanship of their cause. That deceit may be effective. But, for the rest of us, playing along with the charade is no sign of independence. •



# ZION'S HOPE

I'm gonna walk in Jerusalem!  
I'm gonna talk in Jerusalem!  
Sing in Jerusalem!  
Be in Jerusalem!  
High up! In Jerusalem when I die!  
Be in Jerusalem!  
Swing in Jerusalem!  
Shout in Jerusalem!  
Pray in Jerusalem!  
High up! In Jerusalem when I die!

*American Spiritual*

**T**he exaltation found in these lyrics expresses the deep devotion felt throughout 3,000 years for Jerusalem. Made of golden stones, everything about the city has inspired glorification, her air, her walls, her valleys, and those paths walked by the ancient Hebrews, the Prophets and the Saints. The Jerusalem Foundation works to preserve and beautify the historical and spiritual legacy of Jerusalem, and to improve the quality of life for all its residents.

Theodor Herzl, the founder of modern Zionism, expressed in his diary what The Jerusalem Foundation took as its mandate: "Tender care can turn Jerusalem into a jewel. Include everything sacred within old walls, spread everything new round about it."

The Jerusalem Foundation is a powerful instrument of Zionism in action. Dunam by dunam and brick by brick, the Foundation has constructed schools, parks and gardens, homes for the elderly, and daycare centers for the very young. It offers support to every resident—Jewish, Moslem or Christian, religious or secular, new immigrant or native born, the young, the old, the disabled or disadvantaged.

We invite those who wish to be a part of the Zionist dream to join us in the building of Jerusalem, the eternal capital of the Jewish people and of the State of Israel.

We will be glad to send you our annual report, *American Partnerships*. Please call us at 800-537-8725, or write to us at the address below.



THE JERUSALEM FOUNDATION, INC.  
60 East 42nd Street  
New York, NY 10165

Alvin H. Einbender, *Chairman* • Kenneth J. Bialkin, *Vice Chairman* • Stephen R. Reiner, *Secretary/Treasurer* • Michael Neiditch, *President*  
Martin Peretz, *Honorary Chairman* • Max M. Kampelman, *Honorary Chairman* • Teddy Kollek, *Founder*



# MURDER, I WROTE

By David Simon

I used to cover crime on the late shift in Baltimore for *The Sun*. It was a living measured, by and large, in four-paragraph installments. You'd call the cops, ask what was going on, and then, when they emitted a handful of facts about which body fell on which corner, you'd write it up briefly and send it to the night editor. West Baltimore, East Baltimore, lower Park Heights, Cherry Hill—the rowhouses and postwar housing projects were all decidedly similar, and, assuming the casualty was poor and black, the newspaper accounts were similar as well.

"A 21-year-old West Baltimore man was shot to death yesterday...."

"... police say the assailant fled on foot after the stabbing. No suspects have been identified."

"A 16-year-old Pimlico youth was found murdered...."

In four years, I manufactured about a thousand of those formulaic morsels. The bodies I wrote about were, for the most part, buried in a handful of \$200-a-plot cemeteries and potter's fields in South and West Baltimore. The newspaper accounts were likewise interred—page D2 in the Maryland-in-Brief regional wrap-up. The detectives who investigated these forlorn cases called them misdemeanor homicides.

I wrote a book about these detectives, and Barry Levinson, a Hollywood director who used to live in Baltimore, decided to turn the book into a network television show. A few months later, a film crew showed up and began filming. Cheap motels, broken rowhouses, projects, street corners—the same rotted Rustbelt terrain that had yielded all those stunted news briefs suddenly became a studio backlot. Eventually, I left the newspaper and went to work writing murder stories for the television show.



Not long ago, I was sitting in my living room, watching a tape of an early episode of the show. It's one

DAVID SIMON, a Baltimore writer, is the author of *Homicide: A Year on the Killing Streets*, which is the basis for the NBC television show. His second book, *The Corner: A Year in the Life of an Inner-City Neighborhood*, co-authored with Edward Burns, will be published this month.

in which Robin Williams plays a tourist whose wife is killed in a street robbery. And somewhere before the second commercial break, when the pretend detectives are still trying to learn the names of the young men who killed Williams's pretend spouse, gunning her down in the shadow of the real Oriole Park at Camden Yards, there is a scene in which a pretend drug corner gets raided. I knew the scene: in fact, I wrote it, and I had been on the set when it was filmed at a low-rise housing project just east of downtown.

A pretend radio car turns the corner. A pretend lookout shouts, "Five-Oh." The pretend drug corner scatters, the touts and dealers and fiends racing around the corner only to be trapped by the arrival of other radio cars. The police officers jump out. The corner boys are forced to the ground at gunpoint.

In a brief instant, I get a glimpse of Dinky, wearing the light-blue striped shirt he favored that summer. A make-believe patrolman orders Dinky to get down. I glimpse Tae in the background and R.C.—at least I think it's R.C.—near the alley wall. A pretend detective yanks one of the kids off the ground. The kid is no one that I know; he has a line of dialogue and is therefore a union actor.

"This ain't right," the guy says.

"Talk to me," says the detective.

The pretend criminal gives it up. The detectives will soon solve the case. The shooter will get life, no parole. The credits will roll. But, in the background, Dinky is cuffed and helped to his feet by another make-believe cop. It's a fleeting image, and the boy's face is away from the camera, but I run the tape back two or three times, hoping for what I can't possibly see.

He's smiling, or not. It's hard to tell.



The day this scene was shot was not without its peculiar charm.

"You all want to be in a TV show?"

"Which one?" asked Boo.

"Homicide." The cop show."

"What do we have to do?"

"Sling drugs on a corner and get chased by the police."



They looked at each other for a long moment. Then laughter broke on the Southwest Baltimore crossroads of Gilmor and McHenry. Tae, Dinky, Manny Man, DeAndre, R.C.—all of them were willing to leave their real corner untended for a day, travel across town and playact for the National Broadcasting Corporation. Only Boo was unsure.

"How much we gonna get paid?" he asked.

"You'll be non-union extras," I told him. "That means about \$45 for the day."

"Sheeeet," drawled Boo.

Forty-five dollars was fifteen minutes' work at McHenry and Gilmor. I knew this because, at that point, I had been around Tae and Dinky and the others for about ten months, and, for most of that time, they had sold drugs. I, in turn, had watched them sell drugs.

"I don't care," Tae said finally. "I wanna be on TV."

Boo stayed on the corner that day, slinging blue-topped vials of coke. The rest followed Tae across town to the Perkins Homes, a squat stretch of public housing that would serve as the pretend drug market. They filled out tax forms, waited out the inevitable delays and were eventually escorted by an assistant director to a battered side street. There, on the set, a props man handed them pretend drugs and pretend weapons, and the director, a very earnest white man, arranged them on the street in the manner most pleasing to the camera.

"You there, can you move to that doorway?"

Dinky stepped into the doorway.

"And you—can you show some of the gun? Right. Tuck in your shirt so we can see the gun."

R.C. arranged his shirt so the butt of the prop gun showed.

They filmed the scene over and over, with the director covering it from a variety of angles and distances. Each time, the pretend lookout shouted his warning. Each time, the corner boys ran from the approaching radio car. Each time, they were penned in the same alley, forced to the ground and given the handcuffs.

After the eighth or ninth take, the boys began to rebel.

"I'm sayin' this is bullshit," muttered Dinky. "They got all of us dirty like this. Dave, man, you know it wouldn't be that way. You know we don't do it like that."

It was true. The props department had stuffed fake

drugs and guns and knives into the pockets of all the extras. Every last one of them would be caught holding, every last one would, in the make-believe world, take a charge. At Gilmor and McHenry, it was very different. The boys worked ground stashes, handling only a vial or two at a time. They kept the guns in rowhouse vestibules or atop the tires of parked cars. They didn't run at the first sign of a police car. They didn't have to run.

During the twelfth take, the boy playing the lookout sounded his alarm as he had the first eleven times, but this time, the other boys didn't play along. A few of them hesitated long enough to toss their fake vials and fake baggies into the gutter, as they would have in the

event of real cops raiding their real corner. Tae didn't even bother to run. He stayed in the doorway of a vacant rowhouse, watching the police car roll past with a practiced indifference.

"Cut," cried the director.

The second assistant director came running over.

"What's up, guys? Why aren't you staying with the program?"

"We don't do it like this," DeAndre told him.

"How do you mean?"

DeAndre tried to explain. So did Dinky. The second A.D. was sympathetic, but only in the real world can God exist in the details.

"It's just television, guys. I hear what you're saying, but do it like we talked about, okay?"

With some reluctance, the boys agreed.

"Damn," said Manny Man, walking back to his position. "This ain't gonna look right. People in other cities gonna see this show and think the crews in Baltimore don't know how to carry it."

They did it a half dozen more times, just as the director wanted. They each got their \$45, and they went back to McHenry and Gilmor.



As things turned out, Boo was the first to get shot on McHenry Street. It was a meaningless dispute with a Vincent Street crew, just one of those who-you-calling-bitch moments that accelerated. The ambulance took Boo to University Hospital with a collapsed lung, but he came back a week later and continued slinging coke. Some months later, he was shot to death by a 16-year-old girl, a hanger-on with the Vincent Street boys. The following night, Tae and R.C. were ambushed on McHenry Street. The emergency room



R.C., ON THE CORNER.

Debra Gentler



at Bon Secours Hospital tended to both and had them back on the corners in a day or two.

By then, Tae and R.C. had both been playing with the product, smoking up as much as they were selling. In time, R.C. went to jail, got out, then went to jail again. Tae got caught with a sawed-off shotgun, violating the terms of an earlier probation. Last time I saw Manny Man, he was on Fulton Avenue, looking rough and dusted and like he was losing too much weight.

And Dinky? He was a great kid, really, a quiet one. You had to be around that crew for a while to get a sense of him, to know his heart. He managed a kind of honest innocence: even on a corner, he could surprise you with small moments. Six months after the boys became television actors, my son was born. A few weeks later, I rolled up to Dinky at McHenry and Fulton. He saw me, laughed and leaned into the passenger window.

"Uh-oh, Dave be down here coppin'."

"How're the blue-tops?"

"Naw, I got the reds," he said. "They the bomb."

He stood up, smiled again and looked down the street. A radio car crossed McHenry at Stricker.

"How's your boy?"

"He's good, Dinky. He's great."

"You got a picture?" I pulled out my wallet and found the photo. He studied it for a long while, walking around the car. At the driver's window he stopped, handed it back and smiled.

"You take care now," Dinky said.

Some months later, Dinky was standing at Hollins and Gilmor when two Terrace boys crept up and caught him. There was, at the time, some kind of beef between the project crew and the boys who were selling at Baltimore and Gilmor. Something about a Terrace dealer who got his Lexus torched. And Dinky happened to be standing on Gilmor when the Terrace boys made their pass. They shot him once in the chest, and he staggered a half-block to Baltimore Street, where he collapsed. He died at University Hospital. He was 17.

A neighborhood girl told me the story the following day. She said the family was looking for a photograph, something that would show Dinky as he was. She knew I'd used a photographer during the book research.

"They need something for the funeral pamphlet," she said. "I guess they just don't have too many pictures of him." I told her that the photographer had no pictures of Dinky.

"Dag," she said. "Nobody even got a picture of the boy. Ain't that sad?" I knew of one image, of course, but said nothing. At that point, the joke of it seemed especially unfunny: Dinky, slinging drugs; Dinky, going to the ground; Dinky, preserved for the purposes of television entertainment, snared in a moment of celluloid fakery.

Dinky's death was a brief in the newspaper. Three paragraphs, no byline, buried inside the local section. The burial was at Mt. Zion, a cheap cemetery at the southwestern edge of the city. •

---

**Andrew Young, Nike and the reputation racket.**

# THE YOUNG AND THE FECKLESS

*By Stephen Glass*

For the past year, the Nike athletic wear company has been the object of intense scrutiny, thanks to reports of widespread labor abuse by its subcontractors in Asia. In Vietnam, 800 laborers walked off the job to protest what they said were poor working conditions; in Indonesia, thousands of workers ransacked their factory this spring, claiming Nike hadn't been paying the \$2.50-a-day minimum wage. Tales of exploitation have also sparked demonstrations back home in New York, Los Angeles and Seattle. On February 22, hundreds of activists filled San Francisco's Union Square on the opening day of Niketown, a multi-floor Nike superstore. Outside the entrance, hundreds of protesters chanted, "Just don't

do it!" and urged prospective customers to stay away.

Two days after the San Francisco incident, Nike CEO Phil Knight announced that his company was taking swift—and, it would turn out, savvy—action to shore up its meticulously maintained but suddenly threatened public image. Nike was commissioning an independent investigation of its Asian operations: it would make all facilities and internal documents available to a team of inspectors, and it would then allow the inspectors to make their findings public. "Nike has always been a business about excellence and achievement," Knight proclaimed. And, to prove it, Nike would hire not just any old corporate hack to lead the investigation into its overseas operations, but a man of famous indepen-

# Warning: This ad is not politically correct

## Let's get right to the point

We believe that the single most important issue facing the United States' future is deciding how many people we want to be.

All other issues – the economy, the environment, civil liberties, size of government, public health, national security, social harmony – all are shaped by the size of our nation's population.

## Overcrowding by default

If we fail to act, we guarantee a huge population increase. At current rates of fertility and immigration, the U.S. population will rise by 50% by 2050 and pass *half a billion* in the coming century.

## Taboo subjects

Full and useful discussion of any population issue is difficult. For example, a few magazines have refused to run ads like this one.

Some people are reluctant to talk about immigration. To express concern that over a million legal and illegal immigrants settle in the U.S. each year is to risk being labeled a racist. Other people are uncomfortable discussing fertility, sex or birth control.

Some people see the connection between population and the environment, but are overwhelmed by a problem they think is too large to deal with – so they choose to ignore it. How about you?

## Do you really want a country with twice as many people?

## The third rail

Our leaders are silent about population because it's the third rail of politics – touch it, you're politically dead! It'll take extraordinary courage for them to discuss the numbers so vital to our future.

## We call 'em as we see 'em

Our descendants will be condemned to a crowded, impoverished and polluted land unless we act now. We should quit worrying about offending with the truth.

## 150 million

NPG believes that a U.S. population of 150 million (what it was in 1950) would be sustainable in the long run.

We can make the *gradual transition* to that level by doing two things now:

## Two and 100,000

Encourage parents to have no more than two children. Restrict legal immigration to 100,000 per year and enforce existing laws requiring removal of illegal immigrants.

*NPG is a national organization that calls for smaller US and world populations, and recommends specific, realistic measures to achieve these goals.*

Yes, I want to become a member of NPG and help work toward smaller US and world populations. I enclose a check for annual dues:

☐ \$30 ☐ \$50 ☐ \$100 ☐ Other

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Zip .....

Please mail to:



Negative Population Growth, Inc.  
1608 20th Street, NW, Suite 200  
Washington, DC 20009  
Voice: (202) 667-8950  
E-mail: [npg@npg.org](mailto:npg@npg.org)  
Visit our site at: [www.npg.org](http://www.npg.org)

NPG is a nonprofit, national membership organization established in 1972. Contributions to NPG are tax deductible to the extent the law allows.

NR-102



dence and renowned stature—a man who had first gained recognition as a civil rights hero, who had won wide acclaim as the mayor of Atlanta, who had served his country as ambassador to the United Nations and who had co-chaired the Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games. The honorable Andrew Young, Knight said, would get to the bottom of this.

But Young was not just another pretty public servant summoned from an idyllic private life to answer duty's call. He was a businessman. And his fledgling business was to stimulate investment in developing countries—a mission statement that, it seems, includes helping companies deal with the p.r. messes that can come with such overseas endeavors. To conduct this business, Young had recently founded a firm in Atlanta called GoodWorks International. With Young at the helm, GoodWorks was perfectly positioned to take advantage of an emerging niche market: recently, Texaco, General Motors and Mitsubishi had all invited well-respected former government officials to serve as independent arbiters of complaints made by employees or consumers.

Nike was GoodWorks's first big client, its first chance to send corporate America evidence that GoodWorks did, from the businessman's point of view, good work. And when, four months after Knight's announcement, Young's firm published its seventy-five-page, full-color report on Nike's Asian operations, the client certainly had reason to feel it had gotten its money's worth. There was, Young had concluded, "no evidence or pattern of widespread or systematic abuse or mistreatment of workers" in the twelve operations he examined. To hammer home the point, GoodWorks packed the report with photographs—many taken by Young himself—of smiling workers playing a guitar on their break and relaxing around a television in their dorm. Young had a few criticisms, but his only substantive recommendations were that the shoemaker "consider" independent labor monitoring, that it establish better grievance procedures and that it distribute business cards with the company's "Code of Conduct" translated in the local language, so all foreign workers could read it. Nike wasted no time publicizing word of its vindication. It bought full-page ads in *The New York Times* and other major newspapers, touting the GoodWorks report. And the good news was hailed in the unpaid media, too. "In several ways," gushed *The Atlanta Journal and Constitution*, Young's hometown paper, "the job is classic Andy Young—a man who ... has spent his life bridging the gaps between rich and poor, black and white, business, government and the international community."

But if the Nike report was "classic Andy Young," it was also a classic sham, marred not just by shoddy methodology but by frequent misrepresentations. The report lists consultants who were never consulted and includes photos of union representatives who, it turns out, were not union officials. Young deliberately avoided the most

obvious and controversial question—whether Nike paid its employees fair wages—and, when gathering testimony, he relied almost exclusively on translators employed by the Nike factories. Phone calls to Young's office were referred to a GoodWorks spokesman, who insists Young did his best; he says that looking at these details misses "the big picture" of the report. Young, he notes, never claimed to be an expert on labor issues. But then Nike didn't need a labor expert. This was a public relations problem, and the world's largest sneaker company did what it does best: it purchased a celebrity endorsement. Andrew Young was happy to oblige.

The most obvious and important flaw in the GoodWorks report comes at the end, where there is a list of thirty-four "Non-Governmental Organizations With Whom GoodWorks Met or Spoke." This is the section that gives the publication intellectual credibility: it suggests that Young consulted with some of the leading minds in the field, who could have provided him with the context and guidance to judge whether Nike's operation was abusing workers. But, in a number of cases, Young did not consult with these experts at all. Anita Chan, a researcher who has studied China extensively at the National University of Australia in Canberra, appears on the list. Chan, interviewed by TNR, says she was never contacted by Andrew Young or anybody at GoodWorks. Logan Ide, a GoodWorks spokesman, explains that Chan was included accidentally because her name was on an internal office memo of people they should call. "It was just a simple mistake," Ide says, adding that GoodWorks has formally apologized to Chan and that she has accepted the apology. But that, too, is wrong, according to Chan. "I have never heard from them," she said. "No, they have never called me."

Maniza Naqvi, a child labor expert at the World Bank, did not even know that she was listed in the appendix until she was called by TNR. "My only connection to Nike is that I wear their shoes for running," she says. "I had nothing to do with this study. I wish I wasn't in there." Naqvi recalls but one communication with GoodWorks: she called on March 3 to ask if GoodWorks would send her the report when it was finished. The call lasted less than a minute.

Other experts cited say they, too, had only fleeting contact with the firm. Conrad MacKerron, the former director of social research for Progressive Asset Management Inc., says he had "just a courtesy call" with GoodWorks, and that it lasted less than ten minutes. "It seems a bit disingenuous to put me there," he says. Thuyen Nguyen, the founder of Vietnam Labor Watch, who has toured Nike's factories before, says someone from GoodWorks called him once, for a brief conversation, and that he was told that more substantive contact would follow, but no one ever called him again. Medea Benjamin, the director of Global Exchange, a San Francisco-based human rights group, says her lone phone conversation with GoodWorks was over in five minutes. She says she asked for a meeting

# PUBLIC POLICY BULLETIN BOARD®

Recent Books and Reports from the Nation's Think Tanks and Advocacy Groups

## THE INSTITUTE OF GOVERNMENTAL STUDIES AT UC, BERKELEY

IGS Press proudly presents the collected writings of Robert A. Dahl, the premier political theorist of our time. *Toward Democracy: Reflections, 1940-1997* includes the most important articles Robert Dahl has published over the past 50 years, collected in nine sections, each with a new introductory essay by the author. Dahl's groundbreaking work makes this an important part of the intellectual history of the discipline.

Available in two volumes, hard-cover for \$95 plus shipping and handling. To order, call IGS Press, 510-642-6723.

## THE PACIFIC RESEARCH INSTITUTE

*The Great American Gun Debate: Essays on Firearms and Violence* by Don B. Kates and Gary Kleck.

In this upcoming book from *The Pacific Research Institute for Public Policy*, two of the nation's leading authors on the issues of guns and violence dispel popular misconceptions about guns. By deflating the hyperbole of the gun debate, Kates and Kleck provide a rational forum for future public discussion of reasonable gun control measures.

*The Pacific Research Institute* is a San Francisco based, public policy think tank dedicated to protecting individual rights and promoting free markets. For more information about PRI and its publications, call 800-276-7600/415-989-0833, or visit our website at [www.pacificresearch.org](http://www.pacificresearch.org).

## POLICY STUDIES ORGANIZATION

**VISIT THE PSO WEBSITE.** If you are interested in public policy controversies, then join the Policy Studies Organization or at least visit the PSO website at <http://www.staff.uiuc.edu/~s-nagel/>. At the site, you will see materials that relate to the *Policy Studies Journal*, the *Policy Studies Review*, the *Policy Evaluation Newsletter-Journal*, and the *Developmental Policy Studies Newsletter-Journal*.

You will also see materials that relate to the 250 PSO books, win-win policy analysis, the *PSO Personnel Directory*, other directories, super-optimizing software, the information clearinghouse, and the training workshops. Instead of just watching, you can be an interactive participant and regularly receive all those materials for only \$28 a year. Send a check to PSO, 361 Lincoln Hall, University of Illinois, Urbana, IL 61801. Become an instant policy wonk or guru, or at least an active PSO member.

## REDEFINING PROGRESS

RP's first major policy report, entitled *Tax Waste, Not Work*, is a comprehensive discussion of resource-based tax shifting, an idea which is gaining prominence around the world. It asks the basic question: Why not *reduce* taxes on good things like work and investment and *increase* taxes on bad things like pollution, waste and efficiency? This type of revenue-neutral tax reform holds the potential to improve the economy and the environment simultaneously. With an introduction by M.I.T. economist Paul Krugman.

To order call (800) 896-2100 (140 pp., \$10.95 plus s&h).

## COMMITTEE ON THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF THE GOOD SOCIETY

PEGS, brings together a diverse network of thinkers engaged in good society analysis, and works to increase knowledge and action regarding institutional alternatives. **PEGS** includes active participation by interested thinkers from business, politics, journalism, and the activist community, as well as from academia. For more information, and to subscribe to **PEGS** journal, *The Good Society*, write **PEGS**, Department of Government and Politics, University of Maryland, College Park, MD 20742.

## CENTER ON BUDGET AND POLICY PRIORITIES

**Telling Details: New Reports Assess the Budget Deal**

*Looking at the Details of the New Budget Legislation*, by Robert Greenstein, shows the budget's upper-income tax cuts swell in cost as the years pass while most social initiatives, such as the child health block grant, either end or have their funding levels erode. As a result, by 2007 the reduction in the estate tax alone—which benefits only the largest 2 percent of estates—costs more than all of the law's social program initiatives combined, \$4. *The Final Tax Bill: Assessing the Long-Term Costs and the Distribution of Tax Benefits*, by Iris J. Lav, details how the tax cuts benefitting upper-income individuals grow over time, costing \$500 billion in the second 10 years they are in effect, \$3. A third report, *Trends in the Distribution of After-Tax Income: An Analysis of Congressional Budget Office Data*, by Isaac Shapiro and Robert Greenstein, analyzes new income trend data and finds the wealthiest 1 percent of the population now has as much after-tax income as the bottom 35 percent, \$3.

To order, contact Deborah Patterson, CBPP, 820 First St., NE, Suite 510, Washington DC, 20002 or call (202) 408-1080. Add \$2 S/H for each order. Visit our web site at [www.cbpp.org](http://www.cbpp.org).



with Young, but no one called her back.

Not that the conversations would have been so productive anyway. In a conversation that lasted less than fifteen minutes, Jeff Ballinger from Press for Change, a Washington-based labor rights group, says he realized that the folks from GoodWorks “had no idea what they were talking about. I mean they didn’t know even the basics.”

Logan Ide, GoodWorks’s spokesman, says the organization is sorry that so many people feel the report overstates their contributions. GoodWorks was not, he insists, trying to create a false impression. “It surprises me that people will say that,” Ide says. “The heading only says we spoke with them. Sometimes it just may have been very, very briefly.”

Recently Garry Trudeau’s “Doonesbury” comic strip featured a series in which Kim, an Asian American character, visits a relative working in one of Nike’s Vietnamese factories. In the series, the Nike translators manage to render the workers’ pleas of mistreatment into joyous reports of a labor paradise. Just a case of Trudeau taking artistic license? No, more like art imitating GoodWorks.

In their field visits to Nike’s factories, where they interviewed Nike workers about work conditions, Young was hampered by the fact that he wasn’t fluent in the languages of the workers. No problem: Nike provided translators. And Young chose to use Nike’s translators, although he could have easily hired his own. “We regularly provide translation for government officials and the media who visit,” Nike’s spokesman, Veda Manager, says. “By any standard those were acceptable translators.”

Any standard? Not quite. In 1980, the International Law Association established the Belgrade Minimal Rules, to set common rules for the inspection of human rights conditions around the world. Rule Number 10, which most human rights groups consider essential, stipulates that analysts should provide all of their own experts. Diane Orentlicher, an international law professor at American University and author of *Bearing Witness: The Art and Science of Human Rights Fact-Finding*, says that rule certainly applies to translators: “Don’t even worry about the Belgrade Rules, doesn’t it just violate common sense?” she said. “How can you speak freely when your employer is listening or someone who might talk to the employer is literally in the room?”

Even journalists, who for the most part do not follow the same rigorous rules of inquiry as human rights organizations, and who work under much tighter time constraints, usually meet this basic requirement of fact-finding. Except when it is impossible—when, for instance, state or military authorities insist on providing official translators—experienced foreign correspondents hire their own translators, often at significant cost.

Ide says Young decided to use Nike translators when he was planning the trip with Nike officials; according

to Ide, Young thought it would be the most convenient way. Ide concedes that Young had no way of knowing whether the translations were accurate. “We didn’t follow [the Belgrade Rules] since we don’t have all the technical expertise,” Ide adds. “This was not designed to be a great academic study.”

Another basic precept in labor and human rights investigations is to spend enough time at the job to really investigate. Young reports that his investigators spent, on average, up to three to four hours in each factory—a fact that prompts derision from veteran inspectors who have worked for manufacturers and unions in the past. Generally, these experts say, inspection teams on a tour will visit each factory at least ten times—for several hours at a shot. Graham Honiker, a consultant for two European apparel manufacturers, said he was “appalled” when he learned that Young spent only four hours in a factory. “You have got to be kidding me,” Honiker said. “He might as well have been at Disneyland on a little factory [ride]. You know, where they can all sing, ‘It’s a small world after all.’ You know, ‘It’s a world of laughter, a world of tears.’”

Some of the very labor rights experts whom GoodWorks listed as consultants say Young was told that he was not spending enough time on the ground to conduct a thorough study. One such consultant says he personally warned GoodWorks about this on five separate occasions. He was ignored, he says: “Young said he didn’t really want to do the project anyway and made clear [that his attitude was] let’s get in, get out, get the check and be done with the whole thing.” (Young has said before that he was wary of taking the Nike contract: “I was reluctant to get involved with Nike in its Asian shoe conflicts because it would inevitably put me back into the ‘reasonable moderate’ role I agonized over throughout my civil rights career,” he wrote in a letter to *The New York Times*.) “Let’s not beat around the bush, it takes you two years on the ground in [a foreign country] before you understand what is really going on,” says another consultant. “If you are super-human, and Andrew Young is, you can do it in one year. You’re not going to see or hear anything meaningful being [in a foreign country] for three or four days.”

Throughout his trip, Young and other members of his research team took photographs of cheery workers; the glossies, reprinted in the report, show the workers flashing the peace sign or working busily at their jobs. But these photographs are somewhat misleading. On page ten is a picture of Young sitting at a table with a group of Vietnamese men and women. The caption says, “Andrew Young meeting with plant management and union representatives in Vietnam.” One man and one woman from the photo appear again on page twenty-two, posing with Young in front of a sign that says “Trade Union.” Here the caption reads: “Andrew Young with union representatives at Vietnamese factory.”

This picture comes as something of a shock to the









THEODOR HERZL WAS PREPARED for ridicule. Already, in 1896, on the publication of his book *Der Judenstaat*, or *The Jewish State*, in a first edition of 3,000 copies, he had several times been derided as “the Jewish Jules Verne.” Some Jews, especially the highly placed but socially insecure, thought him more dangerous than a mere phantast, and many would not even see him. His radical Jewish politics put into question their loyalty to the states in which they lived. Newly (and precariously) accepted as citizens, they were alarmed by his assumptions: that they belonged to an old nation about to be revived; that the hostility toward them in Europe was essentially ineradicable. From their standpoint, Herzl was preaching pessimism. Would all their striving for acceptance be for naught? And what would the gentiles think? And Herzl discomfited the old-fashioned no less than the new-fashioned: many religious Jews also were threatened by his ideas. They saw in him the peril of politics, of a worldly activism that amounted to a heresy, an intrusion on God’s will.

The editors of the *Neue Freie Presse*, the respectably liberal daily of the Viennese bourgeoisie, for which the boulevardier Herzl worked as a Paris correspondent, tried to prevent the publication of his little tract. They never so much as mentioned it in their columns; and other periodicals that did take note did not take great note. But Herzl would not be deflected. With a small coterie of scattered comrades, not all of the same sensibility, he prepared to convene what would come to be called the First Zionist Congress. For his manifesto had echoed among independent Jewish intellectuals, the bulk of them children of the Enlightenment (Baruch Spinoza, too, had imagined a restored Jewish commonwealth), but some of them religious as well. And also with some of the Jewish masses—but not the masses of the German-speaking countries of Central Europe. No, Herzl’s troops resided in fear in the East, living their lives in Yiddish and under the cruel regime of the czar. The book had been translated into Yiddish and other languages, including Ladino, the tongue of Sephardic Jews. So there were new constituencies for Zionism, and it was Herzl’s little volume that had galvanized them.

There were also older, proto-Zionist constituencies, a bit more fragile, less grandiose, perhaps self-enclosed by doctrine or station or fright. They had been Zionists, or what would soon be called Zionists, long before the arrest of Captain Dreyfus, the event that roused Herzl from his Jewish slumber. These Jews had never believed that “the Jewish question” had really been solved. The persecution of the Jews was almost as old as the Jewish exile, and they were still in exile. These people had medieval blood libels and massacres in their very modern memories. Thus, they were not stunned, as Herzl appeared to be, by the cries of “death to the Jews!” on the streets of Paris and elsewhere in Europe.

In any case, Herzl did not invent political Zionism. Others had sown the seeds. A.D. Gordon and Leo Pinsker and Peretz Smolenskin are unknowns now, but they were titans in their time. The first “modern” Zionist was Moses Hess, who started out as a young Hegelian moving in the same revolutionary orbit as Karl Marx (who, though Jewish himself, reviled Hess because he was a Jew—worse, a Jew who was a Zionist). And there were stray Zionist organizations and Zionist publications before Herzl—and, aside from the centuries-old communities of pious Jews in Palestine, there were

even Zionists returning to Zion. Between 1881 (the year the pogrom became a matter of official Russian policy) and 1896, at least a dozen new Jewish settlements, a few of them thriving, had been established in Palestine by unlikely pioneers from Eastern Europe, supported largely by a new secular version of the old religious charities and by the generous (and closely monitored) subventions of the grandees, such as the Barons Edmond de Rothschild and Maurice de Hirsch. Still, it was a pathetic migration. When the Congress actually assembled in Basel there were in attendance five delegates from the Promised Land itself, where 50,000 Jews lived, up from 25,000 twenty-five years earlier.

Five delegates among nearly 200 men, and perhaps ten women, maybe a few more. We do not have entirely reliable lists. But there are photographs. Herzl’s mother sat on the dais during some of the proceedings. (A Jewish mother’s fantasy if ever there was one.) Still, not counting this matriarchal vestige, one has only to look, in Roger Shattuck’s *The Banquet Years*, at the famous picture of a grand banquet in Paris in the late nineteenth century, altogether without women, to grasp how sharp a break this assembly of Zionists was, not only with the past of the Jews but with the present of all Europe. Of course, the gathering had nothing to do with gender, but the participation of women was only one of the more advanced qualities of the conference.

More impressive, perhaps, was that this was a gathering across social and economic classes. None of the legendary Jewish princes came, though Otto Warburg, of the great Berlin banking family, would soon join the cause and ultimately become head of the Zionist Executive. But, among many impecunious people, there were rich men in Basel, and their impact was to put practical proposals on the docket and to get them passed. Thus, a Jewish national bank was mandated by the delegates, as was an institutional vehicle for the purchase of land for Jewish settlements. Basel was a collusion of dreamers and pragmatists. And a collision, too: there were ill feelings between the two types, and these persist in their spiritual descendants in the Zionist camp a century later.

Though it evoked ridicule from some of his critics, Herzl insisted that the delegates to the Congress wear frock coats and white ties. The delegates from Berlin and Baltimore, from The Hague and Heidelberg, certainly knew this attire, but what about those who had



traveled from Bobruysk and Vitebsk, from the indigent world of carters and fiddlers that we know from the paintings of Chagall? In Herzl's view, all of those assembled had to feel that the Jewish people were in Basel asserting their collective equality with other polities, and their appearance had to evince their gravity. Some compared the Congress to the Sanhedrin assembled by Napoleon, at which the Jews abjured their identity as a nation to become "Frenchmen of the Mosaic persuasion"; but Herzl conceived of Basel as the first Jewish parliament convened by the Jewish people themselves.

Still, the Congress, like Herzl's whole diplomatic strategy, was not a little focused on the gentiles. There were some clergymen attending as invited guests, a French baron, the founder of the Red Cross and, at one session, the president of Switzerland himself. There were great precedents for gentile enthusiasm for the Zionist project: from Julian the Apostate to Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Palmerston and the mad Lady Hester Stanhope. The romance of the Jewish return entered English fiction through George Eliot's influential *Daniel Deronda*, and through *Tancred*, the visionary novel by the convert from Judaism Benjamin Disraeli. There were Christian philosemites in other countries, too; but the British ones set the cultural context for Lord Balfour, who finally gave the Zionists the charter that Herzl coveted. (Barbara Tuchman, herself an impassioned Zionist, wrote a whole book on such people, called *Bible and Sword: England and Palestine from the Bronze Age to Balfour*.)

Of course, much of this was rooted in Old Testament Protestantism. But all the European powers were looking for leverage in the Holy Land, and some saw enterprising and industrious Jews providing it. In any case, the competition between these powers for influence was intense. It was even fought out archaeologically and architecturally in Jerusalem, "the prize of contending nations," as one visitor put it: a Bavarian hospital on Mount Scopus, an Anglican church across from what was once thought to be a Davidic remain, a Scottish hospice above the Valley of Gehenna, a Russian church in Gethsemane, a French convent abutting the Mount of Olives, these and many more, jockeying against each other by height of tower and grandeur of view. Piety was an expression of empire, of the thirst for strategic advantage.

In truth, what the Zionists wanted could be granted them only by the Turkish sultan. For this to happen, however, Herzl knew they needed European interlocutors or European enforcers: the Kaiser, Pope Pius X (whose hand he declined to kiss) and a succession of cabinet ministers, primarily British. There was also an American connection to the Ottoman Empire on whom Herzl tried his arguments. But the American minister to the Divine Porte turned out to be Jewish, not Christian, and less amenable. For several decades Constantinople was the Jewish seat in the American diplomatic corps, literally the only capital to which a Jew would be posted, and it was used to ensure the security of the precariously placed Jewish community of Palestine. But it was not used to advance Zionist goals.

Herzl's labors were the first exercise in shuttle diplomacy for Zion. The diplomacy to which Jews had become accustomed was the diplomacy conducted by *Hofjuden*, "court Jews" who interceded with local princes for the benefit of Jews as a whole, mostly in efforts

to vacate or to delay some draconian edict. Herzlian diplomacy aimed at ending those demeaning interactions by securing from the powers the political independence of the Jewish nation.

His intentions notwithstanding, there remained something of the court Jew in his high-level interactions. Still, for a people who had so little experience with the worldly politics of sovereign states, Herzl's palace politics, although mendicant to prince, was an improvement on the past. Didn't the Jews have to unlearn their habits of dependence? Unlearn them they did, and rather quickly. But what of their spiritual regeneration? The fact is that the heroic impulse in Herzl left little psychological space for spiritual reflection. Or for learning. He himself was an unlettered Jew, relying on his tutors for the articulation of every intrinsic Jewish thought.

Herzl's easy way in the world kept him from despair or self-pity. Indeed, every rebuff seemed simply to strengthen him. But his self-

confidence did not keep him from becoming a target, especially the target of a group of Russian Zionist intellectuals led by Asher Ginsberg, who renamed himself Ahad Ha'am, or "One of the People," which he was not. Ahad Ha'am saw the new Zionists as "a rabble of youth" and attended their Basel gathering as "a mourner at a wedding feast." From the beginning, Ahad Ha'am stood as a totemic figure for the Zionist opposition, for those who found practical matters more than a bit demeaning. Churlish and resentful at seeing the leadership of the cause seized by someone whom he considered superficial and even a false messiah—he referred to Herzl more than once as Sabbatai Zvi, the false messiah of the seventeenth century—Ahad Ha'am put his words as barriers to each of his nemesis's acts.

What was he not against? Migration was a distraction. Land acquisition was a chimera. A national bank was a pecuniary pettiness. Such tangibles do not build a nation.

Unfortunately, history had seen to it that by 1897 all that the Jews had, as a people, were intangibles. It was precisely the tangibles that had to be devised. When Herzl died in 1904, the imperious Odessan wrote patronizingly that his opponent "gave us the Congress, the Organization, the Bank, the National Fund. Whether these are to be reckoned great achievements we cannot yet know." Yet, in truth and certainly so early, these were everything that the Zionist movement had produced and was palpable. These, and its diplomacy. And so Ahad Ha'am reviled what he called the "romance of diplomatic embassies ... interviews with prominent personages." Soon after the Congress, he wrote, as much to recommend himself as to diminish Herzl, "The salvation of Israel will be achieved by prophets not by diplomats." (Ahad Ha'am's biographer, Steven J. Zipperstein, has written that he was drawn to Ginsberg's life as he followed "Israeli events in the late 1980s with mounting unhappiness and some sense of tragedy." Had Ginsberg's more elevated ideas prevailed, maybe Zionism's encounter with the Arabs would have been less bitter. But Zipperstein found little support in his work for this intuition.)

Herzl could not see everyone he wished to see since many did not wish to see him. And from those he did see he rarely got what he asked. Most of them were not in the position to give. He had to make



Harvesting grapes at Rishon Le-Zion, 1912



do with the Zionist fervor of the Grand Duke of Baden, who was the uncle of the Kaiser. And the Kaiser himself? That was another matter. Yet a diplomatic success was almost Zionism's undoing. This success was a strange unfolding. Herzl didn't see Joseph Chamberlain, the British Colonial Secretary, until 1902. But, when they met, various options filled the agenda: Cyprus, the Sinai, a Jewish colony in Egypt. It all came to nothing. A few months later, however, Chamberlain suggested Uganda. He didn't like Jews: "there is only one race I despise—the Jews..." There were too many East European Jews coming to England. East Africa was the place to take them in.

For the first time in history, a sovereign state had negotiated with a representative Jewish body for a political solution to the Jewish problem. This was not a minor triumph. The Sixth Zionist Congress made a gesture toward the British offer of Uganda. Like the British,

logically require a particular place for its fulfillment. As long as Palestine was politically remote, then, there would still be new places proposed. Some favored the Pampas in Argentina, others Manitoba, still others Australia—all of them possible sites of Jewish refuge, but without meaning for the Jewish soul. Grasping the power of the Zionist idea among the Jewish masses, the Soviets desperately contrived their own competitive version of an autonomous haven for Jews: the Jewish Autonomous Republic of Birobidzhan, nestled in the Siberian vastness, with Yiddish its official language; at last estimate, there were less than 5,000 Jews, almost all aged, in this broken Stalinist artifact. And there still exists the Jewish Territorial Organization, founded in the wake of the Sixth Congress to support the Uganda alternative and which then proceeded to other geographical panaceas.

Nothing but Palestine would do. Palestine was not only a piece



The founding of Tel Aviv, 1909

oblivious to the native Africans, some Zionists preferred Africa to Palestine because of the absence of hostile Arabs. Others favored Africa because it was the only place available. A place of haven now seemed more pressing: the Kishinev pogrom had just occurred, a terrible carnage leaving forty-nine dead and 500 wounded. The Hebrew poet Chaim Nahman Bialik would soon write of this atrocity:

*Arise and go now to the city of slaughter;  
Into the courtyard wind thy way;  
There with thine own hand touch, and with the eyes of thine head  
Behold on tree, on stone, on fence, on mural clay,  
The spattered blood and dried brains of the dead.*

Still, the vague Uganda resolution passed only because Herzl spoke eloquently for it. It was clear that almost no one would go anywhere other than to Palestine. Bitterness ran deep among the Zionist rank-and-file. Herzl's closest ally, Max Nordau, was almost assassinated by a disenchanted young Zionist.

Already at this Congress in 1903, Herzl must have felt the folly of his Uganda proposal. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand wither," he swore in the words of the Psalmist as the dejected assembly adjourned. But the failed Uganda gambit defined the borders of the territorial solution to the Jewish question. To be sure, not everyone was in agreement. The idea of an independent Jewish polity didn't

of geography. Palestine was also an idea, an idea known as Zion. Said one Zionist: "To us Palestine is not a distant bread basket but a homeland." It resonated to religious devotion and historical memory. By the time Herzl had forlornly turned to Uganda, the word "Palestina" was already on the lips of millions of Jews; and for many decades thereafter, when "Palestine" was uttered, the utterance was not by Arabs but by Jews: the Palestine Post, the United Palestine Appeal, the Palestine Symphony Orchestra, and so on. The Zionists discovered and invented modern Palestine. It is certainly true that there were Arab *felaheen* on the spot, but they lived in villages and not beyond them, and had little or no conception of Palestine as a country. Long after there were Arab nationalists riveted on Egypt and on what would later be Iraq and Syria, Arabs did not see in Palestine the realization of any collective Arab aspirations.

For 1,500 years and more, however, that is exactly what Jews saw in Palestine, and it is exactly what Herzl and the delegates in Basel saw. Moreover, they had a finely textured sense of the land, its possibilities and its needs. The first truly practical Zionist enterprise in Palestine was established in 1870, long before the First Zionist Congress, when French Jews opened an agricultural school at Mikve Israel. These Frenchmen did not consider themselves Zionists. Nor did the others who, with funds and aggressive technical assistance from imported European experts, followed this "productivization" paradigm. Their motive, Derek J. Penslar has written, was not pre-



cisely Zionism, but “an inchoate Palestinophilia.” But this sentiment quickly became a transformatory Zionist program: working the land was not simply an economic activity, it was also moral regeneration.

In a sense, of course, Basel in 1897 was the consummation of small Zionist assemblies throughout Europe during the preceding decades, much as Philadelphia in 1776 was the consummation of little declarations of independence in the scattered colonies. It was Herzl’s daring, however, to break out of the spare self-enclosures of virtue, to renounce abstraction and strike grand, concrete initiatives. The first session of the Congress was begun, appropriately and deliberately, with a religious practice. The believers and the unbelievers, the learned and the unlearned, the delegates from Algeria and Sweden, from Turkey and America, from everywhere, chanted together the haunting *Shehecheyanu* blessing: “Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, Ruler of the Universe, who has kept us in life, sustained us and allowed us to witness this day.” We are told that a tremor of emotion ran through the gathering. And then Herzl rose and declared: “We are here to lay the foundation stone of the house which is to shelter the Jewish nation.” A few days later, he confided to his diary: “If I were to sum up the congress in a word—which I shall take care not to publish—it would be this: At Basel I founded the Jewish state. If I said this out loud today I would be greeted by universal laughter. In five years, perhaps, and certainly in fifty years, everyone will perceive it.”

Are these the words of a megalomaniac? Maybe. But he was off by only nine months. Not quite fifty-one years after the First Zionist Congress, the troops of the British mandatory power withdrew, and David Ben-Gurion, the democratically elected leader of Jewish Palestine, proclaimed the independence of the State of Israel. The fifteen-minute founding ceremony ended with the resounding *Shehecheyanu* prayer, much as the Zionist odyssey of the Jews had begun with it half a century before at Basel.

Herzl had eight years in the limelight, eight years in the cause. He died in 1904, at the age of 44; and we have many testimonies to the press of Jewish humanity that massed at his funeral in Vienna. The movement that he founded went on, and on, to victory, but his own family collapsed. His embittered wife died three years later, at the age of 39. His daughter Pauline survived until her thirtieth year, when, a vagrant and a morphine addict, she expired in Bordeaux. His son Hans, uncircumcised and not a bar mitzvah either, dealt with his Jewish burdens by becoming in turn Baptist, Catholic, Lutheran, Unitarian and Quaker before returning to Judaism. When the news came that Pauline had died, he blew his brains out, just in time to be buried with her in the same coffin. Hans and Pauline’s younger sister, Trude, survived, but lived for almost a quarter century of her life in a Vienna psychiatric hospital; in 1942, the Nazis transferred all of its patients to the Theresienstadt concentration camp, where she died the following year. Her son, Stephen, Herzl’s only grandchild, jumped off the Massachusetts Avenue bridge in Washington, D.C., in 1946. Herzl’s most subtle biographer, Ernest Pawel, compares “the end of the Herzl bloodline” to “the inexorable fatality of a Greek tragedy.” But it was Herzl’s accomplishment that no inexorable fatality would any longer be the fate of his own people.



The odds against this extraordinary journey of a dispersed and despised people were enormous. No enterprise in nation-building is easy, but the circumstances of the Jewish nation were especially ad-

verse. Except for the high rate of literacy among the Jews, they possessed virtually none of the common clay of modern nationalism. And their literacy did not necessarily work in favor of their ingathering. It wasn’t simply that they were inordinately literate in the languages of others. It was also that they had several linguistic traditions of their own, at odds with each other historically and psychologically. These were languages of exile.

Benjamin Harshav, in *Language in Time of Revolution*, tells us that in the year of the Basel conference half the world’s Jews lived in Russia and 98 percent of them declared Yiddish to be their native tongue. Yiddish was also the vernacular for many Jews living elsewhere in Europe and in America. Another 10 percent of the Jews who lived around the Mediterranean, descendants of the Iberian expulsions, communicated with each other in Ladino, an obscure but resilient language, and one which was slow to pick up modern currents like nationalism. Other Jews spoke the native languages of their places of abode. (In Iraq, where Jews had lived continually since the destruction of the First Temple in the sixth century before Jesus, they spoke Arabic, and they were intrigued by Arab nationalism and at best indifferent to emerging Zionism.) In 1880, and for two decades thereafter, no one really spoke functional Hebrew, though maybe 5,000 to 10,000 ideologically inflamed Jews read and wrote innovative versions of a tongue that had long been reserved for sacred and scholarly usage.

Of course, the contemporary convention that Hebrew had been dead before Zionism was not true. When the modernizers and the revivers embarked on their effort to get Jews to buy their groceries, give traffic directions and curse their neighbors in Hebrew, they found out just how rich and powerful this ancient language was. Literally every man (and many women as well) had studied the Hebrew holy texts and their Hebrew interpretations. Millions of Jews spoke thousands of Hebrew words in prayer three times a day. This intimacy of the time-honored Jew with Hebrew is surely one reason why the resuscitation of the language as the national tongue happened so quickly. Still, one shouldn’t exaggerate. It was not uncommon to hear, on the streets of Tel Aviv in the early decades of this century, the greatest enthusiasts of Hebrew speaking among themselves in Yiddish. In Europe, the bulk of Zionist literature and most of the movement’s periodicals were published in Yiddish. The Jews who cheered Herzl in Vilna cheered him in Yiddish. And most Yiddish speakers were neither Hebraists nor Zionists.

Aside from an extraordinary and subtle literature of European materials, Yiddish had its own “isms” attached to it, one of them being the delusion of a meaningful cultural autonomy in Europe, articulated in the minority rights treaties of the League of Nations legislated just before Hitler came to power. Yiddish was also the linguistic vehicle of Jewish socialists, who were persuaded that the solution to the Jewish question had to be not a Jewish solution, but a universal one, among the cruelest mirages of the era. The language was also the vernacular with which the pious Jews of Europe ran their quotidian and hermetic lives. Everybody sensed that for Zionism to succeed it would need one usable language, and the only plausible candidate for that role was Hebrew. But Herzl himself needed to be coached whenever he wanted to express himself in a symbolic Hebrew phrase.

Language was not the only problem. In Central and Western Europe especially, the drive toward assimilation robbed Zionism of precisely those Jews who were otherwise lured by the liberal idea of the nation and its promise of the rights of citizenship. The trouble



was that the nations that drew them were the likes of Germany and Austria and France, not especially welcoming to strangers and where citizenship did not do away with the toxic encrustations of Jew-hatred. Even in the East, more worldly and educated Jews from the middle and professional classes—to say nothing of the rich—somehow believed that the countries in which they lived could be the countries to which they truly belonged. Some Jews in Poland also persuaded themselves of this hopeless hope. The paradox of the emancipated Jewries, as David Feldman demonstrates, was nowhere more sharp than in England. There, Jews became nervous when men of government declared themselves sympathetic to Zionist aims. The aims of the Zionists seemed to sabotage the aims of the assimilationists, who had shed the separating practices of faith and the jarring signs of cultural difference to be like everyone else.

And more numerous than the emancipated Jews were those who, “with perfect faith,” believed that they would be in exile until the coming of the Messiah. It is true that there were active religious Zionists who believed in a this-worldly return *and* in a divine redemption, and their numbers grew during the twentieth century. But the thrust of Jewish piety in the centers of Jewish population was hostile to Zionism. The pious were historically and theologically quietist, accepting God’s portion as He determined it. And so the most Jewish Jews were deaf to the idea of Jewish self-determination. This barely understood but powerful strain among religious Jews persists today. In Israel itself there are fervent Jews who deny the legitimacy of the state, its creation having been, in their eyes, a blasphemous act; and their immediate ancestors kept the faithful in a state of frenzy against the Zionist heresy. Against anti-Semitism, they did virtually nothing: Jew-hatred was, in their eyes, a punishment for the sins of the people, like the exile itself. But God did not save the pious from the unimaginable, and many of them perished in the ovens.

Thus—given the upwardly mobile assimilationists, the mostly poor, “trust in the Almighty” religious and the Jews who sought relief in socialism and communism—the Zionists inevitably had to be drawn from a relatively small cohort of the Jewish population. Of course, the emergence of political Zionism drew converts away from the other political dispensations, especially among younger people. So, here and there, a city would suddenly brim with Zionist activity, and the community would never be the same. Still, Zionism was a mostly marginal venture. Did the communities in which Zionists were particularly influential behave differently from others before the catastrophe of 1939-1945? Some did. There was a particularly strong Zionist presence in Salonica, where, until the mid-’30s, some 65,000 Jews lived. In 1935 and 1936, seeing the ugly handwriting on the wall, 15,000 of these Jews emigrated to Palestine, and it was largely they who built the port of Haifa. (Of the remaining 50,000 Salonician Jews, 12,000 survived the war.) There were also many Zionists in the Free City of Danzig; and, in 1938, having experienced the depredations of Nazism despite the League of Nations’ formal guarantees of freedoms in the city, the official Jewish community began the painful dissolution of its society 500 years old, an idea broached earlier by Revisionist Zionists. Braving the British blockade, some of these Jews made their way to Palestine. Other escapees to Palestine were interned by the Crown in Mauritius. Still others, seeking sanctuary in America, were on the S.S. *St. Louis*—not the only such desperate cargo—as it plied the East Coast of the U.S. Refused entry, they sailed back to Europe, to death.

Zionism did not save European Jewry. Still, as Walter Laqueur has written, Palestine would become the haven for more Jews than

all other countries combined. The Holocaust seemed to bring a grim uniformity to the history of European Jewry. In death, the Jews were one. In life, the Jews had never really been one. Even in Europe, their histories varied widely. The political and cultural experiences of a Jew in Russia and of a Jew in Germany couldn’t be more different, in expectations as well as in sensations. And the Jewries of the Arab world, and elsewhere in what used to be called the Orient, added to this already dizzying mix of the potential recruits to Zionism, men and women—and communities—with virtually no acquaintance with politics, no conception of rights, no knowledge of mechanized industry, no idea that Jews might be and think of themselves as secular. This, certainly, was not the case for Western Jewries. Many of these Jews had simply taken the idea of the nation out of Judaism. This, the oriental Jews had not done, although their notion of the nation was more historical legend than political intention. These Jewries were not even one racial group, at least on the physical surface. (Although three articles by Stanford Professor Samuel Karlin, et al., in *The American Journal of Human Genetics* show that, measured by fourteen genetic markers, “the Ashkenazi, Sephardi and Iraqi Jewish populations [are] consistently close in genetic constitution and, significantly, equally distant from ... the Arabs and non-Jewish German and Russian populations.” But this is another matter.) These Jewries were at different levels of economic development, scientific consciousness and political ambition. Some Jews came from environments in which a Jew had to dismount his horse when an ordinary member of the society walked by. Other Jews, from other environments, expected to be elected parliamentarians (and by gentiles, yet).

Zionism had to appeal to all these Jews and all these Jewries. No national movement ever had so intrinsically complex a constituency. Not that nationalisms everywhere didn’t have to straddle economic classes and social strata. But this again was different. Each of the dispersed Jewries had its own demographic pyramid, some mostly paupers, others mostly middle-class, some top-heavy with intellectuals, others top-heavy with shoemakers. What no Jewry possessed was a landed gentry, and almost no Jewry had a real peasantry. This gave the return to the land a romantic, artificial character. Still, much Zionist rhetoric premised the idea of redemption on the idea of toil in the earth. Or, as one Zionist leader put it, “When the Jew holds the plough in Palestine, the Jewish problem will be solved.” And the social problem would be solved, too. Some Zionists were convinced, in fact, that the kibbutz simultaneously dissolved the moral predicament of hierarchical societies while normalizing the Jewish condition. Kibbutzniks were an aristocracy of poverty; they both provided norms for the wider community and had a harmonious relationship with the land.

Yet the real impediment facing Zionism was the land itself. It was a land on which very few Jews lived, a land which only a few Jews had ever seen, a land which most Jews knew only from texts. And texts, however vivid, are not eyes and ears, hands and feet. Other nationalist movements struggled for political sovereignty over lands in which their nation lived but over which another nation ruled. The Jewish land required a great voyage of faith and imagination. For Zionism to succeed, the people had to move. And, to move, they had to think of two millennia of experience in exile as abnormal, for Jews as individuals and for Jews as a people.

And there was another impediment on the land. There were Arabs there. The Arabs had the moral advantage of having been there first—first, that is, in modern times. But they were not there in enor-



mous numbers, and many of them had arrived recently. They had crossed the invisible borders of the Ottoman Empire, from one *sanzak* to the next, districts of bureaucratic convenience rather than real politics, without any sense that they were going across the frontiers of this country to that. As Jewish economic activity increased in Palestine, so did the arrival of Arabs. But no Arab who went from what is now Syria to what is now Israel thought that he was migrating to another country: he was simply moving from one part of his world to a neighboring part in order to make a living. Even after the First World War, when the League confirmed the frontiers of mandatory Palestine, which was reserved for a Jewish homeland, the borders were both psychologically and physically porous. Of course, the local Arabs did understand that the Zionist project meant that fierce competition for land would ensue, and this recognition stimulated Arab



Jewish watchmen of early settlements in Palestine

resistance to Jewish settlement. So there was Arab terror against the Jews from the very beginning, and more conventional protest as well. Yet many of the actual leaders of this resistance, called the Arab Higher Committee, sold land to the Jews. This is an index of how thin Arab national sentiment was, and how little many Arab notables cared about the real-life anxieties of ordinary Arabs. But, in Arab politics, leaders do not apologize or explain.

Hostile to the Zionist undertaking though they were, the Palestinian Arabs were in no way a threat to it. Yes, they might burn a kibbutz's crops or kill a farmer in the field, but the main obstacles to the success of the Zionists were, first, that big-power diplomacy would abandon Zionism just as it had once sponsored it, and, second, that, in the period after World War II and after the establishment of the State, the armies of the surrounding Arab states might defeat the Zionist forces in combat. But the interest in Palestine of the neighboring Arabs was their own interest. When Egypt and Syria (and Jordan) fought Israel, it was as part of their own scramble for leadership of the Arab world. They never really did battle for Arab Palestine. They used anti-Zionism as a prop in their own political pyrotechnics. Had the outside Arabs ever won a war against Israel, Palestine would have been carved up by the victors, and its name would have evaporated into history. (This is just about what happened when the West Bank was annexed by Jordan and the Gaza

Strip was policed by Egypt.) The Palestinian movement didn't come into its own until Egypt and Syria, whose people have yet to meet the industrial revolution, simply exhausted themselves in their ongoing conflicts with the Jews.

For the Zionists, however, the problem of Palestine had long been their encounter with the Arabs just over the next hill. There is a cliché that asserts that the Zionists did not see these Arabs in Palestine. Many of them didn't. But the truth is that Zionism was riven by internal struggles on how to see the Arabs and how to deal with them. Some of the luminaries of Jewish Palestine were bi-nationalists, Martin Buber most famously. In retrospect, a bi-national state seems merely an instance of loftiness in a tight spot. Still, the idea looked unimpeachable. That there would be one state for two nations struck roots in the Labor Zionist movement, the dominant stream among the Zionists, and even hard-liners occasionally toyed with the notion. It certainly appealed to the residual universalism of the socialist Zionists, a philosophical disposition always in tension with the exigencies of the national struggle. Since ideas were powerful weapons in Zionism, this bi-national possibility was never easily dismissible, and it tore at the Zionist heart. It also had practical consequences, most especially for the partition formula that early on seemed to be (as it does now for the West Bank) the obvious solution to the conflict. The bi-nationalists were against partition and wanted to avoid the inevitable separation of the two peoples that was its corollary. There were many Jews who favored the bi-national dispensation, and there would have been many more had there been any Arabs. Or, as one dovish Zionist wrote about bi-nationalism, "What is the point of reaching agreement between ourselves if there is no one on the other side?"

Other obstacles to Zionism included the previously prevailing standards of Jewish life. While some of these were traditional, many of them were revolutionary. Hadn't the Jews been among the most eager believers in the utopian ideas that would make the world a better place? Socialism, communism, even pacifism: moral codes from all of these worldviews had infiltrated into Zionism. (It was a Jew who, in these years, invented Esperanto.) So, despite itself, Zionism was hostage to the very ideologies from which it was trying to liberate the Jews. And it was hostage also to the idealisms that non-Jews wanted Jews to exemplify. Thorstein Veblen, for example, had written that one of the baleful normalizing consequences of Jewish nationalism would be that the world would lose its most powerful and permanent outsider critics, and some Zionists felt that this complaint struck deeply. At least one Zionist thinker took up Gandhi's counsel to the Jews of Germany that they stay in Europe to fight Nazism with *satyagraha*. Even Zionists did not completely shed the deep Jewish reluctance to act for themselves as other peoples do. Jewish history had made this reluctance seem moral.

Alas, Zionism did not bring the Jews of Europe to Palestine until more than half of them had been murdered. But at least a lesson had been learned: stateless Jews are defenseless Jews. The Jews would use force, if that is what it took to make them free. Zionism would overcome the internal odds.

### ¶ III ¶

At the very time that the Zionists were mounting their first Congress in Basel, two Jewish intellectuals were launching very different careers. In 1897, Rosa Luxemburg was on her way to Berlin to join her anti-imperialist and anti-capitalist comrades in what would later



emerge as the Spartakus League. And, in 1897, Leon Trotsky—born Bronstein, but living under his first nom de guerre, Lvov—founded his original circle of clandestine revolutionaries. The utopian trajectories of these proudly un-Jewish Jews (Luxemburg once wrote in a letter that she had “no room in my heart for Jewish suffering”) ended in famously dystopian ways. Shortly after the abortive putsch of the socialist revolutionaries in Berlin in 1919, Luxemburg was assassinated and became a legend. Trotsky went on to become a real and most cruel Pharaoh of the Soviet Union, and he, too, was assassinated, not by a fascist thug but by a true believer sent by Stalin to put an ice pick in his deviationist brain.

Who, in those early inflamed decades in the history of modern revolution, would have imagined that it was not the socialist revolution of the deracinated Jews, but the nationalist revolution of the reracinated Jews, that would come out on top? But the cause to which Luxemburg and Trotsky gave their lives is itself dead, and, in those redoubts where it still exists, it owes its existence increasingly to deals with the running dogs of capitalism. The cause, indeed, has become known as “the God that failed,” after the title of a bitter book by six apostates from communism. In his contribution to that clarifying book, Arthur Koestler wrote that “I served the Communist Party for seven years—the same length of time Jacob tended Laban’s sheep to win Rachel, his daughter. When the time was up, the bride was led into his dark tent” and turned out to be not Rachel but Leah. Jacob worked another seven years to win the hand he had first been pledged; but Koestler was spent and would do no more. He was through with Laban.

If socialism was the God that failed, then Zionism was the God that did not fail. I do not mean to say that Zionism was, or is, a God. It was too rambunctious, too contentious and too democratic to become an orthodoxy, and it consistently refused—except in a few instances of internecine violence that scandalized the entire Jewish community—to meet heterodoxy with physical force. (It was partly for these reasons, no doubt, that Koestler became an idiosyncratic Zionist.) There are religious Zionists, to be sure, who regard the state, or the land, or their own chauvinism, as divine; but Zionism was not essentially a messianism. All that it insisted upon was freedom and security, which are supremely secular objectives. Indeed, if Zionism did not fail, it was not least because it was not a God. It was a morality, and a politics, of worldliness.

But Zionism was an ideology, emerging from among the high tide of ideologies; and its secular, worldly promise was certainly revolutionary. Of all the modern promises of transformation, Zionism is the only one to have accomplished what it set out to do—and to have done so with reasonable decency. The narrative of this century is cluttered with brutalized hopes, brutalized bodies, brutalized language. Socialism,

communism, Third Worldism, pan-Arabism, even neutralism: all these isms, with their grandiose aims and their callous means, which conscripted many ordinary men and women and enticed so many intellectuals (and so many Jewish intellectuals) are already receding into the mists of time. Our children will scarcely know what they were; but the luck of our children will have been purchased at a fearful price.

Zionism was an ideology unlike other ideologies, even if its decolonization struggle looks very much like other decolonizations, in the Indian subcontinent, for example. The State of Israel was born when the Zionists sent the British packing (it was the Jews who sent them packing, not the Arabs); and, at that very moment, the British (and the French and the Belgians and the Dutch) were also packing elsewhere in Africa and Asia. Israel was an anti-imperialist creation. (Four imperialists were the vivid demons of my childhood in a Zionist home: Perfidious Albion, Colonel Blimp, John Bull and Ernest Bevin.) Is it still necessary to insist that the Jewish refugees who streamed into Palestine and later into Israel were not colonialists? Israel came into the world in the company of dozens of other states, some relatively homogeneous, some not, but all, unlike Israel, with their populations in place. The age of nation-building, of the great experiments in ethno-nationalism, had begun.

What happened with these great ventures in nation-building? The answer is not edifying. Most of the post-colonial states are multiple sectarian configurations. You have only to look at maps of Africa and of the Arab Middle East, to grasp that these straight lines and sharp angles follow neither nature nor population. Their boundaries splintered clans and tribes and sects into fragments across senseless frontiers, and then mixed them all up within frozen borders. Like the empires themselves, these new states seem to have been drawn in a fit of absence of mind, or of malice. States may be declared and proclaimed and celebrated into existence, but not nations. Nor is a nation formed simply because its discordant elements were once governed by a foreign power: a society must be founded on more than a collective grudge, on more than a memory of oppression. (Classical Zionism’s “negation of the Diaspora,” its desire to deny the Jewish experience of the dispersion, was a terrible cultural exaggeration, but it had the consequence of making this nationalism look forward as much as backward.) Elsewhere exiting imperialists’ revenge on its colonials may well have been nationalism itself. It swiftly turned out that the tools of state power may serve the tribe as readily as the nation. Nigeria, the Sudan, Algeria, Iraq, Lebanon, Kenya, Pakistan, Indonesia: These are states, but are they nations? Even the fate of India is uncertain. Will it be able to weather its persistent, primal torments? Maybe; but only through a huge statist exertion. Other nation-states are



Ze'ev Jabotinsky, founder of Revisionist Zionism



withering away before us every day, right there on CNN. The former Soviet Union is an unstable prisonhouse of nations, the reality of which, for the sake of Boris Yeltsin, we dare not speak. And near the heart of Europe, a few hours from Venice and Vienna, a former nation-state has collapsed into ethnic cleansing.

So this is the background against which moral, historical and political evaluations must be made; and, against this background, who will not forgive Zionism, and the imperfect and even troubled state to which it gave birth, a centenary moment of self-congratulation?

The test that almost all the new states of the second half of the twentieth century failed is the test of pluralism. But consider the hundreds of thousands and then the millions who came to Israel. If they came for the same reason, they were not the same people. They were literate and illiterate, from liberal societies and illiberal ones, scientists and worshipers of relics, teachers of history and acolytes of wonder-rabbis, so diverse in origins, so split in habits, so different in traditions that the physical reunion of the Jews in the Land would appear more threatening to the oneness of the nation, which for so long had only been an abstract idea, than its continued dispersion. That they came to what they thought was a nation did not guarantee that a nation is what they would become, or remain. Before statehood, there was only the moral suasion of a voluntary collective to bridge the philosophical, cultural, economic and psychological gaps; and after statehood the chasms even seemed to deepen. There were dire prophecies of Israel divided, even of civil war. The thrust of all these prognoses was that the Jewish nation would not hold as a political entity, that the intrinsic and structural strains were too great for the fragile state to bear, that the prospects of Zionism would be undone by the Jews themselves. Yet none of this friction turned to real strife, even in conditions of extreme austerity. (The same cannot be said about the conflict between certain believers and unbelievers in Israel. A virulent strain of religious nationalism put a bullet in Yitzhak Rabin's back. But such fanaticism, contained and disdained, will no more tear the Israeli polity asunder than the right-wing militias will tear up America.)

And the success of the actual state can be traced to the character of the movement which begat it. No state has been better served by its visionaries and its pioneers and its founders. Let us put this, too, into perspective. Zionism may be the one national movement of the century that condemned—that physically and politically fought against—the terrorism of its own extremes. This refusal to murder innocents—the principle of restraint that was known as *havlagah* in the Jewish defense forces before the state and as *tohar haneshek*, or “the purity of arms,” in the Israel Defense Forces—provided official Zionism with the moral equanimity necessary to make difficult tactical decisions. And these Jewish soldiers were operating in, and defending their community against, a brutal place. There has always been a tension between the norms of combat and the realities of combat. Sometimes the Zionist forces, and later the Israeli forces, did not withstand this tension, and the society proceeded toward a moral reckoning; but it is not an exaggeration to say that the Zionist militia, and later the Israeli army, has been a military with a conscience. And its people have been a people with a conscience. (The official Zionists, in an operation known as the *saison*, actually cooperated with the British in rounding up terrorists of the right.)

As it happens, there was always in political Zionism a dicey encounter between the realistic and the ideal, the practical and the abstract. An encounter, but not a contradiction. This was certainly true for the agricultural settlements and the kibbutzim that dotted the car-

tography of Palestine with working Jewish enclaves. They could not be just Tolstoyan colonies or Zionist versions of Brook Farm if they were to be truly productive or truly defensive. But they could not be just plain farms if they were to imbue their workers with a touch of the utopian spirit, without which these former city and town dwellers could not dredge swamps, clear rock, reforest the land and plumb in a forbidding desert for precious drops of water. And they would also have to be alert to the danger of Arab marauders. The early stockade-and-watchtower settlements demanded sacrifice, and sacrifice required a transcendent meaning. In Palestine, then, socialism and Zionism met in a felicitous match.

The idealism of the Zionist pioneers had its practical refractions in the Diaspora. With its blue-and-white boxes displaying a Holy Land of indistinct borders, the Jewish National Fund, which bought land from Arabs (usually for very high prices), and also sustained a massive undertaking of the planting of trees, established an almost palpable personal tie between Jewish youth and Eretz Yisrael. Here is how the historian Simon Schama remembers this from his own English childhood: “I was gumming small leaves to a paper tree. . . . Every sixpence collected . . . merited another leaf. When the tree was throttled with foliage the whole box was sent off, and a sapling, we were promised, would be dug into the Galilean soil, the name of our class stapled to one of its green twigs. All over north London, paper trees burst into leaf . . . and the forests of Zion thickened in happy response. The trees were our proxy immigrants, the forests our implantation. . . . All that we knew was that to create a Jewish forest was to go back to the beginning of our place in the world, the nursery of the nation.”

If Zionist agriculture in Palestine (and Israeli agriculture thereafter) fed more people than anyone had imagined the land could support; if it developed an export food and flower economy and eventually created high-tech agronomic tools which, when sold abroad, made farming the land in Israel a competitively unproductive venture for Jews; if Jews came to flourish as farmers and soldiers—all this was because Jews had effected a transformation in themselves. In Palestine, and then in Israel, the self-image of the Jew as a passive actor in history was gradually retired. A new and intensely practical conception of historical agency was put in its place. How could it be otherwise? It had become a fact that Jews were writing their own history in a land of their own. This is finally what is meant by what Schama elsewhere called “the Zionist style of existentially muscular ‘fact creation.’”

Even in the Diaspora, Zionism implied the appearance of a different and more assertive Jew. Zionism gave the Jews of exile the daring to fight back when anti-Semitic thugs attacked on the street. Michael Berkowitz, the cultural historian of Jewish nationalism, has shown how the credo of *Muskeljudentum*, muscular Jewry, first enunciated by Max Nordau, became a widely practiced social phenomenon in a cult of nature and through athletics and gymnastics. There were Jewish dueling societies and Jewish olympics named after Jewish heroes: King David, the Maccabees, Bar Kokhba and the generic Lion of Judah. The Jews were not only emerging from the ghetto, they were also no longer behaving as if these “gentile pursuits” were alien activities. They included even Franz Kafka, that quintessential neurasthenic artist who studied Hebrew and planned to emigrate to Palestine: his biographers trace his own frenetic physical exercise to a fashion among young Zionists in Prague. Or, as one of them writes, “By linking Zionism and body building . . . Jews could build bodies as a preparation for the settlement of Palestine.”



Fortunately, there were more successful enthusiasts of the healthy body in Jewry than Kafka.

Zionism began as a threat to assimilated Jews; but for many Jews it turned out to be their road back to Judaism and back to the Jewish people. This does not sound exciting or controversial these days, when there are very few anti-Zionists. But Zionism's demand of "normalcy" for Jewish life was a revolutionary demand and the occasion of a great inner struggle. The most important of the returnees to Jewish consciousness by way of Zionism was undoubtedly the "people's lawyer," Louis Dembitz Brandeis, who, even while serving as associate justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, involved himself in the political, financial and intellectual struggles of the movement, and its agricultural and industrial arcana. (The campaign against his nomination mounted by A. Lawrence Lowell, the president of Harvard, is a strikingly ugly tale.) He would not resign the court to take the official helm of the World Zionist Organization because he wanted to demonstrate that there was no contradiction, as one of his biographers has written, between remaining "attached to America while working for a Jewish homeland in Palestine." In any case, he had already headed the American Zionist movement and was a decisive participant in the crucial wording of the Balfour Declaration. (Brandeis also put an early Zionist stamp on this magazine through his friends among its editors, Felix Frankfurter in particular.) Brandeis was a territorially hard-line Zionist; and, if anybody can be said to have swung the Jewish masses of America to Zionism, it is he. His own ease with Zion became that of others.

The assimilated virtues also emigrated to Palestine with the Zionists. In their universities, before the state and after, there were rich academic programs to study the other, especially the Arabs. (Scholarship on Islam and on the world around Israel has been much deepened by scholars who for most of their lives were not allowed to see the objects of their studies.) Into the desert, surrounded by cultures hostile to the West and its values, the Zionists brought Mill and Mozart, Curie and Conrad. These affinities put the Jews at odds with their neighbors. Israel is a Levantine country, but the country and its schools measure their performance by decidedly un-Levantine standards of literacy, numeracy and sensibility. Consider a melancholy index of cultural migration: the import of pianos to Palestine. According to a social history of music in Jewish Palestine, in 1931, before Hitler, sixty-seven pianos were brought into Palestine. In 1933, the year the Nazis came to power, 216 pianos arrived; in 1934, 294; in 1935, in crushing crescendo, 372. When Jewish migration was restricted, there was little Jewish cargo: in 1939, fifty-four pianos; and in 1941, twenty-one. After that there were few European Jews alive, with pianos or without.

Zionism had foreseen this unfolding history, not in its gruesome details but in its general outlines. Europe was doomed soil for Jews, and even the well-intentioned and well-positioned liberal European polities would look away when the flames of anti-Semitism spread across the continent in their most virulent form. But it is important to understand that the Jews are not the creation of the anti-Semites. The Jews were a people before they called themselves a nation; and they called themselves a nation before the catastrophe. This is one of the oldest truths about Jewish identity: it is an autonomous self-ascription. A Jew in sixteenth-century Budapest felt that he had more in common with a Jew in sixteenth-century Cairo than with a non-Jew in sixteenth-century Budapest. No, it was not the Jewish understanding of the Jewish predicament that was transformed by the catastrophe. It was the non-Jewish understanding of the Jewish

predicament. For most gentiles, it took the catastrophe to accept that their Jewish neighbors, patriotic Americans and loyal Frenchmen though they were, were not only different in some unspecified ways but belonged also to another nation.

No, that is not precise. There were many Jews who did not wake up to the Jewish difference until it was too late. The Zionist intuition of Jewish fate was tragically uncommon. "Only now," wrote Stefan Zweig, "did the bankers from their Berlin palaces and sextons from the synagogues of orthodox congregations, the philosophy professors from Paris and Rumanian cabbies, the undertakers' helpers and Nobel Prize winners . . . the just and the unjust . . . the baptised and the semi-Jews understand, only now were they forced . . ." Forced into what? Understanding that their enemies thought they were alike? Had they grasped their kinship earlier and on their own, more Jews would have gone to Palestine when there were more Jews to go. Surely it is an incontrovertible (and heartbreaking) proposition that had more Jews recognized the essential truth of the Zionist analysis of Jewish fate the destruction of Jewish life in Europe would not have been as enormous as it was.

The terrible, terrible irony of Zionist history is that its dream was fulfilled only when there were so few European Jews to rescue. Conventional wisdom has it that, were it not for the Shoah, Israel would not have come into being. Quite to the contrary, in my view: if there had not been a Holocaust, in which some 6 million Jews perished, there would have now been in the world not 13 million Jews but scores of millions. But there would still have been anti-Semitism in Europe, even in the absence of a Judeocide. So the blockade of Palestine would have been run, and the gates of Palestine been stormed, not by thousands but by millions of Jews, from Central Europe and Eastern Europe and the countries of Islam. Instead of the more than 600,000 Jews in the Yishuv after the Second World War, there would have been many times that number. It was, in any case, not the United Nations that brought the British Mandate to a close, but the Yishuv, or the determined and self-determined Jewish community in Palestine. It was Zionism that created the Jewish state. (And it was the Zionists who defeated the Arab armies.) The more numerous the Jews in the world and in Palestine, the more irresistible would have been the creation of the Jewish state.

Returning Jews were the psychological lifeblood of the country, an ongoing confirmation of its purpose: first, from the displaced persons' camps in Europe and the detention camps in Cyprus where the British imprisoned the survivors seeking admission to Palestine; and then the magical migrations from Yemen and Morocco and Iraq; and then the little Jewries of Bukhara and Kurdistan and India; and then the migrants from here and there, in no particular pattern; and, at the last, the transfiguring arrival of more than 750,000 Jews from the Soviet Union, Jews who would otherwise soon have been lost to their people; and these immigrants followed by the long-separated but stubbornly Jewish Jews of Ethiopia. Some of these groups are lower on the social scales than others, and too many immigrants to Israel continue to experience discrimination; and yet this state's genius for absorption is unrivaled. This has been a great romance: of a people with a country, of a people with each other. Not unlike what the delegates imagined 100 years ago at Basel.

Yet those delegates would not recognize in present-day Israel the visions that Herzl had conjured up for its future. No matter. The state is, by any contemporary standard, a success. Like Britain, without the advantage of a constitutional text, its highest court has crafted a system of justice continually at odds with the democratically sub-



versive tyrannies of democratic majorities. When the court freed John Demjanjuk because he may have been merely a brutal guard at a concentration camp, Judge Alex Kozinski of the Ninth Circuit of the U.S. Court of Appeals wrote in these pages: "[It] will surely become a model of how a court confronting a difficult and painful subject ought to comport itself. Jews can take pride that Judaism's age-old commitment to the rule of law did not waver.... Subtly woven into the common law woof of the Israeli Court's opinion are the warp threads of talmudic law. The willingness to admit any evidence—even that of highly doubtful reliability—so long as it helps the accused..." Kozinski writes that even our Supreme Court under Justices Warren, Brennan and Marshall would have reached a different result. This may not be prudent of Israel's judges, but it is exquisite.

It is a little tiresome, for some, to hear that Israel is the only democracy in the Middle East. But Israel is the only democracy in the Middle East. It is also the only modern society in the region. Not so long ago Israel was a pitiable place. No longer. Its per capita GDP is roughly equal to the United Kingdom's, despite the enormous burden of its military footing and the costs of immigrant integration, and despite a big drain owed to inefficient and cumbersome state-held businesses. Depending on whose numbers you use, Israel ranks on the GDP index in the mid-teens in the world. Although there is growing income disparity, Israel retains its status as a relatively egalitarian economy. In a 1993 projection of future competitiveness, for example, the Union Bank of Switzerland puts Israel third most favorable in the world, behind South Korea and China and ahead of Singapore, Japan and the United States. Israel shows the single strongest resource growth in the world, this being measured by fixed investment relative to GDP, research and development expenditures relative to GDP, and human capital growth, which is understood as a combination of spending on education relative to GDP and average school enrollment rates per capita. Indeed, according to UBS, Israel spends fully a fifth of its national output on education. (It is also, according to a recent study, among the least corrupt countries in which to do business.) On August 6, 1997, *The Wall Street Journal* reported that "Tech Takes Hold in Ancient Jerusalem. A high-technology paradise is being built on sacred ground." This is newspaper hype; but Israel is already a center for computer, communications and bio-tech research, as well as a producer of high-end products for the most advanced engineering and scientific projects in the world. The gap between Israel and its neighbors has never been greater, and it will grow because the Arab world failed to use its oil wealth to transform its economies, and it is now in no position to do so. Pity the societies in which modernity is denounced as an evil.

There is no greater measure of the success of Zionism, finally, than the phenomenon of post-Zionism. What really gnaws at the post-Zionist scholars and writers is the spectacle of a Jewish society in which Jews are not always brooding about cosmic questions, in which they sit at cafés, dance in the moonlight, eat good food, make piles of money, chatter on cell phones, have film festivals—all of the activities of an unafraid and unanguished people. The post-Zionists claim that Israel is complacent, devoid of a self-critical temper. They want to deconstruct and to demythologize the old narrative of Zionism and its successes (the sort of narrative that I have just told). In their rage to modernize, didn't the Zionists offend the sensibilities of the Jews of the East? Didn't Jewish soldiers sometimes beat up on innocent Arab town-dwellers and even drive some of them into another part of historic Palestine? The answer to these questions, and to oth-



A young survivor of the Hebron massacre, 1929

ers, is "yes." Israel is a strong state, and it has fought wars, and it bears the responsibility of power—which is to say, Israel is not innocent. The Jewish state has committed acts that it should not have committed, just like every other country, including the United States. But Zionism permits us to admit this without flinching. Indeed, post-Zionism is a great tribute to Zionism, for it is the natural consequence of the open, wakeful, contrarian spirit that characterized Jewish nationalism from the start. Israel is not an evil state, and the post-Zionists are not prophets without honor: what we are witnessing is the continued "normalization of the Jewish people," to use the old Zionist slogan. Israel must feel pride where pride is right and regret where regret is right; but it must feel a tinge of pride also about its regret.

Now the revisionists are embarked on a campaign to change the national anthem. Its words—and its melancholy key of C-minor—appeal, they say, only to Jews.

*Within their hearts,  
Jews' souls yearn  
Looking eastward  
An eye beholds Zion ...*

No Arab can kindle to those words. The post-Zionists say that the song known as the *Hatikvah*, or "The Hope," excludes Arabs from the national discourse. Never mind that this must be the most unwarlike anthem in the world. There is a kernel of truth in what the critics say. But they purchase their point at the price of a healthy realism about their state, about politics in general. The fact is that Israel is a Jewish state, in the way that other states are the sovereign expressions of



other peoples; and it is a state that includes minorities. Those minorities may feel alienated from the national myth and the national anthem. But surely their alienation is not the whole story. There is also the matter of their civil and political enfranchisement. What a minority loses in symbols, it gains in rights. Or are we to prefer a state and a society that is ethnically and religiously homogeneous? The sensitive revisionist souls who want to do away with the Jewish national anthem live in a world in which the only alternatives are an empty universalism or a totalizing particularism. But Israel is a different kind of experiment: a democratic multiethnicity. No, Israel's democracy, from the standpoint of its Arab citizens, is not perfect. But who will be so foolish as to suggest that the experiment has failed? Anyway, the great conflict is not over yet. Despite Madrid and Oslo, the relationship between the Arabs of Palestine and Israel is still warlike. And not even a vast withdrawal of Israel from the territories will affect the conflict in its depths. It is too old, and it is sanctioned by each and every demagogue on the Arab street.

The Zionists brought to Zion at least three advantages. The first was pragmatism, practicality, a willingness to compromise. Their state is itself a monument to compromise: the Zionists took what they could get, and renounced the map of their dreams, because the Jews were in misery, and this was intolerable. Practicality is sometimes a form of morality. And at a time when population transfers were "solving" other national disputes, such as those between Turkey and Greece and between India and Pakistan, the Zionists did not for a moment think that Palestine couldn't be shared.

The second advantage was that the Zionists came with a confident notion of what their nation was, a confidence springing from the fact that this was the nation that more or less invented the idea of

peoplehood. This people and the idea of this people have always been tied to one land. The Jewish attitude toward Jerusalem (and Palestine) was not merely nostalgia. Nostalgia is what some Jews may still feel about what they once had, say, in Spain or in Poland or in Baghdad. But Spain and Poland and Baghdad were addresses, not ideals, as Avi Erlich argues in his provocative book *Ancient Zionism*. Similarly, the Arabs lost much in historic Palestine and in Jerusalem; but there is no sacred Muslim ideal of these places. The fact is that, for a thousand years and more, Muslims prayed in the direction of Mecca and Jews prayed in the direction of Jerusalem. And there is no secular ideal attached to Palestine either, as there is a secular ideal of Zion.

The third advantage of Zionism was the advantage of the modern. For this reason, Zionism was a genuine revolution in its region. Was modernity a foreign, Western import, as the critics like to say? Of course. That is why it worked. It did not mistake authenticity for backwardness. And so it traumatized its neighbors not only with nationalism, but also with science, with industry, with agriculture, with the whole gleaming consumerist oasis that it devised. And these chasms will not be easily bridged, even if peace ever comes. For the fear of the modern is always accompanied by envy; and this envy fires bullets from guns and activates bombs. The fanatics of faith, the "martyrs" and those who cheer and weep for the martyrs, do not wish only to stop the advance of the Jews; they wish also to stop the advance of the moderns. But the Jews and the moderns are in the land to stay. Herzl said that the Zionist goal was to have the Jewish people "live at last as free men on our own soil, and in our homes peacefully die." The first of these aims has been achieved. The second will be a long time in coming. ♠

Zionism was a necromantic dream, using necromancy in the apt dictionary definition of "the conjuration of the spirits of the dead for the purposes of magically revealing the future or influencing the course of events." It had three unique components:

*The rise of a collective messianism.* Post-exilic Judaism begins with Ezra and Nehemiah and the return from the first Babylonian captivity. Jews had survived by becoming a people, practicing apartness and being united by the Book. It was a belief in national redemption rooted in the prophets and their system of ethical and social values. But prophecy was overtaken by messianism. The word "messiah" to designate an expected redeemer does not appear either in the Hebrew Bible or in the Apocrypha. It appears first in the Book of Enoch and in that part of the Pseudepigrapha composed in the time of Herod the Great. The theme is no longer the redemption of a people but individual resurrection and judgment at the End of Days. In Judaism, after the false messiahs in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the belief arose in a collective messianism, the redemption of a people through the resurrection of a nation.

*The people as a race.* The designation of race as collective identity had been the theme of almost every major thinker in the nineteenth century. In Jewish thought, the central figure, indeed the first proto-Zionist, was Moses Hess. Hess was the third man in the original Marxian triad: he had converted Engels to communism and had collaborated with Marx on early drafts of *The German Ideology*. But, as one who had returned to Judaism, he felt that Marx was wrong on the animating spirit in history. In his passionate *Rome and Jerusalem* (1862), Hess argued that Jews would never find a home in Europe, especially Germany, and as an "historic people" could only survive by "national redemption." As he wrote, "Social institutions like spiritual outlooks are racial creations. All of past history was concerned with the struggle of races and classes. Race struggle is primary; class struggle is secondary."

*The skein of history.* History is opposed to modernity. If one asks a "modern" person, "who are you?" the reply would be, "I am I. I make myself anew." The traditional person says: "I am the son of my father." In the continuity of history, beginning with the covenant, is



the collective identity of a people. One can claim a future only by the integration with its past.

But the whiplash of history has been anti-Semitism. From the Greco-Egyptian author Apion in the first century B.C., and Tacitus a century later, down to T.S. Eliot in our day, the Jew has been regarded as an alien element in a homogeneous culture. It was anti-Semitism—the Dreyfus case—that led Herzl to Zionism.

Herzl's *The Jewish State*, published in 1896, is one of the strangest works of its kind. The brochure—it is little more than that—reads like a blueprint for a real estate development. Its central idea of “The Jewish Company,” which would organize commerce and trade, would be a “Chartered Company,” framed according to English laws. Though Palestine was preferable, one might consider Argentina. Since few Jews could speak to one another in Hebrew, each person would retain his own tongue, and Switzerland afforded proof that such a federation was possible. There is little, if anything, on history; there is a passing reference to religion and faith; and there is nothing on culture. Herzl's book is probably the most unideological document in the history of politics, nationalist or socialist. And yet what lingers is its emphasis on practicality, something that neither Marx nor Engels ever attempted.

The bedrock of historic Zionism was ideological: the idea of *aliya*, the making of a “new Jew.” There were two divergent currents in that history. The dominant one, derived from the ideas of A.D. Gordon, was the cultivation of the land, of physical labor and a communal life—the kibbutz. The second *aliya* in 1904-1905, which gave Israel its first political leadership, put these ideas into practice. In 1933, half the Jewish community, about 120,000 persons, lived in agricultural settlements. Most of Israel's commanders—Dayan, Allon, Rabin—came from the kibbutzim. The trade union movement, the Histadrut, formed the political base of the movement, and the Labor Party, uniting the two, dominated the country until about ten years ago.

The second current was the revisionism of Ze'ev Jabotinsky. Its conception of the “new Jew” was a militancy embodied in territorial expansion by military means, a view that Ben-Gurion branded as “fascist.” The children of Jabotinsky were Begin and Shamir and Sharon, but their political base, a new sociological element, was the Sephardic Jews from the Arab countries, whose feelings were fueled by their fear of those countries and their resentment against an inferior status in a society dominated by the Ashkenazim.

Common to both currents was the rejection of the Diaspora as *galut*, exile, the home of the “old” features of Jewish existence. Yet Israel today is an anomaly. The ideology sought to “normalize” Jewish life, but the society has become a garrison state. The kibbutzim have been declining steadily and much of the early pioneer spirit has gone. The centennial of Zionism is approaching, yet it coincides (as *The Jerusalem Report* has put it) with the end of *aliya*.

And there are the Palestinians. Twenty or so years ago, some Zionist leaders denied that there was such an entity as “the Palestinian people.” But a national consciousness has emerged. Fleeing or expelled from Israel in 1948, driven from Jordan by King Hussein when their majority threatened his rule, forced out of Lebanon by the Syrians, they have sustained themselves by the emotion of race

hatred against the Israelis, and the desire for a state of their own.

Zionism began as a dream and a practicality. The dream has been achieved, though not as the dreamers imagined. Yet there remains the practicality of Herzl. (In his utopian novel *Altneuland*, he sketched a society based on technology, and today technology has replaced physical labor as the strength of Israel.) A national unity government in Israel, combining the centers of the two parties, would be able to deal with the urgent issues in a way that neither party alone can. It would not be hostage to the religious parties, whose theocratic views limit the life of all. It would not be cowed by the zealots who play the race card and lead the country into guarding small settlements, as in Hebron, which only inflame a very tender situation. And it could accept a viable Palestinian state, through partition, as Israel was created by partition, without being subject to partisan cries of betrayal. And, as a normal state, Israel would have to accept the normalcy of the Diaspora, without demanding its children as the price of allegiance.

I have never been a Zionist. Yiddish was my first language and socialism was my first political allegiance. (Though fifty years ago, against my socialist comrades, I wrote that nationalism, not class, would be the shaping feature of the State of Israel.) I grew up in *galut*, with the double consciousness and double identity of being Jewish and American. If a people is defined by history, then *galut* has been the major shaping experience, and the proudness, of being Jewish. Today, no one is an anti-Zionist, but I do not feel that my sense of Judaism is diminished by being American and pro-Israel in the kinship of my people.

In politics, men need to learn to limit their hopes. Hopes, like dreams, are always necessary to go beyond the mundane. But hopes without limit lead to the betrayals of extremism; and these are the destroyers of hope, on all sides. ♠



Buchenwald survivors in Palestine, 1945

Modern Zionism, which made its first appearance as an organized political movement at the Zionist Congress at Basel a century ago, was the most significant and successful response to the sustained and repeated collapse of any reasonable expectation that Jews would ever be welcome and feel at home in Europe. Despite the claims of liberal democratic theory and the utopian promises of Socialists and Communists, the nationalisms of the nineteenth century, both West and East, infiltrated all competing political movements and exacerbated and radicalized European anti-Semitism. Zionism gave to many Jews a way of thinking that enabled them to confront the anti-Semite on the street with renewed pride. In their everyday existence, Jews could engage the hostile world harboring the hope that they were citizens of a modern nation in the process of being realized. They would not be condemned forever to being powerless and exceptional.

A century ago, the spectrum within Jewish identity was widening and ranged from Jews who were converts out of Judaism (but still considered Jews), acculturated nonbelievers and well-to-do urban Jews to poverty-stricken rural populations and orthodox Jews with



varying traditions. Zionism provided a novel secular platform for unity among Jews. It is ironic that we celebrate the founding of Zionism at a moment when that unity is rapidly disintegrating.

Before Auschwitz, Zionism was more of a movement of political ideas than of practical possibilities. Notwithstanding the claims of anti-Semites that Jews controlled the world in an unseen and unverifiable fashion, the possibility that an independent Jewish state could be realized seemed remote—more of a dream than a reality—despite the remarkable growth of the Jewish population in Palestine. Consequently, Zionism as a national movement possessed a powerful streak of utopianism. In the absence of any immediate prospect for the realization of a Jewish state, Zionism became a forum for the most fantastic schemes for how humanity in the modern Western world could reconstruct society and begin its political processes anew by forming a state that took the best of the Western traditions and discarded the worst. Radical Socialists and committed capitalists worked within the Zionist movement on behalf of a future Jewish state that would be better than anything they had experienced or human history had ever known. The Zionism that came into being a century ago accepted the status of the Jew in Europe as exceptional and turned it upside down. Instead of focusing on how Zionism would reveal the Jews as simply normal, Zionists worked to put Jews into the forefront of a future era of social, economic and political justice.

In terms of its original objective, the Zionist movement born a century ago did not succeed in time. More than 6 million Jews had to die before a Jewish state could be established. Although Zionism helped to unify the Jews of Europe and gave each Jewish community new political organizations that made Jews feel the sense of participation and purpose unique to active and equal citizenship within a political context, Zionism did not prevent European Jewry from being destroyed. But without Zionism Hitler's success would have been even more complete than it was.

After the creation of the State of Israel, the Zionism of the Basel Congress lost, through victory, its purpose. In its place came a new Zionism, the movement to bring Jews to Israel—a purpose whose relevance has not disappeared, as the emigration from North Africa, Ethiopia and the former Soviet Union has made plain. At the same time, there are now stable diasporas in the world outside of Israel in which Zionism no longer functions as an ideology of return but a movement of support for Israel. In 1897 and 1939, there was no plausible alternative for a secure life for Jews to the creation of a Jewish state. Only in post-World War II America have Jews developed the sense, as middle-class Americans, that they are not pariahs and are not at risk as they were in Europe. Zionism in the American context has been transformed into the principled allegiance to Israel as a Jewish state.

Yet the legacy of the Zionism of 1897 remains with us in two key respects. First, Zionism, even as a code word, is the litmus test with respect to anti-Semitism throughout the world, even in America. The facile rhetorical linkage of Zionism with imperialism and racism is little more than an admission that Jews are uniquely not entitled to be like everyone else and live as citizens as part of a majority in a nation, for better or for worse. Zionism, as mirrored in the State of Israel, has proven the point that Jews are in fact just human. Israel has displayed a full range of human achievement and weakness and of decency and its absence common to all nations. Comparatively speaking, one can make the case that Israel has behaved better, given its circumstances. The anti-Zionist, like the anti-Semite a century ago, does not allow the Jew the privilege of normalcy.

Second, the high aspirations and the unrealistic dreams of early twentieth-century Zionism have left their own residues, particularly within the Jewish community. Such residues are welcome. Now that there is a Jewish state that is powerful and militarily adept and possesses its own minorities and economic and social inequities, it is not unreasonable to ask of it that it strive to do even better than average. Insofar as Zionism appropriated and contributed to democratic and social theory in the past, it must continue to address basic questions. First and foremost is the relationship of religion to a democratic Jewish state. Beyond this question lie those of economic justice, and the mechanisms by which a majority deals with minorities and mitigates the same varieties of intolerances, hate, injustice, corruption, demagoguery and abuse of power that characterized the modern political contexts of Europe from which Zionism first emerged. The future of Zionism among Jews outside of Israel rests in continuing to support



Smuggling Jewish emigrants into Palestine, 1939

Israel and hold it to the highest ideals of the Zionism of 1897. Central to that Zionism was a belief in an inclusive definition of who was a Jew and a firm conviction in the secular, nondiscriminatory, democratic character of the Jewish state. ♣

In the last nine years of Theodor Herzl's short life—he died at the age of 44 in 1904—he created the Zionist movement and all of its basic institutions. The drama of these achievements was enhanced because he looked the part of an ancient king of Israel, and he played the role consciously, to extraordinary effect. Herzl's career as a Zionist leader tended to obscure, perhaps even from himself, the profound originality of his thinking.

Herzl invented an unprecedented use of anti-Semitism as a positive force in the battle for the equality of the Jews. He suggested that anti-Semitism was not only a problem to the Jews; it was also disturbing the stability of Europe. Since Herzl was a rational man, he did not imagine that governments and societies had need of Jew-hatred to deflect angers against the ruling powers onto scapegoats. He was entirely unaware of the dark places in the human soul, in which hatred exists for no reason, only because some people need to hate others. On the contrary, Herzl was sure that even anti-Semites were reasonable people who wanted order in their societies. Helping Jews to become normal people in a state of their own would remove the cause of anti-Semitic eruptions. Thus, in Herzl's imagination, anti-



Semitism became both the unifying factor of the Jewish community and the guarantor that the world would help Jews achieve their normalcy. The Zionist state was not only a Jewish need; the powers of the world required a Jewish state in their own interests, because it would remove a major cause of tension in their societies.

The corollary of this assertion was a basic redefinition of the nature of Jewish solidarity. Herzl was the first to declare, boldly and without apology, that Jews now shared not a faith, in which some did not believe, but a condition which affected them all, and that this condition was the lasting danger to people who were a minority everywhere. The center of Jewish life became not the "problem of Judaism," how to cultivate the ancient faith in a secular age, but rather the "problem of the Jews." Therefore all Jews were constrained, regardless of what they thought, to join together to change their status. Even the Jewish state, the "cure" that Herzl proposed for this disease, would need no particular cultural content. Herzl envisaged his state-to-be as a Western democracy, founded on advanced principles of social justice, in which the citizens would be free from all cultural and religious constraints. Herzl was proposing national politics and civic life, and not religious faith and study of the sacred texts, as the essential communal business of the Jewish people.

How well have Herzl's basic assertions stood up in the century since they were first published? On anti-Semitism, Herzl was too much of an optimist. He even asserted in *The Jewish State* that the emancipation of the Jews was an irreversible fact of history—but the Nazis did reverse the equality that the Jews in Germany had held since the middle of the nineteenth century. On the basis of Herzl's rationalist premises, without taking into account the demonic element in the soul of Jew-haters, he did not, and could not, predict the Holocaust. Still, he understood better than anyone before him that anti-Semitism was a world problem, and that the Jews could be secured against it only if the powers of the world took the lead in creating a solution. He was undoubtedly right that the status of the Jews in the world would be transformed by the creation of a Jewish state. Jews would become not a people always in search of goodwill, but one that had some power in its own hands.

Herzl's assumption that, once a Jewish state is established, the Jews of the world would move there or assimilate has been disproved in the last fifty years. Indeed, the existence of the State of Israel has actually increased the dignity and the self-respect of the Jewish communities in the Diaspora. They have not chosen between Herzl's alternatives—emigration or assimilation—to become "normal"; they have remained "abnormal" by continuing to be Jews all over the world. And yet, without the success of Zionism in creating the state of Israel, the relations between Jews and non-Jews would not exist now, a century after he wrote *The Jewish State*, on a plane of unprecedented equality.

Herzl's assumption that the force of the Jewish religious and cultural tradition was essentially spent has not been borne out. Despite the great bloodletting in the Second World War, which destroyed the major centers of Jewish religious culture in all its varieties, the vitality of Judaism has been rising in recent decades. In the Israeli state and society, the traditionalist forces are acquiring ever greater power. The Zionist enterprise itself is now conceived by many in Israel, and by supporters abroad, in messianic terms, as the beginning of "the end of days" that had been predicted in the religious texts. And yet, Herzl's insistence that the Jewish state must be a secular democracy remains Israel's dominant commitment.

The central concern of the Jewish community is increasingly

becoming, everywhere, not its "normalcy," or its equality, which were Herzl's dominant concerns, but its values. One suspects, on a close reading of all of Herzl's writing, and especially of his diaries in the last years of his life, that he was himself at the beginning of such a journey. Toward the end, he was much more aware of the continuing significance of Jewish faith and culture, and he was moving toward an emotional attachment to the history and the traditions of his people.

Like all great books, *The Jewish State* is not important because its program has been carried out as written, or because its premises have remained unchallenged. It is a classic because its author took a radically new approach to the relationship between Jews and the world. In this way, Herzl transformed the Jewish people. ♠

Zionism's enemies believe it is one thing. Its friends know it is many things. Its enemies think of it as an ideology, while its friends know it to be a century-old argument about what Jews are and should be. Discord is essential to its identity. Liberal versus socialist, West European versus East European, religious versus secular, pro-Palestinian versus anti-Palestinian: Zionism has survived these divisions not by overcoming them but by making itself the permanent site of a debate about how Jews are to be true to themselves in the modern world.

This was hardly what Herzl and the founders intended. When the delegates convened at the Basel Municipal Casino in August 1897, they believed that the "establishment of a Jewish homeland by public law" would end an old argument, not begin a host of new ones. The Promised Land, after all, is an image of stasis after an eternity of striving. Zionism appealed to the Jews of Vilna and Riga, Lemberg, Odessa, Lodz and Cracow because it promised a refuge in which the question of what it would mean to be a Jew would simply disappear.

A century later, it seems evident that the question, far from being answered, is still being addressed in ways that the founders never imagined. There are Jews for whom Israel is the center of their existence; Jews for whom Israel is a matter of indifference or even repugnance; Jews who interpret the Zionist message as a call to share the land with another people and those who believe God's gift was to them alone. Relations between the Diaspora and the homeland remain as contentious as ever. Some will make *aliya*; some will not. Some in the Diaspora will advise Israelis to trust their Arab neighbors; others will not. It is in the nature of these disagreements that they do not admit resolution. Zionism was intended as the answer to the Jewish question. It has survived not as the answer to the question but as the language in which the question continues to be asked.

As a new language, Zionism irrevocably changed the terms of Jewish self-interrogation. Before 1897, Jewishness was seen as a religion, a tradition or a race. After Herzl and Weizmann, Jews would always understand themselves as a people, as a nation entitled to a state. After Ahad Ha'am and the work of the cultural Zionists, Jews redefined themselves not just as a nation, but also as a culture, and, with the revival of Hebrew, they could begin to speak a language that was uniquely their own. Above everything else, Zionism freed Jews from the imprisoning definitions of other peoples, and gave them the terms in which to argue out the contradictions in their own identity.

There is only one disagreement that Zionism is not certain to



survive. Violence has always marked the real dividing line within the Zionist family. Weizmann despised the use of terrorist methods against the British; Begin embraced them. In the long conflict with the Arabs, there has always been a fundamental disagreement between those Jews who believe that the Zionist dream could be tarnished by the methods used in its defense and those who did not. Fifty years after the foundation of the state, one thing seems clear: when provoked, Jews behave neither better nor worse than any other people. Since fantasies of moral perfection can be just as dangerous as moral cynicism, it may be good for Zionists to abandon the idea of Israel as a light to all nations and simply fight, as far as recurrent terrorist attacks allow, for it to remain a *Rechtsstaat*.

The real question is now whether the Zionist dream can ever justify violence against fellow Jews. To the consternation of most Jews, some believe it can be. A prime minister has now been assassinated; Jew has killed Jew in the name of Zion. The choices before the nation are being settled with the gun. This was never the Zionist way: its survival depended on keeping an argument about Jewish identity from descending into bloodshed. It has always found a way for irreconcilable visions of being Jewish to live and work together. This is the path that it must find again. ♣

There is an understandable propensity, in accounts of the Zionist story, to emphasize its unique aspects. After all, the Jewish story itself is unique, and most of the distinctive features of Zionism are, perforce, bound up with its origins in the Jewish condition. And the Zionist project itself presumes the necessarily distinctive business of being Jewish. Without this *a priori* assumption, the ideology and the appeal of pre-1948 Zionism and the very notion of a Jewish state in its present location, not to mention many of the laws of that state, make little sense.

Yet the historiography of Zionism in recent years has come to focus more insistently upon the features that Zionism shares with other movements and doctrines of its era. This is all to the good. Zionists themselves, particularly in pre-1918 Eastern Europe, were well aware that some of their own aspirations echoed those of their non-Jewish neighbors. Czechs and Croats, too, revived (or “reinvented”) a language for daily use in a national state of the future. The claim that a people can only fulfill its needs and realize its aspirations in its own space and under a government of its own was as familiar to Polish (or earlier, Italian) national spokesmen as it was to some emancipated Jews after 1890. And it was not by chance that, despite Theodor Herzl and Alfred Dreyfus, Zionism should have been most thoroughly theorized and widely supported in imperial Russia; the late-imperial combination of social repression and economic modernization forced upon the “imprisoned” nations a widespread awareness of their vulnerability, and a hitherto unthinkable vocation to overcome it.

Still, Zionism was different, and not only because its national ideal lay not within the empire but far away. To be sure, and in contrast to Poles, Serbs, Balts, Ukrainians and others, Zionist Jews had no immediate interest in the breakup of empire; minority status in newly independent states such as Romania or Poland was as “bad for the Jews” as life in imperial Russia (and worse than in imperial Austria). The truly distinctive feature of Zionism as a national movement was its ideological quality. It was not just about making or restoring one’s

own place in the world, in the manner of the neighboring Slav nationalists. It was about making a better sort of place.

Very few Jews were just Zionists. They were Marxist-Zionists, Socialist-Zionists, Labor-Zionists, general Zionists (by no means as “neutral” as it sounds), religious Zionists, Revisionist-Zionists. There were very few comparable divisions among other nationalist movements, and in any case they lacked the subtle gradations of the Zionist categories. Most importantly, a Polish or Czech or Hungarian Marxist or Socialist was unlikely to emphasize his or her national identification, preferring in most cases to treat the latter as a contingent identifying feature, when it was not something to be ignored altogether, as in the case of Rosa Luxemburg and her followers.

Zionism was always an ideological project and not just a national one. Most of the ideological emphasis lay well to the left and was rooted in the same doctrinal soil as the rest of European socialism. But whereas non-Zionist socialists sought redemption exclusively over time—the coming (proletarian) revolution would end all contradictions and tie up all loose ends—Zionist socialists sought redemption in space as well. In contrast to time, however, space (at least political space) is not infinite. Hence the dilemma of the Zionist project: the inability of most Zionists to appreciate not just that there were other people living on the ancestral soil and with claims to it (this defect was common to territorially specific movements of national redemption everywhere), but also that their forcible exclusion from the Zionist vision would ultimately vitiate its own ideals.

Even after the birth of Israel, the left-wing Zionist movement could still seek recruits in the name of a socialist utopia unpolluted by inter-communal conflicts: in the arguments for *aliya* presented to young Western Jews as recently as the early 1960s (I speak from personal involvement), no Arabs were mentioned. Before and after 1967, this represented a sad failure of imagination on the part of the Zionist Left. (The “revisionist” Right was always closer to the exclusivist nationalism of the era of its European birthplaces.) The price that has been paid by Zionism, and by Israel, for this ethnic astigmatism is a high one; and it has its roots not in the generalized ethnonationalism of late nineteenth-century Europe, but further back, in the abstract universalism of the utopian projects of the late Enlightenment, of which radical Zionism was a true heir. The Zionist project of transformation, then, had some of the same virtues and the same vices as other idealistic ventures of its era . . . only more so. ♣

A hundred years after Basel, fifty years after the founding of the state, no self-respecting Jew should have to defend Zionism. The argument from history was made a hundred years ago: Israel was our sovereign land from which we were exiled and the claim to which we never renounced; unlike the colonizers of, say, Australia, South Africa and North America, we are returning to—not creating—our patrimony. And the argument from necessity—that a people savagely persecuted and denied refuge in every corner of the globe needs at least one place of its own—was made fifty years ago, tragically and definitively, in the wake of the Holocaust. Moreover, the last fifty years of rebuilding the land with Jewish labor and genius, and of defending it with Jewish blood, have made denials of the Jewish claim unworthy even of reply. No one asks Australia to justify its right to breathe. The time for justifying Israel’s is long past.



This is not to say that the deniers are not there. Entire nations deny. Entire leagues of nations deny. Why, the United Nations, speaking for the mass of mankind, would still be denying the legitimacy of the Jewish state were it not so beholden to the United States. The war against Zion is, of course, the leitmotif of Arab international life. And not just of the Iraqs and Syrias. It infuses the discourse of post-Camp David Egypt and of the post-Oslo Palestinians. "We know only one word: jihad, jihad, jihad.... We are in a conflict with the Zionist movement and the Balfour Declaration and all imperialist activities." That was Yasir Arafat in Bethlehem three years *after* Oslo. (Balfour, no less.)

Arguing with anti-Zionists is not just pointless. It is demeaning. The intellectual battle to be fought today is not with the anti-Zionists, those who maintain that the Jewish state should never have existed, but with the post-Zionists, those who maintain that the Jewish national idea has outlived its usefulness, that it is obsolete, an impediment now both to individual self-expression and to entry into the post-sovereign world of the coming century.

Post-Zionism is the stance, the affectation of many on the Israeli and Diaspora Jewish Left. It sees Israeli nationalism, with its single-minded concentration on survival and the concomitant strictures it imposes on individual and societal life, as an anachronism. It longs for the rich normality of the West—for the individual: personal liberty and the pursuit of happiness; for society: the worldliness and sophistication that comes with the transcendence of mere patriotism. And for the world it sees the triumph of geoeconomics and multiculturalism over the geopolitics and nationalism of an age that has passed. Post-Zionism finds its most utopian expression in Shimon Peres's "new Middle East," a shining vision of not a mere Jewish Zion but an Arab-Israeli Benelux.

This is all very nice. And very crazy.

Weariness with a national idea begins with the conviction that the national idea has succeeded, indeed succeeded so well that slavish obeisance to it can only retard the higher human strivings. It rests on the conviction that Israel has made it. That it has such roots and power and weight that it is here, now and forever.

Many years ago, I had a private conversation with a man who later went on to serve in a high position in Israel's defense establishment. At the end of a discourse on what he planned to do when he came to a position of power, he, half-smiling, added a chilling throwaway line: "If there's still a country around by then." Israel is surrounded by countries arming themselves with chemical, biological and nuclear weapons that could destroy Israel in an hour. Only Israeli deterrence holds them at bay. Nearer to home—indeed, at home—Israel is living within the confines of mandatory Palestine with a population of over 3 million Palestinians bred on a hatred of Jews that beggars the imagination. The grand mufti of Jerusalem only last month—in a sermon!—called Israeli settlers the "sons of monkeys and pigs." And, thanks to the Oslo agreements, his flock is quite methodically arming itself and its 40,000-man "police," preparing for Arafat's jihad.

It is tempting to think that because Israel escaped with its life in 1948, in 1967 and in 1973 that it is divinely ordained to escape with its life forever. But in that temptation lies ruin.

Milan Kundera once defined a small nation as "one whose very existence may be put in question at any moment; a small nation can disappear and knows it." The United States is no small nation. Neither is Japan. Nor France. Large nations may suffer defeats, even occupation. They may even, for a time, lose their independence. But they cannot disappear. Small nations can. Israel is a small nation. That is the reason post-Zionism is so dangerous. It is dedicated to dismantling the Zionist fortress state. A noble end—but only when the mortal danger has passed. To do so when the danger is at the gate is suicide.

Israel is, of course, no longer a pioneer nation. But it is still a frontier nation. It is still an endangered nation. It is still a small nation. It can still disappear. And it is all the more likely to disappear when, with the anti-Zionists still ringing the walls, the post-Zionists counsel—in the name of all that is humane and progressive—taking them down. ♠

Zionism poses the same anomaly to post-modern culture that Judaism posed to pre-modern and modern: a historical case that goes against type, that in some sense defies the "laws" that define human culture and behavior. The Jews themselves represent, of course, one of the great historical anomalies: the only cultural personality of late antiquity to survive, not only in a series of written works cherished

also by other cultures, but as a people with a history and an intellectual community driving across millennia. The survival is the more notable because it was achieved without that *sine qua non* of survival: power, sovereignty, the might and right to protect itself and dominate others.

Of course, historians who do not love anomalies try to sweep this one aside as almost unworthy of attention. As Gavin Langmuir pointed out over three decades ago, no textbook deals seriously with the place of the Jews in medieval life. And this neglect is only the milder version of a much older, more widespread phenomenon, found high and low in Christian and Muslim cultures: the attempt to eliminate Jews as a voice in society. In the Latin West, this found expression in forced conversion and mass killing. Normally one does not put so much energy into silencing the insignificant.

On top of this anomaly comes Israel, the only national liberation movement of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries to succeed in modernizing the society it created. (This is what such movements were presumably made for.) Most of the countries of the undeveloped world have failed here, even those with exceptional material endowments such as Uganda, Brazil and the oil producers of the Middle East. But here is Israel, poor in natural resources, beset by enemies, able in one generation to go from a Third World agricultural economy to one of the most effective producers pound for pound in the world. The story is familiar, so much so that many have grown tired of it. Yet this familiarity should not inure us to the accomplishment.

The real anomaly, however, has less to do with economics than with politics and society. No one denies that Israel is a democracy.

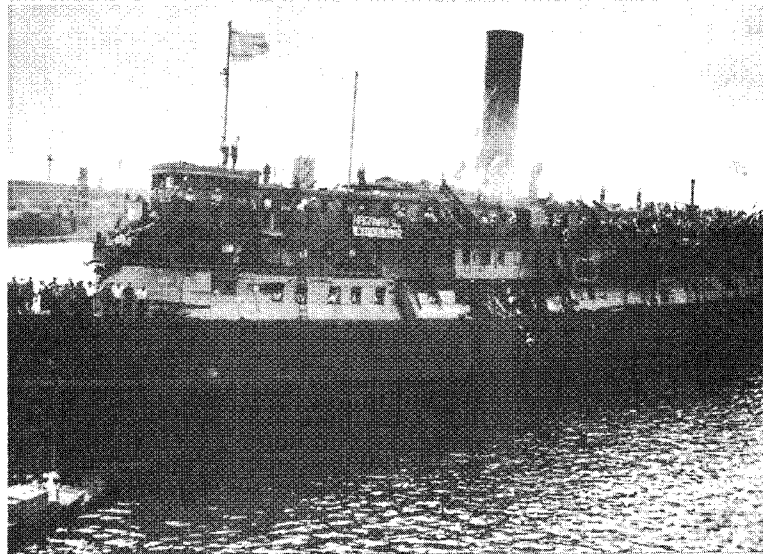


Jewish guard, 1936



One might wish that it treated Arabs better, but until Arabs in Arab lands have the rights that they enjoy in Israel, the anomaly remains. And when we shift from Arabs to Israeli Jews, the anomaly expands: no one can say that Israel lacks for open, vigorous debate. The rights of Israel's Jewish citizens are among the most protected on the planet. To some, this may seem racist, like the German news commentator who felt the rescue of the *falashas* from Ethiopia was racist: Why did the Israelis take only Jews out? Actually, the irony was there to savor. This was the first group of Africans since the Exodus brought out of Africa for freedom rather than slavery.

Israel's respect for the rights of its citizens contrasts sharply with the other major movements of national liberation. From the Puritans of seventeenth-century England and the Jacobins of France, to the Bolsheviks and the Maoists, to the Cubans under Castro and the Sandinistas, "popular" revolutions have succumbed to the paranoid im-



The Exodus 1947, captured by the British

perative: rule or be ruled, and rule against your own people, with reigns of terror to "save the revolution." (The interpretation of these failures marks the fundamental schism between right- and left-wing liberal thought.) Yet, in Israel, the government did not need to exaggerate the threat in order to justify repression. Here enemies menaced not only the regime but the entire people. (Recall the summons to Judeocide uttered by Arab leaders in 1948, only three years after the Holocaust, and again in 1967.) After a victory that takes its place with Marathon, Stirling Bridge and Agincourt, the threat to life remains and takes the form of terrorism. And still Zionism has not succumbed to the paranoid imperative.

One might think, then, that today's revolutionaries would want to study the Israeli case as a rare example of a "civilized" revolution. But this is not the case. Some leftist intellectuals seem to dislike Israel intensely and seek to exclude it from the class of "worthy" revolutions, where it plainly belongs. They prefer to meditate on failures without the awkward example of a humane alternative: better to hide this sparkling anomaly under the mud of racist and genocidal accusations. And they match their exquisite sensitivity to Israeli transgressions with their obtuseness to Arab deeds and intentions. In this way they maintain a picture of the world that leaves no room for the Jewish and Zionist anomalies.

Hence the portrayal of Israel as pariah, a reconfiguration of *der*

*ewige Jude*. Some Palestinians put themselves forward as Jews persecuted by Zionist Nazis, and while such an analogy may strike most as far-fetched (one has only to look at the demographic data to dismiss complaints of genocide), the comparison to South African apartheid seems too close for comfort. Thus Zionism, tarred and revealed, appears where it belongs: not as an anti-imperialist democratic-socialist movement, but as another imperialist oppression. This, then, solves the larger historical problem of the Jews and power: they're as bad as everyone else, only more so (Heine's law).

But, like the stone rejected by the builders, the anomaly remains. Take it as cornerstone, and a different world opens up:

**Democracy:** No culture has shown a more profound commitment to democracy and its values than Israel. The U.S., perhaps the most strenuous defender of human rights, cannot claim that the danger that led to internment camps for Japanese and to the McCarthy inquisition compares with the threat Israel has faced in its first fifty years. Look at Israel's free, untrammelled speech and multicultural dialogue. The Israelis are not without fault? They don't do well enough by their own Arabs or the *falashas*? What grade would you give the rest of the world for its treatment of minorities and racially different refugees?

**Place in the Global Community:** Israel is actually a natural leader and model for would-be developing nations. In the early '60s, Israel had perhaps the single most successful program of "peace corps" volunteers and professionals in the world. How did the Israelis know all about the Entebbe airport? They built it.

The situation in the U.N. in the 1970s reconstituted the configurations that gave us the anti-Semitic world of the high Middle Ages: oppressive elites combining with local tyrants to anathematize and put down a culture that implicitly challenges the rule they would impose as the only possibility. So the "majority" of "nations" at the U.N. turn the natural leader of a democratic Third World, one that respects the little people, men and women, their work and their ability to learn, into an outcast.

Let future historians note: this period of Israel's pariah status was an age of greedy tyrants who uprooted, impoverished, slaughtered and starved their own people. What a different Africa we might have today had African friends sided with Israel and not the Arabs in 1967—had chosen life rather than empty promises.

**Place in the Middle East:** The most enduring victims of these decisions and choices are the Arab peoples, especially the Palestinians. The decision to sacrifice them to the cause of Israel's destruction was clearly enunciated in the aftermath of 1948-49 (keep them in camps so they can learn hate and seek revenge), and no action by Arab elites has shown evidence of a change of heart.

The moral gap between the Jewish state and the Arab states—how they treat their own and one another—is a chasm. The amazing thing is that a whole generation of Western intellectuals could have missed this dimension of the problem. Instead observers have wallowed in self-righteous "even-handedness," which has absolved them of responsibility, leaving the Israelis to carry the burden of civilized restraint alone. No, not alone; to a chorus of criticism. The chasm is captured in the contradiction between public Arab denunciations of Israeli inhumanity on the one hand and real Arab behavior on the other. Where did PLO soldiers flee to from Jordan in 1970? Whom did the Palestinians in Sabra and Shatila run to for protection from fellow Arabs? (Unfortunately, they didn't get it.) And the report of the Israeli Agranat Commission is itself evidence of Israelis' readiness to look themselves in the face: more evidence of



the special character of Zionism as ideology and practice.

Meanwhile, the worse the atrocities (Sunnis vs. Shi'is, Fundamentalists vs. "Moderates"; massacres in Iraq, Afghanistan, Algeria, Sudan), the less the pragmatists want to talk about them. For some, the very idea of criticizing these cultures of violence is illegitimate. Of course, where moral leadership is wanting, tyranny thrives. Little people gravitate to the prophets of redemption and revenge, to those who appeal to divinity and oracles, to those who offer the easy way of blood. It may be comforting to take Zionism down, to see the Jews and Israelis as another illustration of the iron laws of history. Why couldn't those Zionists stay home and just write of return the way Christians write of the Second Coming? The price we pay for this rhetoric of bred indifference and implicit (also explicit) condemnation is the loss of virtue and honor. We can only hope the price will not include more war and many more lives.

Just as modern literary criticism has begun to discover that rabbis were playing deconstructive games 1,500 years ago (and saving a record of it!), so our social scientists may find more in Zionism than merely an anomaly to be explained away. And, in a time when our new global culture poses questions about how the stronger (armed) treat the weaker (unarmed), may it not be that, hidden deep in Judaism's millennia-long stream of textual communities, lies guidance on ways to build community solidarity through justice rather than force? Is it really worth it *not* to find out? ♣

Zionism was a latecomer among national movements. It was forever in a hurry, and its ultimate aim was realized in the worst possible conditions. But it was only in these conditions, in the wake of the disasters of the Second World War, that the noble dream could become a political reality. In contrast to other national movements, it had to reinvent the nation and the language, and it had more enemies outside and inside than anyone else. Consider Victor Klemperer, a Jewish professor of Romance languages in Nazi Germany. In 1942, he was waiting for the Gestapo's knock on the door, to deport him to the East; and in *that* situation he confided to his diary (soon to be published in English) that writing a book against Herzl and his ideas was probably the most urgent challenge facing him. (Even Marx, forty years after his death, did not inspire such strong passions.)

When I wrote *A History of Zionism* in the late 1960s, some of the early thinkers and leaders of the movement were still alive, and many of them were disappointed in the consequences of what they had wrought. The new State of Israel did not correspond with the wonderful *Altneuland* that Herzl had envisioned in his utopian novel of that name. (It was translated into Hebrew under the title *Tel Aviv*, and this name was given to the city that was founded ten years later.) When I asked Gershom Scholem why he had become a Zionist, he thought for a moment and answered: "Because I wanted to put an end to the pathological travelmania of the Jews. And now they travel more than ever before." It was not just a joke.

Such disappointment is quite common. Only political movements that do not develop beyond the utopian stage keep their pristine virtues. Call it the Yeats syndrome ("Was it for this the wild geese spread . . . Romantic Ireland's dead and gone"). It can be found in all countries whose modern history does not stretch back more than fifty or a hundred years, from Ireland to India, and even in Italy.

Zionism was a response to anti-Semitism, but it was also a revolt

against the often miserable Jewish way of life, especially in Eastern Europe. It was the dream of a new society and the birth of a new race of Jews (not in the biological sense). A hundred years after Basel, there is a strong movement, especially in Israel, opposing not just assimilation but emancipation, a retreat from the world to the shtetl. (A shtetl with the Internet and cellular phones, to be sure.) Zionism has been taken over by those who were originally its bitter enemies. I don't think that the reactionaries will succeed in the end, and they are part of a worldwide trend. While it lasts, however, the reign of these Zionists may cause a great deal of harm.

Without the mass immigration after 1948, Israel would not exist. Yet that same immigration made it a country unlike anything that any member of any Zionist Congress had ever imagined. Even the Palestine that I first knew in 1938 was secular and idealistic and egalitarian. Herzl had said not only that the activities of the rabbis would be confined to the synagogues; he had also written, of the politicians of the new society, that honor would be given to those who do not seek it—that only those who did not want high office would be elected to high office. The distance between vision and reality in this respect is now about as great as that noted by Scholem. True, the quality of political leadership is nowhere outstanding these days. But Israel, in view of its exposed situation, needs it more than other, more fortunate countries.

Does Zionism have a future? It probably came to an end in 1948 with the establishment of the state, and at the very latest with the immigration from the former Soviet Union. There are no major Jewish communities left for *kibbutz galuyot*, the ingathering of the exiles. (Who believes for a second that the American Jews will come?) Zionism lives today in the visions of messianic believers (but for them it means the Temple Mount, land rather than people) and for the anti-Semites who use it as a synonym for Jews. If the lost tribes are rediscovered and reconverted, there may be yet another future for Zionism; but this seems even more unlikely than the fairy tale that began in Basel must have appeared a hundred years ago to all but the most fervent believers. ♣

There was never much doubt about the meaning of Zionism in 1897. It was a refuge from the escalating war against the Jews, and a matter of pride for the Jew who had experienced what it meant to be stateless, an international outlaw. Moreover, the kind of commonwealth envisioned by the early Zionists was congenial and familiar: a liberal state or a socialist commonwealth based upon individualism and solidarity, rejecting ideas of domination or aggression. Here Jewish nationalism was different from much of the integral nationalism of other nations. (For Theodor Herzl's own utopia, *Altneuland*, chauvinistic nationalism was the enemy.) The distinction that men like Martin Buber or A.D. Gordon made between liberal and wrongful nationalism was relatively easy to maintain without a state, but it came to seem utopian during a protracted struggle for national independence and survival.

Surely it is not astonishing, under such circumstances, that in the State of Israel a more aggressive, exclusionary and normative nationalism eventually came to the fore. Still, for a long time, and even today, liberal nationalism could keep a foothold within the Jewish national liberation movement; and this has decidedly not been the case in other national movements. Moreover, German or French nation-



alism escalated even when, unlike Israel, their very existence was never in question. Israel still has the potential to demonstrate the tenacity of Herzl's liberal heritage through a humanized nationalism. The publicity given in the media to the Israeli nationalism that is identical with that of other European nations must not disguise this Zionist potential.

The future of Zionism, as distinct from the existence of the State of Israel, may well be hostage to one of history's great ironies. While the Holocaust is still a vivid memory, the greatest triumph of assimilation in modern Jewish history is taking place. I remember well the shock I received when, shortly after emigrating to the United States in 1939, my family was told that we could not go to our chosen vacation spot because it was "restricted." And when I wanted to enter the graduate school of my choice I was told that the Jewish quota was full. I was the first Jew ever hired on the history faculties of the two state universities where I have taught, and this was, I am sure, because I was a German Jew of a "good family" who had gone to an excellent English public school and Cambridge University.

And then the sudden reversal. Today hardly anyone cares whether you are a Jew or not in academic appointment, in public service, in elections to Congress. The public discarding of traditional liberalism by some Jewish intellectuals is another startling sign of successful integration. And when young Jewish students heard about my early experiences in the United States, they tended to be incredulous. To be sure, anti-Semitism is still around on the fringes, but the existence of the likes of Louis Farrakhan will not do much to encourage Zionist allegiance. Israel as a place of refuge is losing even its small place among the Jews of the United States or, for that matter, in much of Europe, while for the Jews of the former Soviet empire, Israel features mainly a window of economic opportunity. Genuine need and genuine idealism seem in short supply. And, while Zionism may still give Jews a sense of dignity, the triumph of assimilation means that hostile Jewish stereotypes are no longer so easily internalized, and therefore Zionism and the State of Israel no longer seem such a necessary liberation from a negative self-image.

And the ideological attraction of Israel as a new society? Israel is becoming a consumer society like the rest of the developed world. The process of Jewish normalization in which the early Zionists believed has succeeded only too well. And why not? Yet the marginalization of the experiment of the kibbutz threatens to deprive Zionism of another function that made the movement relevant to the youth of the Jewish Diaspora.

Zionism, in the last resort, is about solidarity and how this can be strengthened in future generations. It seems to me, as a historian, that collective memory must play an important part not merely as the story of victimization, as a negative identity, but as an understanding of what exactly has brought us to this point as Jews. Building modern Jewish history and culture as subjects into schools and universities seems a start in building that feeling of solidarity without which Zionism will become a mere institutional appendix. *Aliya* and tourism are no longer enough. ❧

The "ism" in Zionism addresses a European historical movement and moment. It suggests Zionism's germinating surround, an age of isms: liberalism, socialism, nationalism—nationalism especially.

Ism belongs to "periods" and are the property of political scientists and other scholars of periods and movements; and movements are called movements precisely because they are kinetic and interim: they are on their way to a destination.

Ism implies flux and progression. At the point of destination, isms will dry up and drop off. A nation, once it is fully formed, is the culmination of a nationalist movement; and when that nation is fully formed, we term it a nation, not a nationalism.

Zionism was inaugurated as a nationalist movement. The state toward which it moved has now been in existence for half a century. Israel was born of Zionism; but today, as a fully formed state, it ought to be free of the generative ism that brought it into being. Israel is not a political movement: it is not Zionism, it is Zion. To continue to apply the suffix is to concede to Israel's adversaries that the state is something unformed, unfinished, interim, impermanent, vulnerable and temporary.

And internally, within the nation itself, to speak of Zionism invites that condition of mind known as post-Zionism, signifying a view of the nation as a political movement that is superannuated and moribund, possibly dead. But if Zionism means incompleteness, then what value can be seen in what is incomplete? A pupa is an ugly thing, and an undeveloped pupa—that is, a movement that is deemed never to have been consummated—is uglier yet, the emblematic image of arrestedness.

Zionism as a currently employed concept hints at arrestedness, incompleteness, impermanence. It tempts peril and spite from without, and confusion and devaluation—even disloyalty—from within.

Zionism was Israel's birth passage. And just as a developing embryo casts off its primitive tail, so ought Zion to cast off the anachronistic tail of its ism. The future of Zionism is Zion itself: a sense of confident and completed sovereignty, a sovereignty that may not be called into question.

A completed nation-state that permits itself to continue to think of its present body as an unformed ism, as endlessly plastic, dependent and subject to external whim or direction, will lose the capacity to withstand the demolitionist ardor of its adversaries and ill-wishers. A Zionist nation is a shaky latter-day fabrication; but Zion stands firm. Zionism may have been influenced by other nineteenth-century European nationalisms. Zion is an independent idea that has survived three millennia.

Zionism has its contemporary imitators (the formulations of PLO adviser Rashid Khalidi are a case in point), a fact that may count as just deserts, since Zionism itself was, at least in part, an imitator of contemporaneous social and nationalist movements. But Zion cannot be replicated.

Zionism is above all a response to external exigency, particularly the need for haven. In the nineteenth century, this meant amelioration from European civic disability and recurrent pogroms. But in the twentieth century, as Arab intransigence grew more violent (and politically sympathetic to Nazism), and as Europe more and more reverted to the medieval model of anti-Jewish savagery (albeit by technologically advanced means), Zionism's dependency on outside forces increased, taking the form, first, of the Balfour Declaration in 1917, under a League of Nations mandate, and, later, of the U.N.'s partition resolution in 1947. Between these two promulgations of externally proffered independence conferred by two successive world bodies, the mammoth European annihilation of one-third of the Jewish people proceeded unchecked, until the Allies' defeat of Germany.



Zionism, then, has almost always leaned on what is exterior to the Jews themselves. Whether the context has been danger or rescue, the instrumental pressure has come from outside.

Zion, by contrast, is an idea unrelated to exigency or haven. It is an original idea about origins and purpose; it neither imitates nor resembles anything else in the world. The Promised Land, though it was a destination struggled toward by a mixed multitude of runaway slaves, was not conceived of as a haven or a rescue; it was intended as the singular site of the creation and incarnation of an idea.

What is that idea? That a land is not made up merely of its soil and its villages and towns and cities, but of its cognitive purpose; that a land is not simply a territory, but the place where a civilization expresses itself. Or put it that Zion is meant to be a land not only for dwelling, but for indwelling.

The national future of Zionism, then, must be Zion; or else Israel, and Jews along with it, will go on being lashed by the tail of an elastic and incomplete and generally imitative ism (and imitations beget imitations, some of them mockingly dangerous). And then there may be no national future at all. ♣

Nationalism and the formation of modern nationhood pressured Jews to become citizens like everyone else in the state. Down the centuries, they had shared the cultures and languages of other people. Religion alone made them different and constituted their identity. The source of misfortune was thus assumed to lie in the Jews themselves, and the remedy was to do away with whatever was making them Jewish. Emancipation was not enough. In the outlook of anyone enlightened, assimilation of the Jews was so evidently desirable that there was a hint of compulsion about it: assimilate or else. The delegates to the Zionist Congress in Basel had to decide how best to take their fate into their own hands.

Unaware of the gathering political forces, the majority of Jews, rural and poor, continued in the old ways. In cities and small towns, a minority was in a position to respond to newfangled secular ideas. For them, several very different routes led to assimilation, and they were to try them all: socialism, revolutionary communism, the capitalist marketplace, the professions.

The backlash was instantaneous and general. Pan-Germans and Pan-Slavs, the Papacy and the Holy Synod, the accusers of Dreyfus and the Black Hundreds, established that assimilation was theory, not practice. Whatever a Jew might do, the neighbors continued to think of him as a Jew. His own assertion that he had done what was required to assimilate had no significance.

Zionism invited Jews to reinvent themselves. In the manner of Poles under Kosciuszko, or Italians under Mazzini and Garibaldi, Jews were to forge a new identity by means of nationalism and a nationhood of their own. Akin to the impulse giving rise to drama and literature, this was an act of high imagination, not just a changing of the story but a leap into the unknown. It is no coincidence that so many Zionist leaders had a romantic temperament and literary gifts.

Other national movements had been able to count on rallying the whole nation, liberating its energies. Not Zionism, which was unique in that it was certain to divide those to whom it was appealing. Religious Jews could not respond until it was too late and, to this day, some remain hesitant. Zionism also put paid bluntly to any hope

of assimilation either through revolution or worldly success. Yet its imaginative perception was true; and events were to evolve as Zionists anticipated. They had caught the advance warnings of the explosion to come. Under Nazism and communism, Jews could not survive by simply continuing as before.

Those Jews who did reinvent themselves as Israelis have had so singular an experience that it seems to be all of a piece with Jewish history—a new beginning that is more of the same. Nationalism and nationhood, it is sometimes held, are exclusive, an abandonment of universal values, and likely to lead to war. Assorted critics, with Israeli



The Tel Aviv-Jaffa border during the first Arab-Israeli war, 1948-1949

“revisionist” historians prominent among them, claim that Zionism is guilty on such counts, amounting to a misguided displacement first of Jews, then of Arabs. Assimilation is again the remedy—but among Muslims this time, it will be far more fraught. A hint of compulsion is still present.

Yet Israeli nationhood saved at least some from persecution and mass murder. Israel is a parliamentary democracy, with the rule of law and the enfranchisement of the Arab minority, now a fifth of the population. Israelis have revived Hebrew to make a strong culture of their own. (For all their literary tradition, the Irish have been unable to do the same with their language.) The Israeli gross national product is about the equivalent of its four immediate Arab neighbors put together. Though it is only a partial national movement, Zionism has liberated Jewish energies, to be a light unto the gentiles, as the Scripture puts it.

If the evolution of America could have been foreseen a hundred years ago, Herzl might reasonably have recommended Jews to emigrate there. Assimilation seems underway in America in a benign process that allows Jews to retain as much or as little of their religion and identity as they choose. For most of them, Zionism is a matter of kinship and emotion, more vague with every year that passes. The Diaspora and Israel may in the end become separate, even alternative, Jewish identities.

Pan-Arabism and Islamic fundamentalism sometimes appear to be imitative local versions of Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism, the Papacy and the Holy Synod, once so threatening to European Jews. But, under the spur of Zionism, Arabs—and above all Palestinians—have been reinventing themselves, too. Constitutions, the rule of law and the liberation of energies are visible on the Arab horizon. Jews in the old Europe were passive subjects, but Israelis are creative agents of events. Reinvention served its main purpose. ♣



One of the more problematic goals of Zionism was the "negation of the exile." In the minds of secular Zionist intellectuals, this had two aspects: first, bringing the Jews out of the lands of their Diaspora into a homeland or state of their own and, second, curing the sickness of the spirit that was said to follow from the exilic experience, manifest in superstition, fear, resentment, fantasy and political irresponsibility. Writing about the exile, Zionists sometimes sounded like anti-Semites. Their love of Zion did not extend to Vilna or Pinsk or the *shtetlakh* of the Pale.

This is a common feature of revolutionary movements: the people whose lives their leaders want to transform are not people whose lives they admire. At the same time, ordinary men and women who join the movement hoping to escape oppression will resist the "negation" of the religion or culture or way of life that they have sustained, often at great cost, in defiance of their oppressors. This resistance sets up the central political conflict of the post-revolutionary years and accounts for the various reactions and restorations that so often follow upon revolutionary success.

Zionism has been an extraordinary success, and it is now in the midst of one of those reactions. Despite the destruction of Central

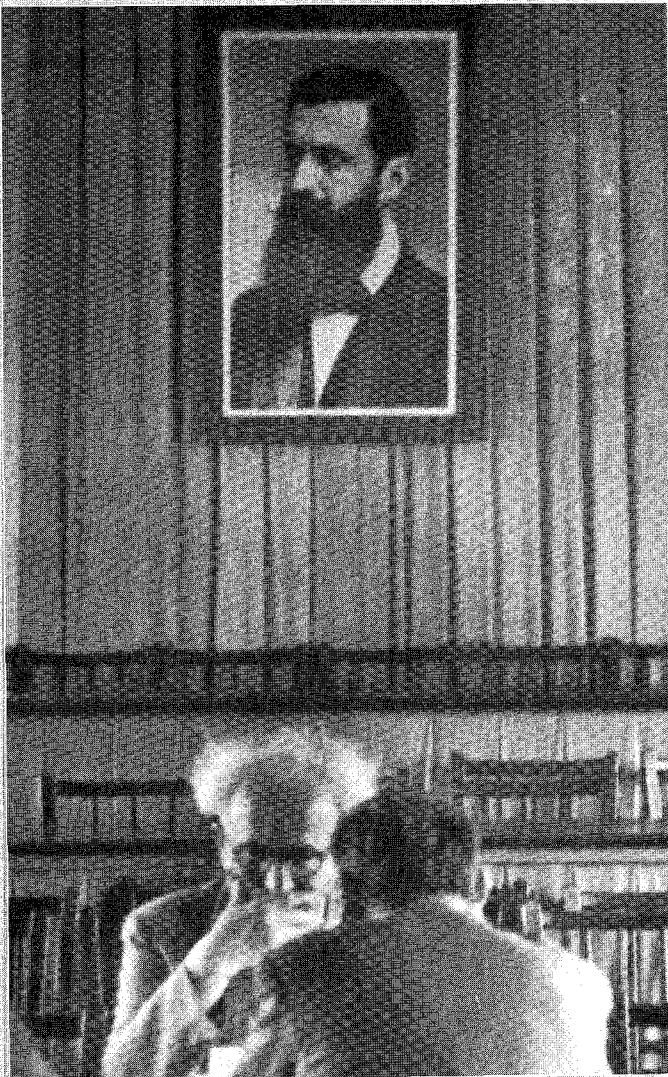
and East European Jewry, and the refusal of most Western Jews to "return," the "ingathering of the exiles" has brought several million Jews from scores of countries "home" to Israel. Those who remain outside do so by choice: it is the involuntary exile that has been negated. On the other hand, the ingathering has not only brought the exiles home; it has also brought the exile home. The Jews of Israel are a multicultural population, and their multiculturalism encompasses every exilic life form. Stubbornly and predictably (though no one predicted it), the immigrants have reproduced the psychology of dispersion and statelessness.

David Ben-Gurion, who had a clearer eye for this problem than most of the Zionist leaders, waged a long campaign for what he called *mamlachtiyut*. The word is usually translated "statism," but Ben-Gurion, though he was a statist politician in many respects, had something else in mind. He believed that success depended on a psychological transformation that would not come easily to Jews returning from exile. *Mamlachtiyut* meant the consciousness of having a state, the sense of being a citizen. It was Ben-Gurion's word for civic virtue, but also, and perhaps more importantly, for all those qualities that make for and support statesmanship: realism and responsibility above all.

Exilic life did not produce these qualities—not, at least, before the European emancipation. Jews sought the protection of their gentile rulers by submission, guile and bribery, the only forms of political action open to them. They had no responsibility for the well-being of the state as a whole and no experience of the rights and obligations that go with citizenship. Their communal existence was always precarious; they lived in constant fear of the "others." All this has now come home: the political culture of dependency, the sense of "the world against us" and the purely instrumental understanding of the state. The opposite of *mamlachtiyut* prevails now, not only in significant sectors of Israel's Jewish population but in the government itself. Imagine the typical Jewish view of the czarist state or of Pilsudski's Poland: that's not far, I think, from the view of the Jewish state held by at least some of its present ministers.

With regard to the full range of Jewish cultural life in the lands of the exile, negation was a very bad idea. Even the changes in political culture necessary to statehood might have been defended in ways that drew on the tradition rather than denying it entirely. But change was and still is necessary, and so the Zionist project is unfinished. A state really does require in its citizens the consciousness of having a state and of taking responsibility for the safety and the prosperity of all its members. It requires a sense of being in the world in a new way, *en-stated*, a member of the society of states, no longer alone, no longer a pariah. It requires the forms of courage that make for normal politics—the courage to take a principled stand, certainly, but also to form alliances and to make compromises with the "others." Israel today is full of citizens who possess all these qualities, but its government at this moment represents a reaction against them. §

I write about Zionism as one who has no interest in the preservation of Judaism (or, I hasten to add, any other religion), but a great deal of interest in the preservation of Jews. There always were two different ways that Zionists viewed the return to Zion: as a duty for all Jews, imposed by their religion, or as an opportunity for those Jews who want



David Ben-Gurion, 1948



or need to live in a Jewish nation. As an unreligious American Jew, I feel no desire or duty to change my nationality, and I am in no position to deplore the fact that few other American Jews want to become Israelis. But I very much hope that the land of Israel will continue to provide an opportunity for Jews to flee oppression in any country, as it has since 1948. This refuge was needed in the twentieth century far more than could ever have been expected in 1897, but because of Arab and British opposition it was tragically not available at the time of greatest need, in the 1930s and 1940s. Zionism today in part reflects the determination that Israel will be available as a refuge the next time it is needed.

Zionism also represents the intrusion—by purchase and settlement rather than conquest, at least until Arab assaults made military action necessary—of a democratic, scientifically sophisticated, secular culture into a part of the world that for centuries had been despotic, technically backward and obsessed with religion. For me, it is this essentially Western character of Zionism that gives it an attraction that goes beyond its defensive role. It will be betrayed if Orthodox zealots succeed in making Israel a theocratic state, but I can't believe that this will happen.

It is in part the Western character of Zionism that makes it so hateful to many others—not just to Muslims, but also to Westerners who for one reason or another find it comfortable to line up with the adversaries of Western civilization. By attacking Zionism, it is very convenient to express solidarity with the poorer non-Western people of the world, without having actually to make sacrifices to help them. In this way, anti-Zionism has come to play the role of a gutter multiculturalism.

Of course, this is not the whole story. Anti-Zionism also serves to give vent to deep-seated anti-Semitic feelings, and helps in maintaining Middle Eastern oil. Out of this tangle of motivations came the hysterical anti-Zionism of the last decade of Stalinism; the resolution of a 1975 world congress on women at Mexico City that Zionism is oppressive to women; the infamous resolution of the General Assembly of the United Nations that same year equating Zionism with racism; and the continuing one-sidedness of international opinion regarding the relations between Israel and the Palestinian Arabs.

As a liberal I especially deplore a peculiar evenhandedness on the part of many fellow liberals, an evenhandedness that sees no moral difference between the efforts of Israel to preserve its existence in a fraction of a fraction of the original Palestine mandate, and the attacks of those who wish to destroy it, and that views the building of housing projects in Jerusalem as being on a moral plane with the firing of machine guns at school buses. Do I need to say that there is in fact a great moral distinction between the democratic secular Israel created by Zionism, whose long-range aim is simply to be left in peace, and the enemies that surround it? It is a distinction that ought to make liberals see Zionism again as they used to, as a natural part of the liberal agenda. ♠

Sixty years after the destruction of European Jewry and half a century since the Arab world united to destroy Israel, we see things differently from the way they appeared to founders of the Zionist movement. The early Zionists believed, with Leo Pinsker, that through auto-emancipation the Jews would regularize their political status. Herzl

determined to create a Jewish state for the Jewish people. Ahad Ha'am, Herzl's most influential Jewish adversary, held that a cultural renaissance would have to antecede physical migration so that a modern society would be in place to receive the Jewish masses. Arguments among Zionists multiplied over economic and political blueprints for the Jewish land and procedural priorities for attaining independence. Trained by Jewish civilization to be self-critical and self-disciplined, Zionists determined to follow the example of other emerging European nations by taking their political fate into their own hands. If Jews had once expected God to effect their political salvation, they would henceforth assist God, or anticipate God, or defy God, and do the job themselves.

The Zionists were not solipsists. They did not ignore that they would meet resistance. Moses Hess described German racism as early as 1862. Herzl and Bernard Lazare noted the virulence of French xenophobia. Ze'ev Jabotinsky understood that the Jewish national sovereignty could not be achieved without Jewish armed force. But even those who took cognizance of anti-Semitism did not recognize the system of complementarity that had developed between Jewish and anti-Jewish politics over 2,000 years. Zionists assumed that once the Jews had extricated themselves from among the nations and reclaimed their national sovereignty, hostility against them would cease. Had they been correct, the Jewish State of Israel would be universally recognized today as one of the greatest triumphs of history, since no other people of comparable size has ever accomplished such a grand project in so short a time.

The Jews succeeded in transforming all that depended on themselves. But, having lived for so long and in so many places as a politically dependent people, they had come to occupy a role in the politics of other nations that was beyond their power to control. Jews had settled among a succession of nations, each of which drew similar conclusions about the no-fail nature of this (re)moveable target. The Jews survived by everywhere accommodating to local power, sometimes assembling great wealth, often acquiring great skills. Yet always lacking the armed might to protect what they acquired and attained, they were perpetually at the mercy of rulers from above, and populist onslaughts from below.

The appeal of Jews as a political target so far exceeded any of their other functions that sooner or later their plunder or removal was worth more than their presence. Social scientists from Karl Marx to Hannah Arendt have tried to locate the cause of anti-Semitism in one or another function of the Jews, and to subsume that function into a higher theory of politics. But, although the idea doesn't catch the fancy of intellectuals, anti-Semitism trumped communism and fascism as an organizing ideology. A tiny people with the world's hugest image, Jews inflate the self-image of aggressors while lacking any impulse to respond in kind.

Modern nationalisms found the Jews an especially useful anti-type: opposition to the Jews constituted a link with the religious tradition (Christianity or Islam) and forged an alliance between otherwise antagonistic elements in the society (elites and masses, Right and Left). Anti-Semitism, by which I mean not simply the antipathy to the Jews, but the organization of politics around the antipathy to the Jews, pacifies restive populations with an explanation of who is responsible for their ills, and unites otherwise disparate forces (Germans, Poles and Ukrainians; Arab and Communist blocs) around a common enemy. Zionism expected that the reconstitution of a Jewish polity would eliminate anti-Semitism by removing its target. Instead, Arab leaders—and the populations they influenced—proved



they could channel political hatred at the Jewish state the way Europeans had incited hatred of the dispersed Jews. The Arabs' appropriation of the United Nations as a propaganda forum proves that, although the Jewish state could now defend itself militarily, it was as powerless to escape the politics of hatred as European Jews ever were under Hitler.

Disappointment in this outcome runs very deep. The weary defenders of Israel ask, was it worth our tremendous expenditure of effort if Zionism could not undo anti-Semitism? Is it enough for Jews to be sovereign, if they still suffer the humiliation of unprovoked, unreciprocated and, for all they know, unending aggression?

I would answer, yes, assuredly, and not just out of pride in Jewish achievement. Because we Jews are not, in fact, one of the problems that beset the modernizing societies of Europe and Asia, targeting us for elimination is at best a diversion from meaningful politics, guaranteeing that the real problems will never be addressed. At worst the organization of politics around opposition to the Jews generates a frenzied ambition of which suicidal terrorists are only the fuse. Even destruction as total as the Holocaust in Europe would prove a chimerical triumph. No matter what happens, the Palestinian Arabs would never be allowed to rule the land they have been incited by their fellow Arabs to conquer. It was their fellow Arabs, not the Jews, who thwarted their political ambitions since 1948. No matter what its wealth or powers, the Arab world will never flourish as long as it claims it is being victimized by Israel, since every attribution of blame to the Jews postpones the possibility of Arab progress and self-improvement.

Our disappointment is not in Zionism, but in anti-Zionism, the adjustment that anti-Semitism made when the Jews moved into modern statehood. Apparently, it will not take merely a century to blunt the instrumentality of Jew-baiting, but perhaps another 2,000 years of Israeli sovereignty. One thing is clear: those who urge the Jews to accommodate the Arabs instead of pressing the Arabs to cease their aggression against the Jews are perpetuating history's most fatal system of political complementarity. Arab leaders have insisted all along that Zionism has no future, confident that "time is on their side," that their demographic advantages and their culture of conquest will eventually prevail against the no-fail target. The future of Zionism, or the success of anti-Jewish politics in yet a third millennium, depends in the here and now on Jewish courage and democratic support. ♣

Judged by its impact on Jewish life and thinking, Zionism is a brilliant success. It took only half a century after the First Zionist Congress to found the Jewish state, which has flourished socially, economically and even militarily in its half century of existence. The long-term changes brought about by Zionism are certainly on a par with the impact of other revolutions in the last two centuries.

Where Zionism is not yet a full success is in achieving normalcy. Many aspects of normalcy as it was conceived by the early Zionist thinkers are in place, as Jews in Israel now fill all walks of life, good and bad. Still missing is a sensible and stable basis for the state's future.

The Zionist movement and the foundation of Israel have re-

sulted in a century of conflict with the Palestinians and the surrounding Arab peoples. Much of this conflict, especially in its early stages, was probably inevitable, as the Palestinians were not likely to greet the idea of a Jewish homeland in Israel/Palestine with enthusiasm. A succession of wars has displaced several million Palestinians and has left Israel victorious but not always knowing how best to turn its triumphs into something just and permanent.

In the last decade or more, there has been a window of opportunity for resolving the Israeli-Palestinian conflict based on a two-state solution. Many Israelis, even if not motivated by nationalist ideology, have practical concerns about the viability of a Palestinian state and the ways and means of coexistence with it. Still, Israel would do well to regard as a priceless national asset the willingness of the Palestinian national movement to settle the conflict with Israel on the basis of a demilitarized Palestinian mini-state in the West Bank, Gaza and part of Jerusalem. Such a solution would give the Palestinians symbolic equality with Israel, with territorial contiguity, in a small part of the land originally in dispute.

The Israelis should surely find the alternative more nettlesome. If the Palestinians do not "lower their expectations," in a phrase that Israel's Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu likes to use, and their quest for an independent state fails, they will not turn into lovers of Zion and they will not emigrate en masse (unless they are literally forced out). They will adopt the course that remains, which is to demand citizenship and equal rights in the de facto bi-national state that currently exists in Israel and the territories that it controls. In the short run, this process will be accompanied by violence and terrorism that will make it easier for the Israelis to ignore or to reject this demand, but in the long run Israelis would find a Palestinian demand for citizenship and equal rights rather difficult to deal with.

As it is, Likud governments in Israel have rejected the idea of a two-state solution of the conflict, and recent Labor governments reluctantly accepted this goal but did not act on it decisively. The Israelis are now perilously close to the point of no return. It will not take too many more Israeli projects like Har Homa and others now on the planning boards before the remaining Palestinian land will be so fragmented, and the Israeli settlements in the West Bank and Gaza so widespread and well-rooted, that the window of opportunity for a two-state solution will close. With just a few more years of "building throughout the whole Western Land of Israel," in the words of the Likud ideology that has governed Israel for most of the last generation, the Israelis can succeed in cutting off the branch on which Israel's future as a Jewish state may well rest.

Significant progress toward an Israeli-Palestinian agreement looks unlikely during Netanyahu's term in office. Netanyahu apparently lacks the stuff of "Nixon goes to China" or "Begin returns Sinai to Egypt." Netanyahu's "Allon-plus" map aims to chop up what remains of Palestine and to offer the Palestinians "autonomy minus," a chain of Indian reservations, without Israeli citizenship or a credible national territory of their own. The "peace process" is already degenerating into grandstanding for public opinion.

How much lasting damage will be done? Concerned parties, including the Israeli public, the American government, the business community and the Jewish Diaspora, should bring pressures aimed at damage control. The real question is whether Netanyahu (or another leader with his outlook) will prevail in Israel's next election. The window of opportunity for a two-state solution is not likely to survive a second term of such leadership. ♣



Vietnamese Confederation of Labor, which represents workers at the Nike factory. Faxed a copy of the photograph, the confederation's officials said they do not know who the individuals are. When pressed, Veda Manager, Nike's spokesman, said they are Nike employees, who collect their salaries from the company, not the union or the government. "But they represent the workers," Manager says: although they have regular jobs in the factory, they are also supposed to look out for the workers' rights.

So, these workers were not exactly union officials, but they were, in Nike's account, still union representatives of a sort, the equivalent of shop stewards in a factory. And, by GoodWorks's own say-so, its investigators' process for identifying the appropriate union representatives was less than what you might call searching. GoodWorks spokesman Ide says the team simply allowed Nike to point out the appropriate union representatives with whom Young should speak. "Vietnam has a less developed understanding of organized labor and unions," Ide explains. "They don't have unions like we do. And these were the people."

Perhaps they were. And perhaps they did indeed give Young valuable information about conditions in the Nike factory from the union perspective. But, if they did, there is no evidence of this in Young's report. There is no quote, positive or negative, from any union representative; there is no account of how the management treats the union representatives or any information about whether the union representatives have any say in the factory's operation. And, while Vietnam may indeed have a different union structure from the West, a well-developed union system does exist there, and this system boasts union officials who are not paid by the company. Young and his team did not speak to these people.

One can understand why Nike might be reluctant to arrange a meeting with Hoang Thi Khanh, the union official who is in charge of the plant, since she has a

reputation for being "tough as nails" when it comes to negotiating for better factory conditions; she also publicly criticized Nike earlier this year. Not only is Hoang Thi Khanh the vice chairman of the Vietnam Labor Confederation, she is also editor-in-chief of *The Laborer*, one of the best-selling local newspapers. Young could have met with Khanh—but, oddly, he declined repeated opportunities to do so. Thuyen Nguyen, the head of Vietnam Labor Watch, called Young's office two or three times to set up the meeting. At the time of the calls, Khanh was actually in the U.S. for several weeks, meeting with federal officials in Washington,

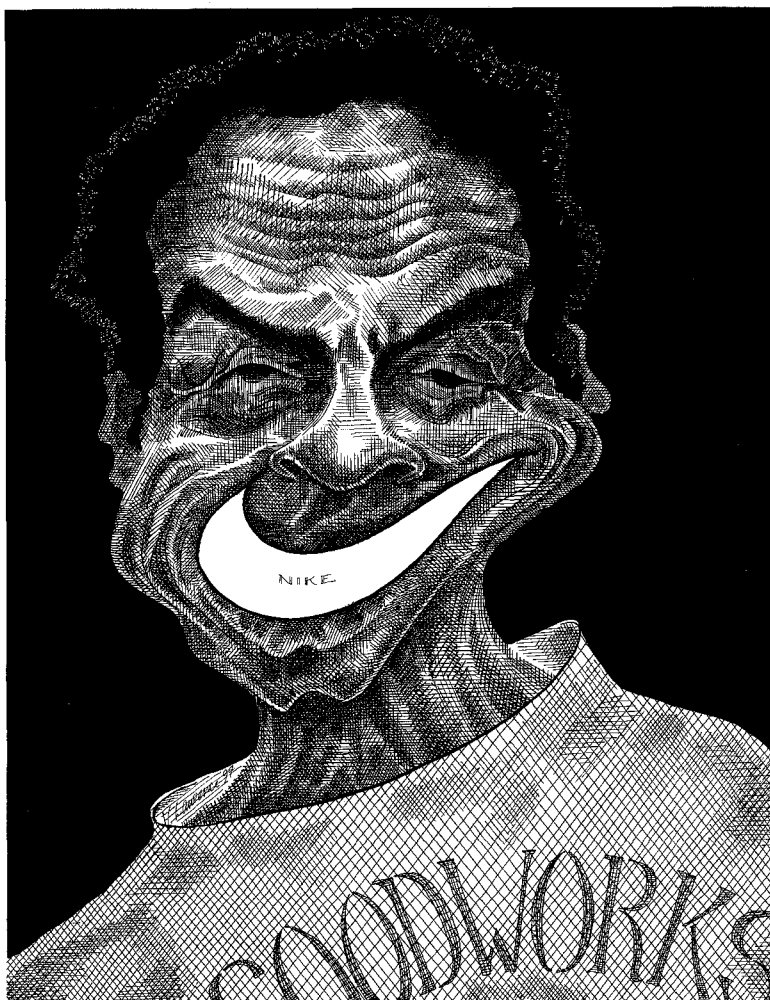
D.C., and was anxious to visit Young; Khanh even offered to visit Atlanta if it was more convenient, Nguyen says. But Nguyen was told that GoodWorks wasn't interested.

And the photographs of would-be union officials aren't the only ones to raise questions about Young's examination of the factories. On page thirty-four appears a picture—also taken by Young—of several female workers, many with their arms crossed, sitting at a table. The caption says that these are the women who were "forced to run around Vietnamese factory." The reference is to a well-publicized event in which factory supervisors forced fifty-six Vietnamese factory workers to run laps around the factory because they had not

worn proper shoes to work or had not met production quotas. The run was so strenuous that twelve of the women had to be hospitalized. After a wire story reported the incident, Vietnamese police arrested the supervisor.

At the time, the event was widely condemned in the media. But, in an interview with *The Atlanta Journal and Constitution* earlier this summer, Young said the women were "laughing and joking about it" and were "pretty easy with the experience." Young added that he felt most sorry for the supervisor, who did not speak Vietnamese and who was facing court charges.

Young's decision not to consider questions about whether Nike pays its workers minimum wage also



ANDREW YOUNG BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC



seems baffling—after all, that is the labor activists' primary complaint. While the human rights groups have filed scattered reports of worker abuse, activists say nearly all of their complaints are that Nike is not paying the local minimum wage. Nike denies that it is breaking the law.

In the report, Young writes, "I was not asked by Nike to address compensation and 'cost of living' issues which some in the human rights and NGO community had hoped would be part of this report." But was he really not asked? According to a January 15 letter from Phil Knight to Young, which was made public in the report, GoodWorks agreed to undertake an independent study of Nike's Code of Conduct, which outlines the basics of Nike's labor practices for its contractors, including prohibitions on child or forced labor and mandatory overtime. The code explicitly discusses wages: "Employers [meaning the subcontractors that run the factories Nike uses] shall pay employees, as a floor, at least the minimum wage required by local law or the prevailing industry wage, whichever is higher, and shall provide legally mandated benefits." Which means that looking at wages was in the code and was therefore well within the scope of Young's assignment. As if that were not enough, the January 15 letter gave Young plenty of room for expansive interpretation: it said he could look into anything he thought was important.

Young has a second explanation for his decision not to consider the wage issue. Determining what is a "fair wage" in a foreign country is a very complicated process," he writes. "Such an exercise was well beyond the technical capacity of our small firm." Yet, as Nike's critics rightly point out, salary compensation is the one area of foreign labor on which so much has been written that even a novice could quickly get a basic handle on what fair wage estimates are. Provided with a copy of the report, a pro-business economist from the University of Pennsylvania said, "That's idiotic. When I read that, I knew the author was doing a p.r. job, not a serious look. If he really believes it, then he can only be a truly stupid man."

Or a smart one. If Young had excoriated Nike, GoodWorks's first major client, GoodWorks might have had a tough time attracting the next client looking to cleanse its shaky reputation. Young's whitewash perfectly positions GoodWorks International as the public relations agent for future multinationals. But GoodWorks is better than a p.r. firm. The media naturally discount anything they hear from paid spokespeople. But praise from a civil rights leader—now that's something worth paying for.

Speaking of which, Nike and GoodWorks won't say how much the company received for the study. Young wrote in the report: "The total compensation I have personally received for this report is less than I am usually paid for one speech." Note the careful phrasing: Young says nothing about how much Nike paid to GoodWorks (as opposed to Young personally), through

which Young, as co-chairman, would presumably profit. Manager, Nike's spokesman, referred all questions on compensation to GoodWorks; he declined to say whether Nike had paid GoodWorks as well as Young. Ide, GoodWorks's spokesman, also declined to comment on pay, referring TNR to what Young wrote in the report.

Sadly, Young appears to be aware that the truth about Nike's operations is more complex than his report indicated. After returning from Asia on May 14, Young held a meeting in Washington with some of the experts whom he actually did consult. By all accounts, Young was unusually candid throughout the meeting. Notes taken by three separate individuals indicate that Young was much more critical at the meeting than he would be one month later in his report. Each set of notes, for instance, quotes Young as saying he knew he had been "snowed" at Nike's Chinese factories. William Conklin of the Asian American Free Labor Institute wrote in an interoffice memo the next day: "On China, AY said he went in expecting the worst but saw relatively good working conditions in the factories. In fact he felt 'snowed' in China because the conditions were the best of all the factories." The notes said that Young thought Nike had difficulty recognizing problems in foreign countries.

Young's report makes no mention of these qualms. "I was surprised when I saw how fluffy the report was," said one of the people in the meeting. "That's not how Young was talking in May." Nike's spokesman Manager says the company can't comment on the meeting since its representatives did not attend; Manager stresses that Nike did not pressure Young to come to any specific findings.

Whatever the motivation, the document's physical character has the distinct feel of a public relations ploy—not a serious analysis. While the report weighs in at a hefty seventy-five pages, that's mostly due to the very large typeface and frequent use of boldface throughout. It's actually less than 7,000 words. Reduced to a more standard size of twelve-point text (which is actually 14 percent larger than the type you are now reading), and single-spaced, that comes to just thirteen pages of text. To pad the report even more, GoodWorks inserted photographs on every other page. That's "highly unorthodox," "bizarre" and "totally unprofessional" for a factory analysis, according to three individuals who have done similar analyses for other companies. They say the photographs of smiling, happy workers were inappropriate. (Young, if he had wanted to be critical of Nike, could have just as easily replaced his photos with news pictures of factory workers protesting low wages, which are widely available.)

Nike, meanwhile, remains as pleased as punch with the report. The company promises to "exceed his recommendations"—meaning it will do better than giving the workers business cards. Adds Manager, "Are you questioning the integrity of Andrew Young?" •



# THE HARD QUESTIONS

## Re-Orient

The “evil empire” has not, it seems, disappeared after all. It has merely moved east and taken on a different hue. The new villain is, of course, China, and the new peril is an old one, the yellow one. Learned journals such as this one have breathlessly alerted their readers to the devious machinations of the mandarins in Beijing and sounded a call to the battle stations.

Actually, we’ve been here before. China—the “little brother” whom we defended during World War II—became an enemy in the early 1950s, when we stumbled into a war with it in Korea. It remained a pariah for the next twenty years (“containing China” was one of the many explanations given for our quixotic adventure in Vietnam), until Richard Nixon decided that it was time for an “opening.”

Nixon had no fear, after all, that he would accuse himself of treason for doing so. And the new “partnership,” also pursued by his successors, had the inestimable advantage of driving the Russians up the wall.

Following the welcome, but inconvenient, demise of the Soviet Union, policy wonks turned to Japan as the next great peril. There the then-mighty yen and some flashy purchases of overpriced U.S. real estate fueled visions of a Japanese takeover. Would the Rockettes wear kimonos now that Radio City Music Hall was owned by Sony? But the Big Scare was swept away by the Big Crash in Japan’s real estate market in the early ’90s.

Books on the inevitable war with Japan were put through the shredder and are now, with different authors but a similar message, emerging with China as the new archenemy. While the Japanese are infinitely richer, the Chinese are staggeringly more numerous, and thus raise fears of inundation rather than of leveraged buyouts.

So it is that, although the United States is indisputably king of the hill, the crown sits uneasily. An odd assortment of groups—cold war liberals, Christian fundamentalists, human rights absolutists, old-line anticommunists—have banded together in uneasy alliance to rouse the nation to the *new* threat from the East.

Republicans claim that the Chinese

government has tried to influence U.S. policy by illegally funneling money to the Democrats. In a fund-raising letter, the National Republican Senatorial Committee charged that the White House has been sold for “ILLEGAL FOREIGN CASH” to a “Communist regime.” The accusation brought in tens of thousands of checks from the party faithful, irate that foreigners might try to lobby American politicians. Of course, lobbyists’ money is the mother’s milk of Congress, and it is a favored tool of friendly governments, too. What the Chinese, following the inspiring example of Taiwan and Japan, seek through lobbying is to head off protectionism and preserve their \$40-billion-a-year trade surplus with the United States.

Maybe protectionism in certain egregious cases is not a bad thing, as some iconoclasts on both sides of the aisle have been arguing. But that is a different issue. The point is that no such charges of a foreign government trying to buy an American election have been proven. And even if any government tried to do so, heaven forbid, it would be following a path laid out by the United States itself.

For the past fifty years, Washington, usually through the CIA, has installed, subverted and toppled foreign governments; secretly subsidized political parties and fomented coups; bribed politicians; and spent billions influencing public opinion. It has even plotted, sometimes successfully, to murder foreign officials, such as Fidel Castro and Patrice Lumumba of the Congo. The CIA helped overthrow governments it considered too leftist, such as those in Iran, Guatemala and Chile; subsidized right-wing political groups even in democratic allied states like Italy; bought elections for friendly politicians in the Philippines, Lebanon and Nepal; and took secret donations from American corporations to carry out its operations.

The tradition continues, if less blatantly. An obliging Congress provides \$30 million annually to the National Endowment for Democracy to do openly what the CIA did secretly: subsidize political parties, labor unions, political dissidents and the media in dozens of countries—including China. Given this record, let us please have an end to expressions of mock horror and shock that any country might stoop so low as to seek influence over our politics with filthy lucre.

Of course, this does not seem to bother us at all if the country concerned is an obliging one, such as Israel, Taiwan

or South Korea—or even China a few years ago. But China today, as Zbigniew Brzezinski has observed, has become our “enemy of the year. . . . It fits very nicely an obsessive state of mind.”

What is it exactly that the Chinese are doing that the alarm-sounders find so ominous? Their goal, according to the authors of a new book, *The Coming Conflict with China*, is “to ensure that no country in the region . . . will act without taking China’s interests into prime consideration.”

While this does not seem like such a startling ambition (it is what the United States insists upon in this hemisphere, and indeed almost everywhere else), it is disturbing to those who believe it is

in the natural order of things that the United States indefinitely retain dominance in East Asia. Every attempt to exert Chinese influence is perceived as a threat to America’s own current hegemony. The U.S. objective in Asia, these authors tell us, “must be to prevent China’s size, power, and ambition from making it a

regional hegemon.”

But it is not at all clear that this is the goal of China’s current leaders; nor, if so, that it is even a feasible goal, considering how other major powers in the region, such as India, Japan, Indonesia and Russia, feel about it; nor that the American people will indefinitely support Washington’s conviction that the United States must remain the hegemon of Asia, just as it is of every other part of the world. In the long run, neither China nor Japan will accept the claim that America has a right to be the dominant power in their region. As William Pfaff, the most discerning of all foreign affairs commentators, has written, it is not China but “the United States that is increasingly the destabilizing factor in East Asia.”

Ultimately, the balance of power in Asia will have to be worked out among Asians. The United States is a Pacific power, not a mainland Asia power. It is as unnatural for Washington to demand that it has the right to be Asia’s hegemon as it would be for Beijing or Tokyo to demand the right to be the hegemon in the Americas. We will have to get over the assumption that being the “sole surviving superpower” gives us the right to decide what everyone else’s interests should be. The world doesn’t work that way, and we are in for major trouble if we refuse to recognize that.

RONALD STEEL





# BOOKS & The Arts

## Stanley Kauffmann on Films

### A Lost Love?

In 1966 I published an article called "The Film Generation," which was prompted by the then immense appetite for film in young people. In 1985 I published an article called "After the Film Generation," which was prompted by the dwindling of that appetite. I hazarded some reasons for the steep change in a relatively brief time: the thinning of the flow of excellent films that came from Europe and Japan in the 1960s and early '70s; the effect of film courses, which, for non-specialists, now seemed to finish off their interest, just as literature courses so often do for non-specialists; the decline of university film societies from alertness to crowd-pleasing; and the rise of rock, of which I knew and know nothing but which had clearly attracted many of the intelligent young. In 1993 I reprinted that second article in a collection and noted that, eight years later, the condition had not brightened.

Recently, comment in this threnodic vein has increased, usually concentrating less on the quality of new films than on the dwindling appetite among young people. The most trenchant comment, predictably enough, came from Susan Sontag, who last year published an article in *The New York Times Magazine* called "The Decay of Cinema." (In fuller form, under the title "A Century of Cinema," this article appears in the "Movies" issue of *Parnassus*.) Sontag centers her elegy on what she calls cinephilia (more or less what I had called "appetite"): "if cinephilia is dead, then movies are dead, too." And other voices have joined the mourning chorus.

Disagreement followed, of course. For

example: Laurence Goldstein and Ira Konigsberg have edited an anthology called *The Movies*, drawn from two special issues of the *Michigan Quarterly Review*, and they say in their introduction, "This book has been assembled in order to assert the opposite point of view" from Sontag's, to locate "dynamic forces certain to impel filmmakers and audiences alike toward a continuous series of satisfying encounters in the dark."

It's my own dilemma that, by now, I find weight in both views. Sontag's view is easy, terribly easy, to support. Film books, which once were prominent in bookshops, are now stuck in the back, and there are fewer of them. Bright university students, whose predecessors cared about the best films of the present and past, now don't even know that they haven't seen those films. Earlier in this decade I spent four years teaching the history of film to undergraduate film majors, most of whom had never heard of Ford or Bergman or Kurosawa, though some of them thought they had heard of Chap-

lin. Those majors, who knew all about lenses and tape transfers, resented having to watch silent films or sound films in black and white. And as for subtitles. . . .

Thus the cinephilia situation is worse than when I began lamenting it. All the reasons I offered still hold, and there is also, as I have heard from students, the eagerness of some film teachers to cater to students' predispositions or gender or ethnicity or whatever, rather than assuming that the purpose of education is to broaden.

There's another factor that is a heavy blow to cinephilia. The latter-day economics of the film world have greatly constricted film availability. In the past the best foreign films and the most adventurous foreign films admittedly never got the distribution of the Hollywood biggies, but now the situation is much worse; because costs are so much higher and distributors are even more reluctant to take chances on films of limited appeal. (This caution has worked backward to reduce drastically the number of foreign films imported every year.)

Too many times I write here about a film, domestic or foreign, that may not get adequate distribution in the U.S. I must recognize, as best I can, the good work being done in film; anything else would be an offense to the readers of this magazine and to the art of film. (Otherwise the weekly *Variety* box office report could replace this column.) But it is wrong, culturally and morally wrong, that so many of the people who might respond to those films are going to have a tough time getting to see them. Tapes eventually help, but not always—and not in theaters. There's a difference.

The situation is inarguably dark. But is it black? I think not. First, much of what we read and see conveys that there are people in this country ready to respond (certain mole-like film students excepted). Some resident theaters report upturns in attendance—and I've been told that in many localities where there are robust resident theaters there is little chance to see good films. Museum attendance has long been prospering. Those

### FILMS WORTH SEEING

**Guantanamera.** A funeral cortège across Cuba runs into some complications that both satirize bureaucracy and kindle romance. Tomás Gutiérrez Alea's last film is engaging. (Reviewed 7/29/97) **In the Company of Men.** In a classical theater tradition, two modern young men play a cruel prank on a young woman. Results, of course, surprise. Very finely written and directed by Neil LaBute, with a scintillating cast. (9/1/97) **Mrs. Brown.** The odd, almost unbelievable story of the widowed Queen Victoria and the Scottish groom. Well acted by Judi Dench and Billy Connolly. (8/4/97) **Ulee's Gold.** Peter Fonda, quietly firm, as a Florida beekeeper whose family gets involved with criminals. The local life is explored lovingly by the director Victor Nunez. (7/7/97)—SK



aren't just numbers, those are people.

Second, the dire conditions noted above leave us with a large question. If film prospects are so cloudy, why do gifted people go on making films? Let's limit ourselves to American films, and let's omit the interesting films that come along occasionally from mainstream sources, and still we can cite—only since last August—such films as *Manny and Lo*, *Walking and Talking*, *Sling Blade*, *The Daytrippers*, *Chasing Amy*, *Traveller* and *In the Company of Men*. Except for *Sling Blade*, how many of those films reached or will reach anything like the number of people who could have responded to them? (And wouldn't this response, this confirmation that film is accomplishing beauty and relevance, have done a good deal to resuscitate cinephilia?)

The people who made those films knew very well the conditions they were facing. Why did they proceed anyway? Well, in a sense, they were stuck. Stuck with film-making talent. Like composers who write symphonies and operas despite the conditions of the musical world, these filmmakers knew that not to make films is a species of suicide. What these people and their colleagues here and abroad are hoping for is the closing of

the gap—between their work and the public for whom they have done it.

Can that gap be closed? Without being overly roseate, we have a right to hope so. First, we can at least acknowledge that the gap exists, which means, primarily, recognizing that good films are being made here and abroad (even though the cornucopia of foreign films no longer overflows). The trouble is not that modern film-making is arid. The good work arrives and, in reasonable measure, keeps arriving. But where does it go? "Only connect!" said E.M. Forster. We might purloin the phrase for the film world's banner.

Two suggestions. Universities have some responsibility and opportunity here, and I don't just mean film departments, though they could lead. Administration and faculty people could do much to see that students get, through film series, enlightenment about current and past film equivalents to programs about other arts and world affairs. Second, film theaters around the country, in college towns and elsewhere, have a chance to help and perhaps even profit. Whatever happened to special weekend midnight showings?

Optimism is possibly too grandiose a term to use here. Persistence isn't. •

## Bettie Page and the fate of pleasure in America.

### Chicks and Chuckles

BY MARGARET TALBOT

Poor glutton smirking us. We live in an age when pop culture is our history and history is our flea market. Kitsch never dies; it lacks the gravity to die; it just circles back, with a new price tag and a hopeful air. It turns out that no junk is junky enough to be consigned to the obsolescence for which it was intended—not fake fur or Formica, not Russ Meyer or Ed Wood, not Esquivel or Abba. We do not lament the passing of things that were meant to last; we lament the passing of things that were meant not to last. We refuse to be robbed of a past by a culture of transience. It is our lot, therefore, to be overrun, or to overrun ourselves, with the schlock not only of today, but of two, three, four decades past. Oblivion, it seems, is worse than vulgarity. And so we claim ephemera for posterity.

There are technological explanations

for this phenomenon, and economic ones, too. The Internet, with its capacity for linking up thousands of otherwise furtive fans and collectors, for bringing everybody and everything in from the periphery to the center, for infinitely replicating shards and shards of trivia, has accelerated the redemption of

Bettie Page:

*The Life of a Pin-Up Legend*

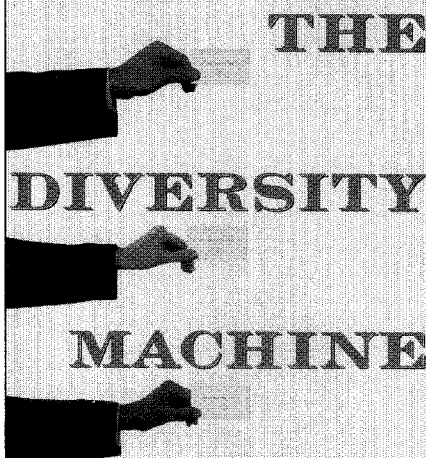
by Karen Essex and James L. Swanson  
(General Publishing Group, 288 pp., \$40)

kitsch. So has the CD, for which it seems that there never was a minor composer or a justly neglected performance or a girl group too obscure or a lounge act too goofy. Consider only the Capitol CD series with such self-consciously retro titles as "Bongo Land," "Ultra-Lounge" and "Bossanovaville," risibly awful music

**"The timing of...  
The Diversity  
Machine could  
not be better....**

Mr. Lynch uncovers  
some delicious  
hypocrisies."

—The Wall Street Journal



THE DRIVE TO CHANGE THE  
"WHITE MALE WORKPLACE"

FREDERICK R. LYNCH  
AUTHOR OF INVISIBLE VICTIMS, WHITE MALES AND THE CRISIS OF AFFIRMATIVE ACTION

**"Required reading for anyone  
who wants to participate in  
this highly charged debate."**

—Booklist

**"Insightfully goes right to the  
heart of what is disturbing  
about...diversity shops and  
programs."**

—Across the Board

**"A strongly reasoned  
indictment....**

Crushes the baggage of slogans,  
moralisms, and stereotypes that  
have shielded diversity  
management from  
careful analysis."

—Orange County Register

**FP THE FREE PRESS**  
Celebrating 50 Years of Free Thought  
<http://www.SimonSays.com>



brought proudly and brilliantly back. The shorter the history, the more relentless the recycling. (It was American popular music that invented the concept of "instant gold.") Or consider Nick-at-Nite-type cable TV, with its endless appetite for content as familiar and as soothing as the wallpaper in our childhood bedrooms.

But behind these material facts is a sensibility, an attitude toward the past, and toward collecting, that might be described as ironic preservationism. Ironic preservationism differs from its straight counterpart—the world of genealogy and heritage movements and lovingly restored country houses—in that it resurrects objects not for their beauty or their craftsmanship or the lasting superiority of their forms or materials, but for the very inverse of these qualities: their cheesiness, their triviality, their banality, their disposability. It differs, too, from earlier preservationist movements in that the appeal of an object does not lie in the way that time has made it recondite. For the ironic preservationist, mystery holds no attraction. The more crudely legible an artifact, the better. An original poster for *Reefer Madness*, or *Faster, Pussycat, Kill, Kill*, is a great find partly because it is so undemanding of the mind or the sensibility, so unashamedly garish, so naked of pretension.

The ironic preservationist is ironic because he is preserving what was made to be forgotten. The danger for such a collector is that he begins to see the past as a congeries of gags, a grab bag of "novelty items" (a term of art, in the world of American kitsch, like the term "collectibles"), a freak show. He believes in regress, but he is not what you would call conservative; he is trying instead to recapture the impermanence of yesteryear. Of course, this is impossible, and so the precious artifacts are merely fetishized. In the tackiness of the B-movies and the third-rate torch songs of the '50s and '60s, he finds innocence. (Nobody in the '50s and '60s did.)

The ironic preservationist is not indifferent to history so much as addled by it. In part his attitude is a rejection of the discontinuities of consumer culture, the swift passing of the latest thing. By honoring all this negligible stuff, he asserts his mastery over the acceleration of the past. The "new and improved" are a joke to him. (He will enjoy them later.) The more fads and entertainments the culture produces, the more stubbornly he clings to those of earlier decades for stability. The usual explanation for historic

preservation movements is that, in a throwaway society, people will hunger for something that lasts, for an object made with some care and to some kind of serious accepted aesthetic standard, and intended for some kind of posterity. But what if you determine to make the throwaway itself endure? To make it outlive the use-by date that capitalism stamps in ghostly ink on every pop cultural creation? Now that is a victory!

As the British historian Raphael Sam-



uel writes, describing the more mainstream phenomenon of retro-chic, the idea is not to "deceive anyone into a hallucinatory sense of oneness with the past, but on the contrary [to cultivate] an air of ironic detachment and distance. Retrochic ... involves not an obsession with past but an indifference to it: only when history has ceased to matter can it be treated as a sport." There is some truth to this argument, but it is a little unfair. The motives of the ironic preservationist are complicated. There

is tenderness in his inanity. He wants access to a kind of purity: the purity of pure schlock. Like Frank O'Hara, he longs to be "at least as alive as the vulgar." He is often more sentimental than cool. Sometimes the ironic preservationist exalts the kitsch of the past—his Yma Sumac records, his velvet paintings, his pulp novels—because it is bizarre or amusing, sometimes because it reminds him, humbly, of something that's missing from the time in which he must live now. And so it is with the lubricious dreamworld of Bettie Page.

From 1950 to 1957, Bettie Page was America's underground pin-up queen, the secret crush of thousands of men who married young and wondered what they had missed. Her career as an erotic icon took her from moderately saucy beach blanket shots (the stuff of calendars hung discreetly in the garage) to mail-order stag films with sadomasochistic themes and titles such as *Captive Jungle Girl* (the stuff of congressional investigations). It took her from a time in porn history when nearly nude pictures of nearly pretty girls in static cheese-cake poses were still scandalous enough to pack an erotic charge to a time in which psychosexual motifs such as fetishism and domination were increasingly mass-marketed and porn was supposed to tell a story (with a beginning, a middle and a climax).

She started out posing nude or in homemade bikinis, frolicking in the Long Island surf for the benefit of amateur "camera clubs"—hobbyists, shutterbugs and geeks who took pictures for their personal use and so were not bound by the obscenity laws that limited nudity in men's publications of the day. From there, she did cheerful photo spreads for magazines such as *Wink* and *Tattler* and *Eye-ful*; *Dare* and *Bold* and *Peek*; *Art Photography* and *Modern Sunbathing*. And finally, in what Bettie Page's fans call her "Dark Angel" period, she did a noirish series of photos and silent film loops shot in New York by a genially sleazy stag

photographer named Irving Klaw and his devoted sister Paula. Bettie and the other Klaw models, all women, usually wore the distinctive, thickly armatured underwear of the '50s—appropriately called foundation garments—and high, high heels as black and glistening as wet asphalt. Sometimes they performed burlesque shimmies, sometimes they donned leather corsets and gloves and brandished whips and hairbrushes, sometimes they trussed one another up. As in all s&m, props played a



vital role and were lavished with beady-eyed attention. The settings were always delightfully low-rent; the action slow, deliberate, exaggerated. Since no men appear in the films—to include men would have been to guarantee an obscenity conviction—these short films sometimes suggest a sort of lesbian theme park, an underground network of tacky motels where you could always find tough babes playing cards in their underwear, smoking cigarettes in their underwear, menacing one another with hairbrushes in their underwear, rolling around on shag rugs in their underwear.

In each of these guises, Bettie Page looked much the same. She always wore her dark hair long and loose, with page-boy bangs, which gave her a modern, intelligent look. In almost any decade, this particular hairstyle—straight hair and bangs, the bob or a variation on it—seems to grant its wearers a purchase on modernity. (Think of how contemporary Louise Brooks appears next to other stars of the 1920s.) Partly by virtue of its association with the flapper, the straight-hair-and-bangs style has long signified free-thinking, self-possession and a crisp, unromantic Bohemianism.

Bettie Page was nearly always well-toned and smooth-skinned, with a flattering all-over tan. But she had a body that was unusual among sex goddesses then and now in that it was lovely in a plausible way—neither as impossibly sinewy as a contemporary fashion model's nor as busty as Mansfield's or Monroe's. It was, above all, a body in which she always managed to look supremely at ease. She seemed as comfortable as a pre-adolescent girl, though with her full breasts, and the womanly pooch of her slightly convex tummy, she hardly looked the gamine.

We know all this about Bettie Page not only, or even primarily, because she was so fervently admired in her brief heyday. Those first admirers tended to keep their obsession to themselves. We know it because she is so fervently admired today, the object of a cult that has done nothing to keep its secret to itself. Page is the subject of a two-hour documentary that aired on the cable network E! Entertainment Television last spring, and of a forthcoming HBO movie. On the web, you can find more than 100 sites dedicated to her. Her photographs from the '50s fetch good money at trade shows and at groovy little downtown shops and at Bettie Page theme nights hosted by clubs in Los Angeles, New York and Atlanta. Hip models have been photographed to look like her (they don't); hip designers claim to have been influenced by her. There is a fan club, The

## A New York Times' University Press Top Seller\*...

### The Measure of Reality

Quantification and  
Western Society, 1250-1600

Alfred W. Crosby

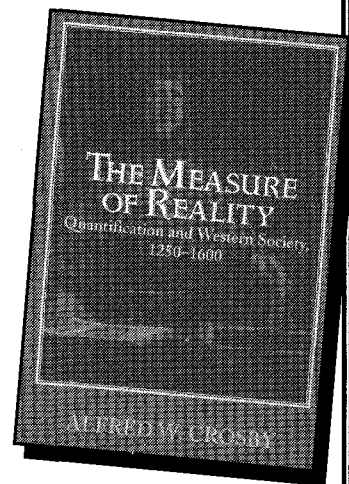
*"...Mr. Crosby tells a heroic story of  
discovery and change that many readers  
will turn to for enlightenment."*

— New York Times Book Review

*"It's not often that one wishes a scholarly  
book were longer. In the case of  
The Measure of Reality, one does."*

— Civilization

55427-6 Hardback \$24.95



\*New York Times Book Review, Sunday, June 15, 1997

Available in bookstores or from

**CAMBRIDGE  
UNIVERSITY PRESS**

40 West 20th Street, New York, NY 10011-4211.

Call toll-free 800-872-7423.

Web site: <http://www.cup.org>

MasterCard/VISA accepted. Prices subject to change.

## Launching Now!

## Full text. Online. [www.ciaonet.org](http://www.ciaonet.org)

### Columbia International Affairs Online

(CIAO) provides instant access to complete texts of scholarly documents from the world's leading international affairs research centers and policy institutes. Fully edited by the Editorial Advisory Board, only the most relevant and current material in the field of international affairs is selected. And the amount of information you'll get each year is equivalent to the texts of 100 journals. Now there's a way to eliminate the risk of missing crucial information on emerging theory and strategies in global politics, economics, and security—all without leaving your desk.

#### CIAO offers instant access to:

- full texts of working papers, abstracts, and conference proceedings from leading research centers
- full texts of books and abstracts of journal articles
- reports of research projects from around the world
- a calendar of conferences, seminars, and other meetings
- cross-referenced articles and links to related sites
- monthly archiving of the past year's information; yearly archiving of older information
- interactive capabilities that allow comments on papers, correspondence with authors, and announcements of events and projects



#### To subscribe:

For more information on subscriptions, pricing, and demos, contact Claire Wyckoff at ext. 7134 or [cw204@columbia.edu](mailto:cw204@columbia.edu)

#### To contribute:

For more information on how you or your institution can become a participating contributor, contact Lincoln Ellis at [lse6@columbia.edu](mailto:lse6@columbia.edu)



**Columbia University Press**

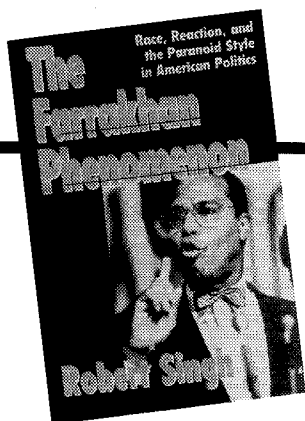
562 WEST 113TH STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10025

TEL: (212) 666-1000 FAX: (212) 316-9422

[www.columbia.edu/cu/cup](http://www.columbia.edu/cu/cup)

**Stop by APSA Booths 610•612 for a live demonstration**





## The Farrakhan Phenomenon

*Race, Reaction, and the Paranoid Style in American Politics*

ROBERT SINGH

"Singh has written an exciting and balanced account of Farrakhan's career and place in American racial politics. . . . In telling the Farrakhan story, Singh does a first-rate job of relating Farrakhan's move from the margins of American racial politics to the center."—Clarence E. Walker, Professor of History, University of California, Davis

352 pp. September 1997

ISBN 0-87840-658-1, paper, \$17.95

## Green Politics and Global Trade

*NAFTA and the Future of Environmental Politics*

JOHN J. AUDLEY

*American Governance and Public Policy series*

288 pp. October 1997

ISBN 0-87840-651-4, paper, \$21.95

## After Development

*The Transformation of the Korean Presidency and Bureaucracy*

SUNG DEUK HAHM AND

L. CHRISTOPHER PLEIN

192 pp. September 1997

ISBN 0-87840-660-3, paper, \$24.95

## Directory of International Economic Organizations

HANS-ALBRECHT SCHRAEPLER

512 pp. October 1997

ISBN 0-87840-633-6, cloth, \$65.00

At Bookstores, or from

**GEORGETOWN  
UNIVERSITY PRESS**

P.O. BOX 4866, HAMPDEN STATION

BALTIMORE, MD 21211-4866

PHONE: 800-246-9606 OR 410-516-6995

FAX: 410-516-6998

Bettie Scouts of America, based in Kansas City, Kansas, and a magazine, *The Bettie Pages*, published in New York by an unusually devoted Bettie buff named Greg Theakston. And now there is a handsome, besotted tribute book, *Bettie Page: The Life of a Pin-Up Legend* by Karen Essex and James L. Swanson, a biography of a sort, which has an anecdote-laden text based on interviews with the 74-year-old Page.

So, you might reasonably ask, what is it about Bettie Page? Why does her image still capture the imagination, while legions of her cohorts in the nude modeling trade could barely sell a publicity still to save their pasties?

Bettie's fans tend to answer that question with the naughty-but-nice paradox. For Karen Essex and James L. Swanson, Bettie Page "embodied the stereotypical wholesomeness of the Fifties and the hidden sexuality straining beneath the surface. . . . Her fresh-faced beauty was the perfect camouflage for what lurked beneath her veneer—the exotic, whip-snapping dark angel. In Bettie Page, forbidden longings were made safe by an ideal American girl." For Steve Sullivan, the author of a methodically researched history of the pin-up called *Va Va Voom!*, there's a "fascinating duality" in Bettie's photographs, "which run the gamut from sunny innocence to sinister darkness." Truth is, though, that's a gamut run rather often in pornography. The appeal of the sweet-faced girl with the bod for sin is as old as the oldest dirty postcard, and as common as guilt.

It is true that Bettie Page may have been especially gifted at conveying the naughty-but-nice fantasy. Hers was an era in which the expectation of female frigidity was still a widely accepted axiom of sexual lore. When it came to sex, explained an article in *Life* magazine in 1953, the female is "simply by virtue of her own physiology and through no coyness or stubbornness of her own, disinterested, unresponsive, and in fact sometimes downright frigid. . . . The average woman . . . can certainly take sex or leave it alone." She "considers the human body, if anything, rather repulsive." In such a context, the look of sweet sexual eagerness—neither too aloof nor too ravenous—that was Bettie Page's specialty must have gone a long way.

Still, it can't entirely explain her popularity, particularly today. To account for it, we have to go further afield—into the realm of nostalgia and the yearning for a vanished sense of the illicit, a sense of the illicit that was the other side of a sense of the innocent. We could do

worse, though, than to start with her smile.

Bettie Page's smile—it looks more and more bemused, especially in some of the Klaw photographs—is crucial not only to the naughty-but-nice effect, but also to something more complex and lasting about her appeal. Above all else, perhaps, her pictures, and the expressions that she adopts in them, convey a sensation of joy in her work—her joy, not the viewer's. It is the joy of a talent finding an outlet, and it hardly matters that the talent is not for painting or policy analysis, but for exhibitionism. These are images of a woman who will not be ruined by sex, but made by it. In her nude photos, she holds her head up high. She wears her insouciance like a halo. If eroticism is the promise of pleasure, then these pictures are not, strictly speaking, erotic. For they promise nothing. They are not images of desire, they are images of happiness. And so what they demonstrate, in a way, is the unerotic character of happiness. If one tingles at the sight of them, it is almost with envy.

In fact, when it comes to certain clichés of nude modeling, Bettie Page is clearly inept. She never stares vacantly into the middle distance, dreamy and compliant. She can't really smolder, and she doesn't do sultry. When she acts the part of the dominatrix in the Klaw photographs, she narrows her eyes and knits her brow fiercely and mostly looks silly. When she plays the passive role, tied up by another Klaw model, her moue of distress is goggle-eyed, comically exaggerated; she might as well be a silent movie heroine lashed to a train track. She's game, she's diligent, but she never seems to inhabit a role or to let it consume her. She won't take it seriously. And no woman ever inflamed a man by giggling.

In *Bettie Page: The Life of a Pin-Up Legend*, Paula Klaw praises Bettie as a woman of many expressions who "could have been an actress." But the truth is that she always looks the same; and that is her particular grace. What lifts her photos above the blankness and the deadness of so much porn and pseudo-porn is the stubborn, exuberant persistence of a self, the irreducible core of a personality shining through. Bettie is never inert; she is always Bettie; the girl can't help it. Often her pictures are curiously unarousing, as though the undeniable presence of a particular person in all these erotic set-ups (Bettie in pom-poms, Bettie in heels, Bettie in chains) could only undermine their purpose. The effect is of objectification without anonymity; objectification with-



out abstraction. In this way, the aim of pornography—to let the viewer generalize from this body to other bodies, including his own—is unwittingly thwarted.

There is a wonderful photo in Essex and Swanson's book, a candid shot taken in Irving Klaw's "studio." Klaw is in the background, rumpled and overweight and grinning because he's just put his foot through a shabby prop staircase. Bettie is standing in front of him, wearing black-and-white lace lingerie and vivid coral-red lipstick. She has her head thrown back and she's cracking up—laughing, one imagines, at the whole enterprise of dirty pictures. And what's wonderful about the photo is that it's not really so different, in its mood of gentle mockery, from some of the posed photos taken in the same setting. It reminds you that in interviews Bettie Page always described her modeling as a kick. "I was happy cavorting around stark naked on the beach," she said. Or, of the Klaw photos, "The other models and I enjoyed doing these crazy things. The craziest thing I was asked to do was pose as a pony, wearing a leather outfit with a lead and everything. We just died laughing." Bettie Page represents something unusual: she's the sex joke who's in on the joke. Unlike the Judy Holliday type, the sexy ditz who isn't supposed to know that she is sexy, Bettie Page is fully aware of the comedy of desire. It was altogether appropriate that in October 1955 she adorned the cover of a magazine called *Chicks and Chuckles*.

Of course, remarks such as the ones I've just quoted might suggest that Bettie Page achieved her equanimity about her work at the price of a certain lack of imagination. To this day, she can't seem to fathom why anyone would have considered Klaw's work pornographic. By today's standards, it wasn't—it contained no nudity, no simulated sex acts. Still, her disingenuousness can make her sound a bit thick. About the Kefauver Commission, the congressional investigation that targeted Klaw in 1955, Page professes bafflement. "They thought Irving was doing pornography. I don't know where they got that idea," she told Essex and Swanson. "Irving was a very nice fellow, his models were never naked and there were never any men in the photographs." And her own role in the fetish photographs? "It was part of posing and posing was very natural to me." Besides, she says, "I was young and open to new experiences."

Anti-porn feminists, among others, might dismiss such attitudes as evidence of false consciousness, a numb refusal to

## SHAPING HISTORY

### THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SIXTIES

Young Americans for Freedom and the Rise of Conservative Politics

JOHN ANDREW

"Professor Andrew's book fills a gaping hole in the social/political history of the Sixties. He tells us now of the spirited movement of young people that peaked in the election of Ronald Reagan."

—William F. Buckley, Jr.

280 pp. Paper \$19.95; Cloth, \$50.00

NEW IN PAPERBACK

### CHANGING DIFFERENCES

Women and the Shaping of American Foreign Policy, 1917-1994

RHODRI JEFFREYS-JONES

"Jeffreys-Jones is to be applauded for his pioneering efforts to bring together women's history and the history of foreign policy."

—*Journal of American History*

275 pp. 10 b&w illus. Paper, \$17.95

**RUTGERS**  
university press

Available in bookstores or call (800) 446-9323

## THE SECOND REPUBLIC: POLITICS IN ISRAEL

Asher Arian, *Graduate Center, City University of New York*

ISBN: 1-56643-052-6 432 pp. paper \$29.95

"This is a bold account of contemporary Israeli politics, emphasizing the historic impact of the Oslo peace process and drawing magnificently on Asher Arian's unrivaled command of voting, demographic, and public opinion data. Israel is being transformed before our eyes. Arian helps show us how."

Ian Lustick, *University of Pennsylvania*

"An excellent guide to Israeli politics, informed by a political scientist's analytical perspective and written in a clear, engaging style. In Arian's view, Israel is entering its 'second republic' phase, one in which peace is a possibility, political and economic institutions are being reshaped, the demographic makeup of the country is changing, and leadership remains crucial. With so much new on the Israeli political scene, Arian also reminds the reader of the continuities that have shaped Israel during its nearly fifty years as an independent state."

William B. Quandt, *University of Virginia*

### CHATHAM HOUSE PUBLISHERS, INC.

Box One, Chatham NJ 07928 Tel: (973) 635-2059 Fax: (973) 635-9366  
E-mail: [chatham@gti.net](mailto:chatham@gti.net) <http://www.chathamhouse.com>

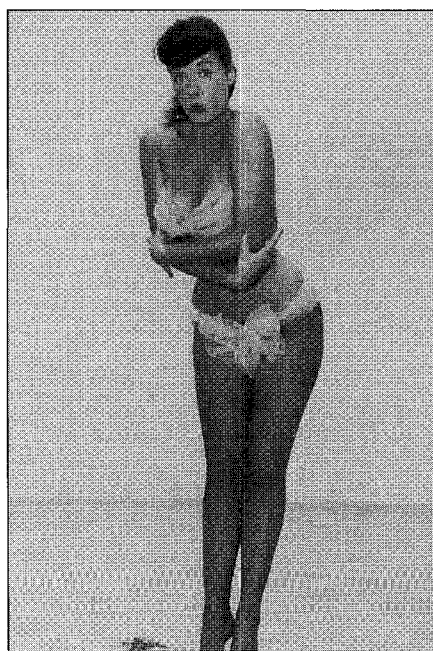


acknowledge a career built on her own abjection. But Page's comments remind me of something else: the attitude of a whole generation of entertainers who came to Hollywood or New York from small towns in middle America, propelled by their good looks, prepared to work hard and generally modest in their expectations of success. There were hundreds, maybe thousands, of such B-movie actors in the '40s and '50s. They never studied the Method, never thought of what they did as art, never figured on living like Hollywood royalty. They called their work show biz, and felt forever grateful that it was a biz at all, that they could actually be paid for playacting. (They tended to be rather dim when it came to managing money.) There was about performers like that—and about Bettie Page and some of her peers in the middlebrow cheesecake line—a common but sublime sincerity, an ability to laugh at themselves but not ironically, a disposition workmanlike and quietly exultant. Call it the dignity of silly work.

It is this sincerity, incidentally, that makes Bettie Page an unfit subject for an academic field such as cultural studies, which has produced so many admiring tomes on the likes of Madonna, Mae West and Larry Flynt. Some of the discipline's leading practitioners are certainly drawn to porn and its above-ground analogues (Calvin Klein ads, Victoria's Secret catalogs, Spice Girls videos). There is Laura Kipnis, an associate professor in the Department of Radio-Television-Film at Northwestern University, who lionizes Flynt as a symbol of "Rabelaisian transgression" in her book *Bound and Gagged: Pornography and the Politics of Fantasy in America*; and there is Constance Penley, who teaches a class on dirty movies at U.C. Santa Barbara and has written an essay called "Crackers and Whackers: The White Trashing of Porn." For Kipnis and Penley and their ilk, self-described feminists who argue earnestly for the "transgressive" and "subversive" qualities of, say, *Hustler* magazine, an interest in salacious pictures must always be justified in (leftish) political terms. As Kipnis writes, in the introduction to *Bound and Gagged*, pornography poses "a number of philosophical questions ... questions concerning the social compact and the price of repression ... questions about how sexuality and gender roles are performed, about class, aesthetics, utopia, rebellion, power, desire, and commodification. ... [Porn] speaks to its audience because it's thoroughly astute about who we are underneath the social veneer, astute about the costs of cultural conformity and the

discontent at the core of routinized lives and normative sexuality." For all their assurances that they are really wild women, capable of slinging obscenities and laughing at gross-out jokes, there is something priggish about the work of these professors, and its insistence that there is far, far more to porn than getting off. They're like middle-class radicals swilling Pabst Blue Ribbon not because they like it, but because it's what the proles drink.

Anyway, Bettie Page is a little too sunny, a little too close to the philistine ideal of sex, for the cultural studies types. Unlike Mae West, she's not offering a vision of femininity so exaggerated that it verges on parody or transvestism. She's a more regular fantasy. Strictly speaking, she's not even a fantasy. Who in his right mind would try to seduce



© Bunny Yeager

her? And what women tend to like about her—many of her fans are women—is her ease in her body, the sense that she conveys of having made sex her ally.

One reason that Bettie Page may have managed to look as blithe as she does in so many of her photographs is that when she posed she was often surrounded by women. And they weren't just models, but photographers, too. Indeed, one of the surprising aspects of the pin-up world in those days—surprising given what we think we know about sex roles in the 1950s and what we think we know about the "male" gaze—is the extent to which it was populated, even dominated, by women. Hardworking Paula Klaw not only trussed and tied the models on bondage shoots, she also took many of the photographs. There were female photographers in the camera clubs, who helped create what Bettie called "the

homey atmosphere" on the shoots. And Bettie worked frequently with the pin-up photographer Bunny Yeager, who had herself been a model, and who considered her empathy with her subjects one of her greatest assets. (Yeager produced one of the few genuinely witty pictures of Bettie, and it's kind of a girl joke: Bettie posing stark naked, but with the accoutrements of lady-like femininity—elegant pocketbook, tearoom hat, pursed lips, finishing school posture.)

Ironically, if Bettie Page had seemed more estranged from her body, able to speak of it (or at least treat it) as though it were a commodity, she might be of greater interest to the cultural studies crowd. Jayne Mansfield, the creamhorn with the grand tetons, always knew exactly how much her endowment was worth. And in talking about it, she sometimes sounded a note of sophisticated alienation that cultural studies scholars might find sufficiently subversive. "I have a ridiculous body. My waist is practically invisible, and my bust is floundering around somewhere in the 40s," Mansfield once said. "And there's no point in discussing the rest. It's a wild body, and I'm just sick of it for being so unusual. ... The only good thing about it is that it's a commercial body. ... It got me where I am." But Bettie Page never had the pontoon-like breasts that, in the age before plastic surgery created bazongas for the masses, seemed to grant their owners the status of freakish high-priestesses in a mammary cult. Pin-up stars such as June Wilkinson ("The Bosom") or Meg Myles ("Miss Chest 1957") or Jayne Mansfield (whose studio chair on the Warner Brothers' lot bore the figures 40-21-35½ in lieu of her name) could not escape their breasts. They *were* their breasts. The more moderately endowed Bettie had the possibility—the luxury, you might say—of seeing her own body whole.

The Bettie Page photographs, like all pin-ups, are incitements, but not only to sex. They are incitements also to nostalgia. I look at her pictures and I wonder what it was like to be a young woman on one's own in the city, one of those single girls who came to New York in the 1950s and early '60s hoping to escape their allotted destinies as young wives, young mothers and young suburbanites. In Essex and Swanson's book, there is a scrapbook photo of Bettie and her sister Goldie as teenagers that is like a prehistory, in miniature, of that migration. The year is 1941, and Bettie and Goldie are in their backyard in Nashville, pretending to be Ziegfeld girls. Everything in the background of the picture—the smudgy clouds, the



drooping telephone wires, the clapboard house, the overgrown garden—seems to suggest Home. And everything in the girls' stance—the way they've twitched up their floral wrappers to show off their pretty legs, the expressions they've adopted, self-consciously sexy and wistful at the same time—suggests the yearning to leave Home. In a way, all the pictures that came later, all the pin-ups of Bettie in torpedo bras, fishnet stockings, harem-girl outfits, polka-dot bikinis or nothing at all, are the record of what happened to that yearning, that electric hankering to be someone new somewhere else.

Bettie Page's particular cohort of city girls was mostly working class. They headed for New York or Chicago after the war, hoping for a job in the expanding pink-collar sector—in some glamorous office tower with wedding cake trim, maybe. Scared girls, sexy girls, average girls; but a little bit braver. Girls with names like Gladys and Rita and Thelma. Girls who listened to Julie London and Peggy Lee records. Girls who lived in Brooklyn. Girls who went out with married men and took themselves to the Automat for Boston cream pie and black coffee. Girls with hennaed hair and pallid skin and bitten fingernails. Girls who wore tight skirts and cinch belts made of patent leather. Girls who might be played, in the movies, by Gloria Grahame or Jane Greer or Shelley Winters. Girls who left small towns where they could hardly breathe without causing a scandal. Girls with families that never knew just what to make of them. Girls who weren't really trying to carve out a new path to autonomy, just banking on a new rotation of guys to get loaded with on Saturday night, or a new view out the window. Girls who never gave a thought to their rights, except perhaps their right to fun.

A young woman's decision to transplant herself, alone, to the big city was a bold one in those days. She was defying generations of cautionary tales that told her the metropolis was a girl's undoing. The last great wave of female migration to the cities—the factory girls, the telegraph operators and the "typewriters" of the 1880s and '90s—had produced a vast storehouse of anxious reportage by muckraking journalists, urban reformers and social hygienists. In their critical account of it, the city was above all a place of display—of glittering shopwindows, cheap finery, racy theatrical entertainments. And to this kind of seduction, the thinking went, young women were particularly vulnerable. Department stores alone, warned Zola in *Au Bonheur des Dames*, "awakened in [their] flesh new desires," excited "the madness of fashion" to

which eventually, fatally, they must succumb. "When a girl leaves her home at eighteen, she does one of two things," Dreiser wrote in *Sister Carrie*, which is, among other things, the apotheosis of these worries. "Either she falls into saving hands and becomes better, or she rapidly assumes the cosmopolitan standard of virtue and becomes worse.... The city has its cunning wiles, no less than the infinitely smaller and more human tempter."

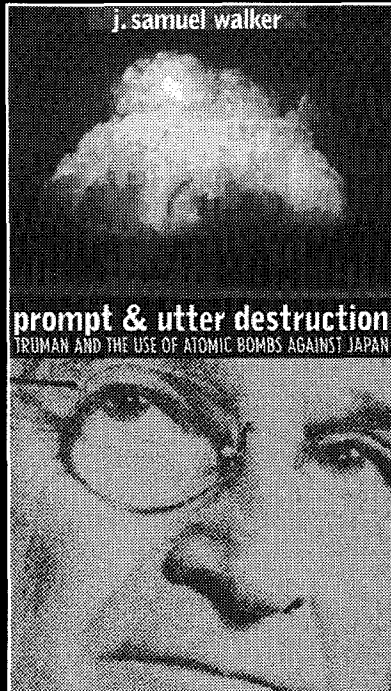
**B**ettie disappeared from the city in 1957. She missed the pay-off. By the mid-1960s, the single girl in the city had herself become fashionable. This new cohort had a manifesto (*Sex and the Single Girl*), an anthem ("Downtown"), a tony fairy tale (*Breakfast at Tiffany's*), and a television show ("That Girl"). It included plenty of college graduates, shiny-haired Suzy Co-eds. And it had numbers on its side: thousands of young, single women were moving to the cities, expecting to meet a husband, yes, but also to live on their own for a few years, to support themselves (as secretaries, editorial assistants, models, stewardesses) and most scandalously of all, to have sex. After 1960, these democratic adventuresses even had the Pill.

Magazines and newspapers took notice of single women, and no longer seemed so worried about them. In 1961, an article in *Look* magazine—"Women without Men"—still described them as an oddity, but not necessarily a source of social disruption. There were "signs everywhere that the unattached woman feels she has the same right to a sexual life as a married woman," the author reported, in tones of wonder. Held up for befuddled scrutiny was a 19-year-old aspiring model from Cincinnati who, even though she was "extremely pretty," blithely asserted that "she wasn't ready for a husband yet and maybe never would be." She worked as an usher at a theater and, in her spare time, "walked around New York staring up at the beautiful buildings and marveling that I'm here."

And just five years later *Look* was reporting on the single life—"Young, Single, and a Stranger in New York"—as a certifiably groovy phenomenon with any number of commercial possibilities (singles newspapers, bars, dating services). "The habitat of the sophisticated single is the East Side, 50s through 80s, a vast honeycomb of new apartments, many of them with just one bedroom." The Village was no longer chic; buildings with a lot of stewardesses—"the single female"—were. Singles parties had a "casual boy-meets-girl atmosphere ... an extension of informal cam-

## PROMPT AND UTTER DESTRUCTION

j. samuel walker



### Truman and the Use of Atomic Bombs Against Japan

J. Samuel Walker

A balanced and concise look at a still-controversial decision.

"The clearest, fairest, and most comprehensive account of a difficult and historically critical event. Walker is scrupulous about using both the latest and the most obscure sources and rigorous when weighing their significance. I only wish this book had been available before the 1995 debates about the 'Enola Gay' exhibit at the Smithsonian Institution, for it would have destroyed the posturing on both extremes."

—William Lanouette, author of *Genius in the Shadows*

"Walker treats this subject with balance, sensitivity to context, and an abundance of common sense."

—John Lewis Gaddis, Ohio University

160 pp. \$34.95 cloth / \$14.95 paper

at bookstores or by toll free order

The  
University  
of North  
Carolina  
Press  
CHAPEL HILL



Phone (800) 848-6224, Fax (800) 272-6817  
<http://sunsite.unc.edu/uncpress/>



pus attitudes." Nobody in this crowd was frenzied, or frantic—just fun, fun, fun. They were now part of a thriving singles "scene," which even a mainstream publication such as *Look* could portray as an acceptable antechamber to marriage, rather than a fundamental threat to the institution.

Bettie Page ran away to New York before the singles scene was chic. By Dreiserian standards, hers is a story of dissolution: the innocent girl with the heart-shaped face loses her soul to the fleshpots of Manhattan. Her own account of her life reads rather differently. For one thing, her youth in Nashville, where she was born in 1923, was not particularly innocent. Her father, Roy Page, was an itinerant mechanic and a lout, who molested Bettie when she was an adolescent, and bullied her mother. Bettie and her four brothers and sisters ended up in an orphanage for a year, after her mother left Roy and couldn't support the kids. (Bettie used to entertain the other girls by mimicking the poses of movie stars and models in the fan magazines.) When she was 19, Bettie married a boy named Billy Neal, who had just been drafted into the army. He turned out to be a possessive type who accused her of acting "high and mighty" because she had graduated from teacher's college in Nashville.

Yet she was bright and venturesome, and seemed to thrive as long as she was on her own. When Billy was shipped out to the Pacific, she waited for him in San Francisco, where she modeled fur coats, won second prize (a \$50 war bond) in a beauty contest judged by sailors, and got arrested for slugging a landlord who was mean to her sister. She worked in Nashville for the Office of Price Administration and in Port-au-Prince for an American couple who were selling off their mahogany business. And in 1947, now divorced, she decided to move to New York and try her hand at acting. The first job she snagged was as a secretary at the American Bread Company, but at least she was making her own way. Besides, it wasn't long before she had taken up with a handsome Peruvian student who taught her how to rumba.

Her pin-up career was born one afternoon on the beach at Coney Island, where she was discovered by an amateur photographer and New York City policeman named Jerry Tibbs. Tibbs put her in touch with some of the camera clubs, which were always on the lookout for young women willing to shed their clothes and their conventions. Tibbs

was black, and many of the clubs were racially integrated, which made posing for them—especially if you were a white Southern woman in 1950—doubly risky. But Bettie Page seems to have been one of those holy idiots who don't so much transcend racial boundaries as never quite notice them.

From the beginning, she liked the work and was good at it. Once, when she was arrested for indecent exposure during a topless photo shoot near a highway, she pleaded not guilty, insisting, with some pride, that she "was not indecent and that the group was a legitimate camera club from New York City." She never dated the photographers, but she did pal around with them, teasing them about their predilections—"Oh, you and your lingerie"—that sort of thing. "From the first time I posed nude I wasn't embarrassed or anything," she told Essex and Swanson. And it certainly beat the clerical grind. "I never had any trouble getting a job back in those days," she says



© Bunny Yeager

now. "But I didn't like sitting at a typewriter all day."

Even the story of her post pin-up life—she left New York and stopped modeling in 1957, when she was 34—is not exactly a story of renunciation, or creeping shame. In the '80s, as Page's cult status grew, so did the curiosity about what had ever become of her. Was she alive? Was she lonely? Was she married? Was she fat? Was she living in a trailer park or working at an Arby's? After all, plenty of other performers, some more gifted than she, had ended up poor, remorseful, dwelling furtively in the half-light of a vanished, minor fame, like so many low-rent Norma Desmonds. (There was, for example, the haute couture fashion model Dovima, of the elegant bones and the Givenchy gowns and the Avedon elephant photograph, who ended her days a few years ago as a hostess at a Two Guys Pizza in Florida.) Here and there, fans would claim that they had seen Bettie at a gun show, or slinging hash in a Texas diner.

The mystery became her. Like Marilyn Monroe and James Dean, she was a '50s icon who had disappeared in her prime. But she hadn't died, as far as anyone knew. She had simply vanished.

When a reporter finally tracked Bettie Page down a few years ago, it turned out that she had not fallen into ruin. She had worked as a teacher, married a few times for love, gotten a Master's degree in English, traveled around. She had also gone to bible college and served as a counselor for the Billy Graham Crusades, but her newfound Christian beliefs had never convinced her that she had done anything wrong in her cheese-cake years. She does interviews now, but, to her credit in these days of epidemic exhibitionism, she won't appear on camera. She wants to be remembered as she was. There's nothing especially pathetic about her. She didn't end up as a parody of herself.

Some of Bettie Page's fans will tell you that the reason her photographs appeal to so many people today is that she was a woman more of our time than of hers, a sexual liberationist trapped in Ozzie-and-Harriet land. But in truth her pictures attract us precisely because they are so much of their time (erotically daring, but only within the context of the 1950s). Despite ourselves, we are nostalgic for a period that still retained a notion, and a realm, of the genuinely illicit—when sexually revealing photos were produced in dark corners and traded shyly, when porn skulked on the fringes, in a shadowland of desire. Now we

have bondage motifs in our fashion advertising, and sex advice books that chirp about the dire effects of repression (and even reticence), and skin magazines that long ago won the battle to show pubic hair and are bored with it, and pop stars who do pseudo-serious picture books about their sexual fantasies, and chic writers who get big advances for books about their erotic humiliations, and regular people who go on talk shows to tell the world that they are foot fetishists or chronic masturbators or infantilists, and a computer network that can summon a pneumatic cyber-babe to your screen anytime you want her. In such a world, who could deny the power of a secret?

To look at these pictures, and others like them from the '50s and earlier, is to remember that there was a time when taking off your clothes was a potent gesture, when the mere fact of a naked woman, no matter how imperfect her body or coy her stance, could be thrilling. This is why almost all the old pin-



ups have a kind of poignance. Most of them no longer arouse; the frontiers of the sexually explicit—the amount of flesh and of actual or simulated sex required to turn the viewer on—are always being pushed further. What was once erotic may now seem quaint or dumb. The Orientalist vamps of the 1910s and 1920s—Little Egypt (“See her dance the Hootchy-Kootchy. Anywhere else but in the ocean breezes of Coney Island she would be consumed by her own fire!”) or the silent screen star Theda Bara (advertised as the woman who “Ruined 50 men, made 150 families suffer!”)—look ridiculous now. Their faces are like masks, their bodies girded, gilded, unapproachable. Not only are they gone; so, too is the world in which they would have been found seductive. And the cycle moves ever more quickly. In her Gaultier bra, Madonna seems foolish and passé now. The anatomy never changes, but the body has a history.

**B**ettie Page still looks beautiful, and sexy too, but by today’s standards even her bondage photographs are rather tame. Nobody is naked; nobody is pretending to have sex (or having it); there are no crotch shots. If we look closely at these pictures, we can still, barely, recover the feeling that they were scandalous. After all, when Irving Klaw was investigated by the Kefauver Commission, he was labeled “one of the largest distributors of obscene, lewd, and fetish photographs throughout the country by mail,” a trafficker in “base emotions” and a contributor to juvenile delinquency.

In *Hardboiled America*, his elegant rumination on the fate of the pulp novel, Geoffrey O’Brien invokes the contemporary regard for ’50s pulp writers such as Jim Thompson, who in their own day were commonly dismissed as cheap nihilists.

What would once have been inconceivable was that Jim Thompson should seem, if not exactly a voice of reason, then at least a reassuring voice from down home, a both-feet-on-the-ground messenger from a time and place where things looked just as cheap as they were.... If Thompson was supremely alienated, there had at least been a world for him to be alienated from. His industrial wastelands and hellish hotel rooms, his bus stations steeped in boredom and simmering disgust, represented some kind of geography, some minimal sense of location. He may have evoked it only to destroy it, but it had after all been there for him to destroy. His books spoke of a time when it was still unusual to feel the way his heroes felt, or at least to acknowledge the fact. It had become in retrospect a heroic period: gratuitous evil and affectless violence meant something back then.

## Electronic Newsstand

The Ultimate Magazine Source

[www.eneews.com](http://www.eneews.com)

Read savvy media commentary

Monitor what’s being covered  
in your favorite magazines

Choose your news  
on your own  
customized newsstand

Subscribe to the magazines  
you’ve been meaning to buy

You won’t find lower priced magazine subscriptions  
anywhere on the Internet.  
We guarantee it!

Get TV reception you never had before, with the ...

## Antenna Multiplier™ still only \$29.95\*

\*But read this ad for an even better deal!

You won’t need it if you are connected to a cable system, but if you are not you will now get TV reception that you could never enjoy before. Inside its plastic housing, the *Antenna Multiplier™* hides a small technical miracle—an array of electronic components that literally multiplies the reception power of your TV. The *Antenna Multiplier™* stabilizes your TV picture, eliminates “ghosts” and static, and brings in stations that were until now only visible as flickers and annoying shadows. In most areas you will be able to eliminate any outdoor antenna completely (limited by atmospheric or geographic constraints). The *Multiplier™* needs no outside power—it gets its “juice” right through your TV set. You place the *Multiplier™* on the television set itself, lay it on a nearby table, or hang it on the wall. And, of course, you can bid your messy and ineffective rabbit ears, loop, rod, or dish antennas good-bye. *Antenna Multiplier™* will not just enhance your TV reception, it also vastly improves AM/FM radio reception and brings in new stations on multiband and shortwave receivers, for new entertainment alternatives.

We are the exclusive importers of the *Antenna Multiplier™* in the United States and can therefore bring you this outstanding TV accessory for just \$29.95. But we have an even better deal: **Buy two for \$59.90, and we’ll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!** Unleash the full power of your television with *Antenna Multiplier™*. Order it today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER  
TOLL FREE (800) 797-7367  
24 Hours a Day, 7 Days a Week.

For Customer Service and for wholesale/premium quantity orders, please call 415-543-6675.

Please give order Code #1006D275. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add \$4.95 standard shipping/insurance charge (plus sales tax for CA delivery). You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

since 1967  
**haverhills®**  
185 Berry St., San Francisco, CA 94107



•The Antenna Multiplier significantly boosts UHF/VHF, television, AM/FM, and shortwave radio reception.



The same could be said of the Bettie Page photographs. Finally they are tinged with pathos, since they are survivals of a time when fetishism and exhibitionism and ordinary sexual adventure really meant something, when their setting was the cheesy chiaroscuro world of roadside motels with linoleum floors and vinyl furniture, not the fake expensive world of fashion magazines and rock videos, a time before pseudo-porn seeped into advertising and was

made pleasant and normal. These images remind us what it was like when erotica was mostly hidden. There are many reasons to oppose repression, but in the universe of repression, one learned the twin arts of fantasy and mystery. Bettie Page always seemed so good when she was being so bad. It is a paradox made of distinctions that we have almost completely destroyed. Poor glutted smirking us. If we cannot be bad, how will we be good? •

engineer by training, and the grandson, as he tells us, of a Polish Jewish tailor who emigrated to Mexico, but would have gone to the United States had he been allowed in. The United States' loss was Mexico's gain. Krauze senior made suits for a leading member of the PRI. Krauze junior is the PRI's powerful obituarist.

**T**he PRI is an acronym, of course, for Institutional Revolutionary Party, an organization that grew out of the Mexican Revolution, or rather the inheritors of that revolution's determination to avoid any more bouts of violence. The last military rising was a pointless one against President Lázaro Cárdenas in the 1930s; and that instinctive resort to arms, which was the reaction of a defeated candidate in an election up until then, especially in the 1920s, has quite disappeared. Now the PRI looks as if it is doomed. As Krauze writes, "there have certainly been [in the last two years] progressive moves of a kind unimaginable under Salinas. In almost all cases, state and municipal elections have been honest and the PRI accepted its losses."

The PRI has, in many respects, dug its own grave. Still, one or two of the PRI's positive legacies should not be overlooked. Its foreign policy was based on a sometimes sanctimoniously expressed neutrality in the cold war which infuriated most North American administrations; but it was, whether one likes it or not, a success, since it protected Mexico from guerrilla violence that could easily have been exported from Cuba in the 1960s and 1970s. The PRI has also presided over the economic modernization of the country; and the regime certainly did not stifle the artistic life of Mexico, as the last fifty years in painting and literature and architecture testifies.

The PRI has also managed, the great corruption in its midst notwithstanding, to attract the adhesion of many outstanding public officials, such as Pedro Aspe, Salinas's articulate and imaginative Secretary of the Treasury. And there was the remarkable Luis Donaldo Colosio, the presidential candidate who was murdered in Tijuana in 1994, whom Krauze rightly refers to as "a very gentle, courteous and prudent man ... made for concord, not for conflict." The ruin of the City of Mexico during these seventy years is hard to forgive, and it is sad to see a picture of the great central avenue known as La Reforma, during the 1940s, "when the air was clear," to recall the title of Fuentes's novel; but, all the same, through a policy of benign neglect, most of the historic center of the capital remains. The poverty of the

## After the Revolution

By HUGH THOMAS

### Mexico: Biography of Power: A History of Modern Mexico, 1810-1996 by Enrique Krauze translated by Hank Heifetz

(HarperCollins, 872 pp., \$35)

**C**arlos Salinas de Gortari, who a short time ago was the president of Mexico and the most powerful man in Latin America, and is now an exile in Ireland, used to defend his decision to embark on NAFTA as an effort to give a formal frame to an already existing association: a conventional wedding between two people already living together. But the relationship between Mexico and the United States has never been a loving one. Mexicans and Americans distrust, and sometimes despise, each other. There is certainly a long tradition of North American dislike of Mexicans. After the Mexican War, popular novels created an ugly stereotype of the typical Mexican which seems to live on in some Anglos' imaginations.

On the other hand, the United States is dotted with universities where fine North American scholars have performed great deeds of historical interpretation. Think of the late Irving Leonard, and his *Books of the Brave* and *Baroque Times in Old Mexico*. Or Arthur Anderson and Charles Dibble, and their extraordinary translation of the Florentine Codex from the original Nahuatl. Or L.B. Simpson and his fine rendering of López de Gómara's *Life of Cortés* from the Spanish, and Robert Ricard's *The Spiritual Conquest of Mexico* from the French. Or Charles Gibson, whose *The Aztecs Under Spanish Rule* transformed our knowledge of some hidden days. Is there anyone in Mexico who knows

quite as much about the PRI as Roderik Ai Camp?

All the same, until now it has been difficult to know exactly what book to recommend to someone in North America who wants to know about the origins of modern Mexico. Alan Riding's *Distant Neighbors* was strictly contemporary and concentrated on economic and social matters. L.B. Simpson's *Many Mexicos* did not really deal with the twentieth century. H.B. Parks's one-volume history of Mexico was competent and explained everything, but it accomplished the unusual feat of making the story dull. Fanny Calderón de la Barca's *Life in Mexico* is charming and perspicacious, and nearly did for old Mexico what the Marquis de Custine did for old Russia; but even in Mexico the 1990s are not exactly the 1840s. Sybil Bedford's *A Journey to Don Octavio* is a deceptively simple travel book, but it, too, is now a little dated. Graham Greene? He hated Mexico, and if one wants a novel as an introduction to the country there are Mexican writers—Mariano Azuela, Carlos Fuentes, even Luis Spota—who are in every way superior.

So what to read for an introduction to what has happened in the last couple of centuries in Mexico? The answer to the question can now be confidently given: Enrique Krauze's original, affecting and often entertaining history of Mexico since 1810. This beautifully written book has been splendidly translated from Spanish by Hank Heifetz. Krauze is an

countryside is gross, but it is hard to believe that any government would have been able to keep up with a birthrate as high as Mexico's in the 1960s and 1970s.

All the same, it looks, especially after the victory of Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas in the recent election for mayor of the City of Mexico, as if the game is now up for the PRI. Krauze discusses how this has come about in his last chapters with great perceptiveness. The murder of Colosio caused an international scandal that damaged the standing of the regime even more than the rebellion of Commandante Marcos, and the ramifications of the investigations into the deaths of the ex-party secretary José Francisco Ruiz Massieu and the archbishop of Guadalajara have been even more disastrous. The scale of the corruption affecting the family of the recent president has become an international rather than a local scandal, something which has never happened before. The reason is that it was a drug-related affair, which implicated generals as well as politicians. The extent to which Mexico has been overwhelmed by the drug lords is only now becoming plain. Krauze guides us through this quagmire of accusations and unfinished prosecutions with as sure a hand as he discusses the reasons for the collapse of Porfirio Díaz in 1911, an event that he sees as rather similar.

Krauze makes a brief anonymous appearance toward the end of his book, when he is talking of the student movement of the 1960s, in which he played a minor part as just one more intelligent scholar who hoped that political change might come from protest against a corrupt system. Then Krauze became the executive editor of *Vuelta*, an independent review put out by Octavio Paz. For so long *Vuelta* pursued a lonely road of dissent in the face of an official Mexican political culture which, almost until the end, was disposed to give the Soviet Union the benefit of the doubt; and still gives Castro the benefit of the doubt, and more. (My first contact with the journal was in 1975, when Krauze considered publishing an article of mine that compared Castro to Mussolini—an article which, in the end, even *Vuelta* thought too much to handle.)

The main theme of Krauze's important book is the extent to which tradition has conspired with circumstance to make the personality of the president of Mexico an absolutely dominant one—far more so in its context than the president of the United States, who, as a rule, has to spend at least half his time dealing with Congress. There is no such non-

sense in Mexico. The president rules: *manda* would be the Spanish, and it is no accident that at this moment millions of Mexican women are probably using the same word to describe what their husband or lover does: *tu mandas*.

The consequence is that, even for the institution's most ferocious critics, the attraction of the presidency has been irresistible. Daniel Cosío Villegas, the historian of the era of Díaz, a brilliant and humane individual who was Krauze's teacher, once admitted that the idea of becoming president was never absent from his daydreams. With good reason, in his case: for when working for José Vasconcelos, the avant-garde Minister of Education of the 1920s (with whom D.H. Lawrence refused to lunch), that intellectual leader said that he was certain that he personally would succeed Álvaro Obregón, and after that the logical thing would be for Cosío to succeed him. In the event, Vasconcelos fought in the election of 1929 as the last independent candidate against the PRI's predecessor as the government party. He probably won; but he was fraudulently outmaneuvered, and subsequently made himself into a brilliant writer with pronounced Hispanophile opinions.

Krauze's book is based on a series of biographies of presidents and other modern heroes of Mexico—from Díaz to Cárdenas—that he wrote in the early 1980s. Those books were a great success. The reason was that Mexicans have a greater appetite for history than most peoples, as Paz famously pointed out in *The Labyrinth of Solitude*. He vividly conjures up a picture of the doomed Francisco Madero permanently speaking from a balcony in a provincial town square, and of Zapata endlessly riding into the capital; and, he might have added, a viceroy forever opening the dancing at a ball in the national palace.

Yet *Biography of Power*, though based to some extent on the published biographies, goes far wider than they did, for Krauze includes a series of portraits of other personalities who imposed themselves on Mexican politics during the nearly 200 years since Father Hidalgo raised his *grito* one hot midday outside his church in Dolores, a small town in the Bajío, in the center of the country, against Spanish imperial rule in 1810. Not all the individuals presented by Krauze reached the pinnacle of political power. He begins with two revealing studies of the "insurgent priests," the first being Hidalgo, the second his successor as leader of the rebels, José María Morelos.

The portrait of Morelos is a fair, thoughtful and interesting picture of a rational and humane patriot. As Krauze writes, "One can understand how this new Mohammed had aroused not only the adherence but the love of his faithful followers. During the siege of Cuautla [in 1812], the voices of the people sang this song:

'For a corporal I'll give two reales  
For a sergeant twice the price.  
But for my general Morelos  
I'll give my whole heart!'

## Sheet Music Cabinets

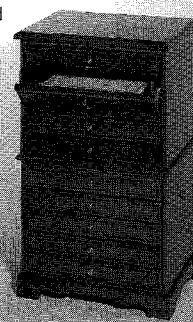
This classic, fine hardwood sheet music cabinet is just one of many pieces of music room furniture we design and manufacture. FREE catalog available send for your copy today!

Call Toll Free  
1-800-324-5200

email: aldenlee@aol.com

Alden  
Lee

Dept. NRPPW  
1215 Chrysler Dr., Menlo Park, CA 94025



## NEW AUTHORS PUBLISH YOUR WORK

All subjects considered:

Fiction, Biography, Poetry, Religion, Childrens;  
AUTHORS WORLDWIDE INVITED.

Write or send your manuscript to:

MINERVA PRESS

2 OLD BROMPTON ROAD • LONDON SW7 3DQ, ENGLAND

## YOU WILL NOT TASTE DEATH JESUS AND EPICUREANISM

When disciples asked how he wished them to fast, pray, and give alms, Jesus answered, "Do not lie and do not do what you hate." This is but one example in the recently uncached *Gospel of Thomas* of Jesus' substituting Epicurean thought for Jewish. Author Jack Hannah demonstrates both such Epicurean influence and why the 113 sayings of Jesus in the *Gospel of Thomas* are historically more valid than the Bible's. 321pp.pbk. \$12 postpaid. Frank Publishing, 1816 Springmill Road, Mansfield, OH 44903-8907

Graduation... Retirement... Housewarming...  
Birthday... Holiday... Anniversary...

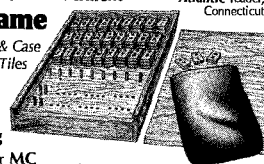
Gift they'll love!

VEX® For 2 Players  
or Teams  
the word game

Handmade in  
Vermont

"Great fun!"  
—Atlantic reader,  
Connecticut

- Wooden Gameboard & Case
- 107 Wooden Letter Tiles
- Wooden Score Pegs
- 100% Cotton Burgundy Pouch
- FREE Giftwrapping



• Check, m.o., Visa or MC  
• 100% Money-back Guarantee  
Wood-on-Brook Games  
PO Box 222, Dept. R14  
Winoski, Vermont 05404

\$44.95 +\$5 s/h Canada: \$8 s/h

1-800-789-GAME  
or 1-802-864-7386



And Krauze's portrait of Hidalgo shows just how unbalanced that wild hero of the revolution really was, even if his white locks are depicted even now up and down the country as if their owner had been a prophet whose example is to be remembered. Krauze cites a revealing statement by Hidalgo, after his capture by the Spanish forces, in which he admitted that "not one of those killed at his order [in Guadalajara] were given a trial, nor was there any reason to do so" because, added Hidalgo, with an honesty which seems absurd, he "knew perfectly well that they were innocent."

Less surprising is Krauze's picture of Lucas Alamán, the cultivated nineteenth-century conservative who, unfortunately for Mexico, died too young to become president. There are also absorbing chapters about Zapata and Pancho Villa, two brutal revolutionaries who, fortunately in both cases, never gained supreme political power, though they got close to it. It was they who dominated Act II of the great opera known as the Mexican Revolution, as they have done much of the Mexican political imagination ever since their violent deaths. Krauze quotes Paz's eloquent judgment of Zapata: "Along with Morelos and Cuauhtémoc he is one of our legendary heroes. Realism and myth meet in this melancholy and passionate figure of hope, who died as he had lived: embracing the land. Like the land itself, he is formed of patience and fecundity, silence and hope, death and resurrection."

In the last part of his book, Krauze includes, in a study that always concentrates on the personal, some serious, interesting and provocative comments about modern Mexico. Thus the chapter about Miguel Alemán, the president who enriched himself from the expansion of the tourist business in the late 1940s, includes an excellent study of the *alquimia*, the alchemy, to use the word imaginatively employed by the magazine *Proceso*, to describe how, for forty or fifty years, the PRI has managed to maintain itself so continuously in power. This "alchemy" involves the physical prevention of voters from reaching a polling station, the loss of the voting papers either before reaching the station or on their way to be counted, the unexpected illness of the president of the election station, or even an "accidental" fire that destroyed the congressional building in whose basement the votes of the 1988 election were deposited. The justification for such conduct, as Gabriel Zaid, an important writer in *Vuelta*, once explained, was that governments have

feared, or pretended to have feared, that if the votes were not rigged, the people would choose as president someone quite inappropriate—a preacher, a singer, a bullfighter.

Mexico is the oldest continuing surviving polity in the Americas. For 500 years, an administration established in what is now Mexico City, and was once Tenochtitlan, has managed much of the territory now constituting the modern country of Mexico, and a capital of some kind has been there since at least 1325. The City of Mexico has preserved many of its great colonial buildings, palaces as well as churches, of which a number have themselves used the *tezontle* stones from old Aztec palaces. Yet Mexican history, in Krauze's view, has been characterized by a remarkable continuity—not just with Spanish imperial rule, but also with the Aztecs.

Krauze remarks, for example, upon a fascinating parallel. "The Aztecs," he says, "had developed a complex procedure for choosing their *tlatoani* [emperor], and through a highly mysterious process of transmission, the pattern has appeared almost intact in twentieth-century Mexico. This is the method of *tapadismo* ("secret deliberation"). A conclave of nobles and military chieftains, meeting in complete privacy, would discuss in secret the selection of the heir to the throne." And it is in precisely such a way, in modern times, that "the revolutionary family" makes its selection. In both cases, the vote of the outgoing ruler, just before death in the case of the Aztecs, toward the end of the *sexenio* in the case of the modern president, played, and plays, an important but not always decisive part. (Thus the emperor Tizoc seems not to have favored his brother Ahuizotl in 1486, and President Ruiz Cortines was not Alemán's first choice in 1952.)

Between the Aztec empire and modern times, there intervened, of course, the era of "New Spain," the Spanish colonial era, so productive and so neglected by most historians. The viceroy certainly ruled as a monarch, even if his power was much more limited than that of the modern president. The difference between the viceroy, on the one hand, and both the *tlatoani* and the president, on the other, is that the latter had to present themselves to the people for their formal approval—the president by means of an absolutely extraordinary electoral "campaign" that Krauze describes as "symbolically validating the legitimacy of the 'revelation' [the *des-tape*], behaving as if the vote of the people is what counts." Krauze quotes Cosío

as saying that the presidency in Mexico had by 1960 become "a six-year absolute monarchy hereditary through collateral transfer."

Krauze is too good a historian to prophesy. But he knows better than anyone that one of the lessons of Mexican history is that change has always been introduced by a period of bloodletting. Remember the revolution between 1910 and 1920, the civil wars of the nineteenth century, the wars of independence, and (why not?) the Spanish conquest in 1520-21. Still, he permits himself to imagine a happy conclusion to the tormented Mexican adventure with power:

Mexican society could finally reconcile itself with its origins. Not to forget them—but to bury at once and forever Cuauhtémoc with Cortés, Hidalgo and Iturbide, Morelos and Santa Anna, Juárez with Maximilian, Porfirio with Madero, Zapata and Carranza, Villa and Obregón, Calles with Cárdenas, all of them reconciled within the same tomb. But Mexico would have to be less pious toward its modern actors. There can be no reconciliation with Tlatelolco [the site of an army massacre of leftist students in 1968]. A democratic Mexico would go after the truth about what happened there, in all its details. It would answer those questions that have gotten no response. It would give faces and names to the dead. But there should not be vengeance either—only a mature contemplation of the entire recent history of Mexico and all the wrong directions it has taken. Then Mexicans could begin to compose a new history for themselves, free of that part of the past that is only weight and sickness. The history of Mexico could then begin to be the story of all Mexican lives. Democracy would print a final period, a closure for good and all to the biography of power.

There are, in today's Mexico, some reasons for such optimism. First, Mexico is a multinational country (there are over fifty indigenous languages still spoken), but it is not Yugoslavia. Violence may be an undercurrent of Mexican life, but it is neither ethnic nor religious nor racial. (The rebellion of Commandante Marcos in 1994 had a racial undertone but, as Krauze points out in an especially good chapter, the green-eyed leader of this group is himself a white ex-student of philosophy from Tampico.) Though racial questions are not all straightforward in Mexico, Krauze points out that in general "racism is not a major feature of the Mexican consciousness (a point that too often can become clear to Mexicans when they cross the northern frontier....)" And the sense of family is also strong in Mexico; and so is the sense of personal decorum. There remains also a strong old

*criollo* upper class, whose leading members are educated and public-spirited, even if they do hanker, only half in jest, for the happy days of Don Porfirio, or even the viceroy's golden coach. There is also an increasingly vigorous and independent press, notably *El Financiero* and *La Reforma*. And Mexico has a strong sense of national self-esteem, based on a pride in the past. If a knowledge of that

past is indeed a key to the future, then Mexico has a chance of emerging successfully from its grave political crisis. Krauze's splendid book will greatly simplify the task of understanding why.

HUGH THOMAS's next book, *The Slave Trade: The Story of the Atlantic Slave Trade 1440-1870*, will be published by Simon & Schuster in November.

## Love in the Ruins

BY CHRISTOPHER BENFEY

**Walker Percy: A Life**  
by Patrick Samway, S.J.

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 506 pp., \$35)

**The Correspondence of Shelby Foote & Walker Percy**  
Edited by Jay Tolson

(Doubleday/Norton, 310 pp., \$27.50)

"No warmer and more secret books than these two," the Austrian novelist Peter Handke wrote of Walker Percy's first novels, *The Moviegoer* and *The Last Gentleman*, both of which he translated into German. "And the secret is not made, cooked—it is not cheap mystery, it is felt and developed with writing, work." Handke and Percy shared a couple of "secrets," including the deaths of their mothers by suicide. They also had in common a certain obliqueness in their literary situations, writing out of tradition-steeped Catholic regions (Austria and Louisiana) on the periphery of larger (German and American) national literatures. But more important—it's what makes Handke's remark so refreshing—there is an awareness in both writers of the sheer hard work of writing, if anything like true warmth and true secrecy are to be won. "One waits," as Percy once wrote, "not for the Muse, fuck her, but until one finds a new language, because that's about what it takes, the language is about dead."

By birth and upbringing, Walker Percy (1916-1990) seemed destined to mourn the vanished glories of the Old South. The Percys of Alabama and Mississippi were aristocrats, if anyone was. Among the congressmen and the war heroes whom the family produced in successive generations, however, there

lurked a pervasive melancholy. Percy's father and grandfather died of self-inflicted shotgun blasts. His mother drove her car off a country bridge and into a bayou—a mysterious performance that Percy, 13 at the time, came to consider a suicide. The orphaned boys—Walker, Phin and Roy—were adopted by their much older bachelor cousin, William Alexander Percy, and came of age in his imposing house, full of books and paintings and a well-used piano, on Percy Street in Greenville, Mississippi.

Will Percy—"the most extraordinary man I have ever known," in Walker's estimation—was a poet in the yearning Romantic vein. To keep a poem free from "irrelevant photographic details," he once advised, "you set it in some long-ago time...." He is best known for his wonderful memoir, *Lanterns on the Levee*, which appeared in 1941, as good a guide to the mind of the South, the white South, as you are likely to find. Though he was in touch with such "Agrarian" poets as Allen Tate and John Crowe Ransom, and he shared their resentment of the encroaching industrial godless North, Will Percy found the modernist technique of their verse unattractive. Asked for his opinion of Ransom's famous "Bells for John Whiteside's Daughter," the third stanza of which runs, "The lazy geese, like a snow cloud/Dripping their snow on the green

**"A summons to vigilance to protect our democratic institutions."** —DANIEL SCHORR



"A masterful job of reporting on the cases of others....the exposures of courageous, enterprising journalists like Mackenzie are crucial for an open government."

—Publishers Weekly starred review

### SECRETS

The CIA's War at Home

by Angus Mackenzie

Foreword by David Weir

\$27.50 at bookstores or order 1-800-822-6657

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

The author of  
**Radical Son**  
explains

**Why I'm Not A Liberal**

"I still believe in the liberation of blacks, minorities, and the poor, but now I believe they must be liberated from the chains of liberalism and the welfare state."\*

\*Why I'm Not A Liberal

David Horowitz is the author of Radical Son published by the Free Press.



ISBN: 1-886442-10-X

51 pages

\$3.95

(includes shipping)

SECOND  
THOUGHTS

To order copies  
call (800) 752-6562 x209  
or visit our website at [www.cspc.org](http://www.cspc.org)



grass./Tricking and stopping, sleepy and proud./Who cried in goose, Alas," Uncle Will drily responded: "That's not the way geese act."

It was rumored that Walker's mother had killed herself when Will Percy rebuffed her advances. She may have misconstrued the sexual preferences of this infinitely charming man who refused to have Faulkner visit again after he showed up drunk for a tennis match. Uncle Will determined that the Percy brothers must have playmates, and invited a local boy of Walker's age called Shelby Foote, whose dark good looks reminded Will of the young Proust, to come by. It was the beginning of a lifelong friendship between Percy and Foote, the literary record of which can be found in Jay Tolson's fine edition of the Foote-Percy correspondence. (Percy was particularly lucky in this friendship. Foote was a talented and precocious novelist who had much to teach Percy later on. His three-volume history of the Civil War remains an underrated masterpiece, even as Foote himself has become a celebrity for his starring role in Ken Burns's *The Civil War*.)

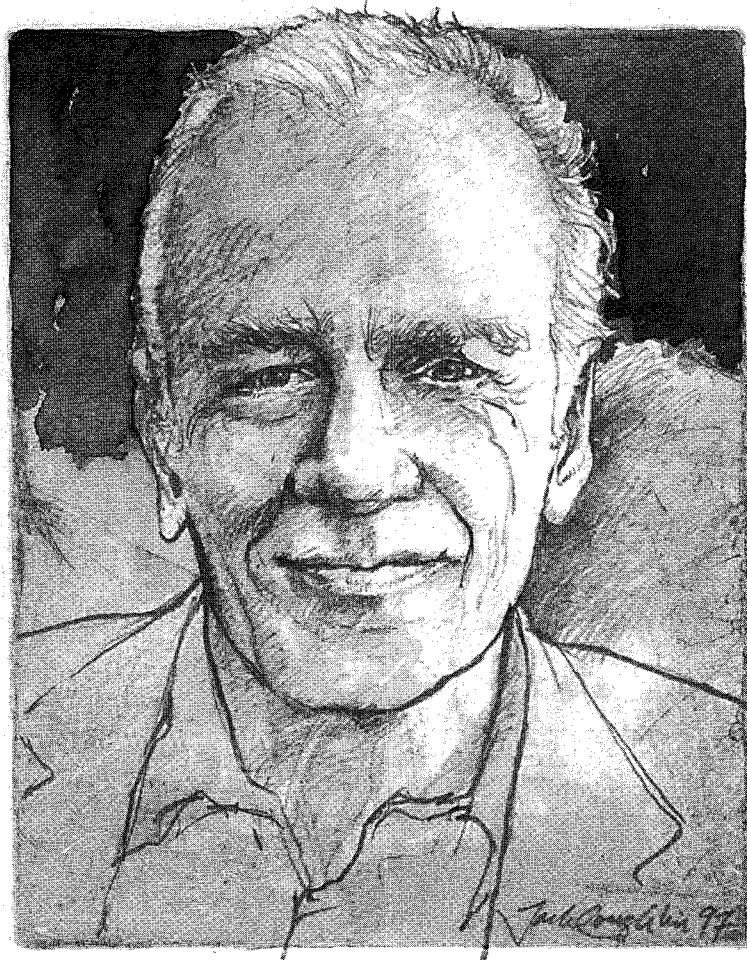
Percy went off to Chapel Hill in 1933 with his head filled with the saintliness of Robert E. Lee and the sensibleness of segregation. When Foote, who also attended UNC, pushed the virtues of integration, Percy exploded: "Shelby, you call yourself a Southerner!" Percy flunked his placement exam in English composition when he imitated the Benjy section of Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*. He was a comfortable frat boy who was noticed, when he was noticed at all, for his passion for General Lee. Foote, by contrast, was rejected by the same fraternity when it became known that he had a Jewish grandparent. On graduation, Walker decided to become a doctor; his grades, never outstanding, were adequate for enrollment at Columbia's medical school.

Then came the great divide in Walker Percy's life. While his brothers and Shelby Foote went to war, he came

down with tuberculosis, a few months into his Bellevue internship, in the spring of 1942. As he lounged about the famous cabins of the Trudeau Sanatorium on Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks, he found (as he recounted many times to many interviewers) that science could not answer the questions about life and death that suddenly tormented him. So out went the science books and in came Sartre and Heidegger and Kierkegaard. "After twelve years of scientific education," he later wrote, "I felt somewhat like the Danish philosopher Søren Kierkegaard when he finished

existentialist models of brain function and occasionally with less technical subjects, such as the aesthetics of drinking bourbon. ("Bourbon does for me," he wrote, "what the piece of cake did for Proust.") In 1946, Percy married Mary Bernice Townsend ("Bunt" to her husband and friends), a medical technician; both of them converted to Catholicism a couple of years later. They lived briefly in New Orleans, the setting of several of Percy's novels, then moved to a small Louisiana town above Lake Pontchartrain, where Percy lived for the rest of his life.

Much of the criticism and biography of Percy has centered on his explanations of that small detail overlooked by Hegel: what it means to be human and mortal. His books, so redolent of the South and Southern mores, have often been reduced to American versions of ideas already developed in Camus or Sartre—"alienation," "the absurd"—or in Catholic theology. Such intellectual debts are obvious, and Percy made no attempt to conceal them, but they distract attention from Percy as a writer, as a creator of what he called "new language." Scholars have plumbed his philosophical essays for more big ideas, again at the expense of a careful sounding of the novels. Many of Percy's most ardent admirers have wanted to see in him a saint or a spiritual guide. Percy was grateful for Robert Coles's early study of his work, but he confided to Foote that



WALKER PERCY BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

reading Hegel. Hegel, said Kierkegaard, explained everything under the sun, except one small detail: what it means to be a man living in the world who must die."

Percy maintained in retrospect that tuberculosis was "the best thing that ever happened to me." In the space of four or five years, he returned to the South, gave up his medical career and, supported by a generous trust fund, began writing in the two genres that would occupy him for the rest of his life: novels, of which he eventually published six, and philosophical essays, often dealing with the gap between scientific and

he didn't recognize himself in the book: "I think it is because [Coles] is projecting a good deal of himself, a kind of good-hearted Colesian decency which may apply to him but not exactly to me." Later books have continued this tendency. The portentous title of Jay Tolson's excellent and very readable biography, *Pilgrim in the Ruins*, which appeared in 1992, is symptomatic.

Patrick Samway's new biography continues the trend, paying minute attention to every documentable moment—the annual retreats, the visits from priests, the donations to religious orders—of Percy's spiritual life. With its

500-page bulk, Samway's biography is of the every-fact-that-fits variety. If you want to know where and from whom Percy bought his cars, or who his Finnish publisher was, or who starred in *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* when Walker saw the show in New York, this is the book for you.

In fairness, it is no small thing to gather all the facts and all the documents about a famous person and assemble them in a reliable order. More than life, Samway's book will be of great value to anyone seriously interested in Percy. Still, it is shapeless except in its chronological structure, graceless and sometimes bizarre in its phrasing, and full of non sequiturs. The reader is rewarded from time to time with a sentence such as this one: "Walker once made a bittersweet discovery after having problems with his large bowel, that too much drinking at the Boston Club had been the cause." What exactly was 'bittersweet,' the bourbon or the discovery? Sometimes Samway's file cards seem unedited, just folded any old way into the narrative. A paragraph describes the letter of recommendation that Percy wrote for one Jason Berry, who worked in Mississippi on the gubernatorial campaign of Charles Evers. "Berry visited Walker and they talked for several hours, especially about the dynamics of a young white man working among blacks. Later Berry's and Percy's concerns seemed to merge as each, in his own way, wrote about pedophilia." Huh?

Samway studied with Joseph Blotner, the long-winded biographer of Faulkner and Robert Penn Warren. "Reading Blotner's Faulkner with interest," Percy writes Foote in the spring of 1974. "Don't mind details the reviewers deplored. Pity is, he has to leave out the most interesting stuff: F's relation to Estelle, how come Jill hated life at home, sexual relations with Joan and Jean, etc. Necessary [sic] reticence of course but pity anyhow." How, then, does Samway treat "the most interesting stuff" in Percy's life? With indirection and innuendo. There are peculiar pockets of reticence amid all his data. He mentions unspecified "marital troubles" during Percy's late 50s and 60s, and dutifully documents—with little interpretation—his friendships with attractive and intelligent young women. Samway quotes a rueful letter to Foote, in the key of Philip Larkin's "Annus Mirabilis" ("Sexual intercourse began/ In nineteen sixty-three/Which was rather late for me..."), about how the "new Bohemia" is too late for "literary seniors" like them:

You deserve a factual look at...

## Terror in Israel

### How should it affect the "peace process"?

Two Arab suicide bombers exploded their deadly devices in a busy market in Jerusalem. Fourteen innocent civilians were killed and hundreds of people were injured. What does it mean and how should it affect the so-called "peace process"?

#### What are the facts?

**A history of terror.** The recent outrage in Jerusalem was preceded by a similar attack in a crowded Tel Aviv restaurant, in which, by sheer good luck, "only" three people were killed.

Since the signing of the Oslo Accord, 259 Israeli Jews have been killed and close to 1,000 wounded. To put it in perspective, these 259 killed are equivalent to about 13,000 people being killed in the United States in such criminal attacks.

These are the same people who, since the "handshake", committed murderous terrorist attacks all over the world. There can be no question that they were

also behind the Pan Am flight 103 plane explosion which killed 270 people, mostly Americans; that they were responsible for the blowing up of the Air Force barracks in Saudi Arabia, in which 19 Air Force

personnel died; and in literally hundreds of other acts of terror. All of these terror acts are specifically authorized by Yassir Arafat, who, though now a "statesman," was classified as an international terrorist by the U.S. Department of State.

**Any pretext suffices.** The basic understanding with Arafat and his Palestinian Arabs was that terror and mayhem would stop. But that has not happened. On the contrary: More Jews have been killed by terror attacks since the "handshake" than in any comparable

**"Only Israel should determine whether its national rights and its security requirements are being honored and fulfilled. Only then, and not before, should it be prepared to continue its negotiations with the Palestinian Arabs."**

period before it. Arafat and the "Palestinian Authority" actively encourage their followers to use violence to accomplish their ends. The PLO has not even complied with the promise to amend their infamous Charter, which explicitly calls for the destruction of the State of Israel. In blood-curdling speeches, Arafat and his henchman goad their followers into violence, urging them to "liberate Palestine and Jerusalem" by jihad (holy war), "with blood and with fire".

Any pretext to violence suffices. Not too long ago, it was the opening of an entrance to an archaeological tunnel that offended the sensitivities of the Palestinian Arabs.

Next it was the Israeli Jews constructing resi-

dences in the eastern part of Jerusalem on land they own. The murderous attack on the Jerusalem market, of course, had no pretext at all. It was just done out of sheer hatred for the Jews and the desire to kill as many of them as possible.

And that is the nub of the problem. Only the most naive can believe that the Palestinian Arabs (or the rest of the Arab/Muslim world) can be placated by the Israelis bringing "sacrifices for peace". Even if the Israeli Jews were prepared to hand over the entire land of Israel and only retain the enclave of Tel Aviv, it would not suffice. The elimination of any Jewish vestige is the inalterable goal.

No peace can come about until that attitude and that mindset change. And that might take a long time.

What does this mean for the so-called "peace process"? So far, the Israelis have complied with all obligations. They have turned over Gaza and all major population centers in Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") to the Palestinian Authority (P.A.). Further transfers are planned. But all of this should stop immediately and for at least six months. Then, the minimum conditions that Israel should impose on Arafat for any continuation should be: (1) The rescission of the PLO Charter advocating the destruction of Israel; (2) A full-bore effort on the part of the PLO to totally stop all terror attacks and to apprehend and turn over to Israeli justice all terrorists now operating under the protection of the P.A. And, nobody — not the United States, any other countries, or the United Nations—should be the arbiters of this. Only Israel should determine whether its national rights and its security requirements are being honored and fulfilled. Only then, and not before, should it be prepared to continue its negotiations with the Palestinian Arabs.

This ad has been published and paid for by

# FLAME

Facts and Logic about the Middle East  
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a 501(c)(3) educational institution. Your tax-deductible contribution allows us to publish these important messages.

58



Explain why it is that the girls did not exactly knock each other down to get at me when I needed them most but that in this my sixty-eighth year to the Lord, I am propositioned regularly by handsome thirtyish lady-girls, three in recent months, an editor, a photographer, a P-R lady—who have in common only that they don't fool around at all. Their seductions have been almost totally unsuccessful.... Explain women. Have women gone crazy? What does a handsome, fine-assed, thirtyish lady-girl want with a skinny, bald-headed, sixty-seven-year-old writer?

Samway's gloss is typically flat-footed: "Walker's question was not rhetorical: he knew literary success or celebrity attracted too many women." Concerning that tantalizing bit about the seductions being "almost totally unsuccessful," Samway has nothing to say. He discounts the rumors about Percy's relations with one

young woman, but he starts his own rumors about another. "If his friendship with Lyn Hill was raising eyebrows, his friendship with thirty-one-year-old Jo Marie Gullede was hardly noticed." Hardly noticed, that is, except by the sharp-eyed Samway.

More surprisingly, Samway has little to say about Percy's novels, offering neither plot summaries nor his own judgments. He quotes instead, in great thickets of one-liners, from contemporary reviews. His account of *The Moviegoer* moves from what is known about the writing of it—here the Foote-Percy correspondence is particularly revealing—through the editorial handling of it (including the championing of the novel by Stanley Kauffmann, then a young editor at Knopf), to its publication, its reception and the National Book Award in 1962. As to the meaning of the book, its

achievement or shortcomings, Samway is silent. Perhaps this is the kind of self-effacement one should be grateful for in a biographer. But books are big events in the life of a writer, and you can't make sense of the life—the real life—without making sense of the books.

Of Percy's six novels, at least three still reward attention. *The Moviegoer* has preserved all its charm. Even in its approach to "big ideas," it is whimsical rather than pompous. The philandering movie-going Binx Bolling's concepts of "certification" (experiences and places rendered real by being represented in movies), "repetition," and even the much commented-upon "search" are the half-baked and humorous musings of a man with a meditative tilt of mind.

What is the nature of the search? you ask.... The search is what anyone would undertake if he were not sunk in the everydayness of his own life.... The movies are onto the search, but they screw it up. The search always ends in despair. They like to show a fellow coming to himself in a strange place—but what does he do? He takes up with the local librarian, sets about proving to the local children what a nice fellow he is, and settles down with a vengeance. In two weeks' time he is so sunk in everydayness that he might just as well be dead.

Time has been less kind to *The Last Gentleman*. Maybe its clunky evocation of Gide and Mann seemed vital in 1966 when Joyce Carol Oates, reviewing it for *The Nation*, found its "highly whimsical kind of picaresque ... altogether richer and more intriguing than ... *The Moviegoer*." The novel is almost unreadable now, cloying in its account of its young hero's sexual longings for a two-dimensional deb called Kitty, unfocused in its social satire of New York City. It has patches of vitality, and almost all of these have to do with the South and Southernness—as when the alienated hero from Alabama becomes an honorary member of a clique of Ohioans. When Percy tries to generalize, and takes on *The Human Condition*, the characters flatten into symbols for this or that aspect of fallen, post-Christian man. The settings—north and south—are mostly abstract; they're theater sets, and nothing like the richly rendered detail of New Orleans in *The Moviegoer*, or the later *Love in the Ruins*.

Shelby Foote hinted at the problem when he objected to the long epigraph from the Catholic existentialist thinker Romano Guardini concerning the end of the modern world. ("The world to come," Guardini concludes, "will be

## Mole Rhapsody

I was not boring I was bored I could count on no one  
making the distinction so I determined my own seduction  
my recruitment if you like at a cocktail reception  
for new operatives where they served us tiny red potatoes

the size of radishes cut into saw-toothed crowns adorned  
with sour cream and beluga caviar I drank vodka gimlets  
I began cultivating my reputation for the missing detail

my father the highschool history teacher was unmistakably  
boring he loved his work he liked the nearness of intrigue  
the weight of secrets of course I followed in his footsteps  
discovering no trace it was a virtue being nobody's son

Nancy my first wife had the kind of need and loathing  
that makes for my favorite kind of sex but that got boring too  
I was ready for the whole affair when it came along at last

there was never a dull moment as your affidavit makes crystal clear  
the thrill came from small touches my first sweetheart deal  
on Valentine's Day eating Eggs Benedict with my contact in Bogotá  
watching dubbed *Colombo* reruns from the embassy in Rome

I spent the money well the way Italians do and I learned  
to eat and drink to excess with the Russians suspicious romantic  
souls make good spies whereas my fellow Americans were above

anything as artless as suspicion while I the philistine the dullard  
burrowed deep and undetected into an appreciation  
of my own senses of humor and irony I left a trail  
of studied carelessness designed to make everyone look bad

I have all the time in the world to read my father's library  
the books he left me when he died on the lives of notable men  
my second wife my double double agent will tell them anything

to spare our son this history she will no doubt look for ways  
to kill herself and I may very well die of boredom  
after all I am loathed but for once and for all time I lack-  
luster and boor have been indeed I am being remarkable

JO ANN CLARK

filled with animosity and danger, but it will be a world open and clean.") "I don't know that I'd use the quotes at the outset," Foote wrote. "The one from Kierkegaard (sp) is o.k. because of brevity, but the second is all too explicit in a work so utterly implicit. I don't much like [epigraph] quotes anyhow; they remind me of crutches—or, worse, those Algebra books with the answers printed in. It doesn't need propping up at all, which this long quote seems to me to do."

**T**he fact is, the props are already there in *The Last Gentleman*. It's a wonder that Percy thought it needed a sequel, which turned into *The Second Coming* (1980). *Love in the Ruins* (1971) is a skillful rehash of *The Moviegoer*, with the premonitions of the end of modern life made explicit. For a vision of the apocalypse, set in bombed-out New Orleans, the narrative is surprisingly down-to-earth and racy. The first-person narration, Percy's natural voice, serves him well again. This novel also spawned a sequel—as though the end of the world just kept on going—in *The Thanatos Syndrome* (1987).

It's a minority opinion, but I believe that the most enjoyable of Percy's novels is *Lancelot* (1977). Percy's rantings at the modern world are given wonderful voice in the murderer Lancelot Lamar, who has deliberately burned his meticulously restored plantation house to the ground, with his adulterous wife and a movie crew inside. Looking back on his married life from his cell, Lamar recalls: "Later we lived by sexual delights and the triumphs of architectural restoration. Truthfully, at that time I don't know which she enjoyed more, a good piece in Henry Clay's bed or Henry Clay's bed."

Late in life, Percy realized that he was now "the oldest male Percy in history; 57, so what lies ahead is virgin territory; imagine a Percy with arthritis! senility! Parkinsonism, shuffling along, fingers rolling pills, head agoing! I don't know whether I'm looking forward to doing a great thing like Kant and Spinoza and Verdi in the 1980s or whether I'll jump in the Bogue Falaya next week with a sugar kettle on my head." But Percy did great things. He once suggested that his books started "where Faulkner left off... with a Quentin Compson who *didn't* commit suicide. Suicide is easy. Keeping Quentin Compson alive is something else."

CHRISTOPHER BENFEY's new book, *Degas in New Orleans: Encounters in the Creole World of Kate Chopin and George Washington Cable*, will be published by Knopf in the fall.

**TRB** continued from page 6

pany, to meet with Energy Secretary Hazel O'Leary. On October 17, he went to visit Don Fowler, the co-chair of the DNC. Fowler promptly wrote a letter to O'Leary, asking for the meeting. "Mr. Chung [is] one of the top supporters of the DNC," Fowler wrote. "I would appreciate your strong consideration of this invitation...."

As Chung was leaving the DNC, he ran into a lobbyist. According to the account Chung gave NBC, which broke the story this week, the lobbyist suggested that Chung call a Department of Energy official named Corlis Moody. Chung told NBC that he met with Moody, and that Moody told him that she could arrange a meeting, and that it would be nice if Chung could make a contribution to an October 19 dinner for AfriCare that O'Leary was chairing.

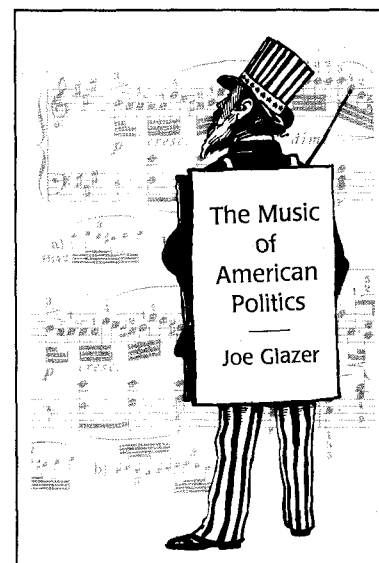
Chung says he asked for the promise of the meeting in writing from O'Leary. The next day, he received a letter, but it was unsigned. He says he sent word that he required a signed letter. Back by fax came a letter signed by O'Leary, addressed to Sheng: "I look forward to meeting with you tomorrow afternoon...." The next morning, Chung told NBC, a "gentleman present himself as the Energy Department official and said, 'I'm here to pick it up, the \$25,000 check.'" Chung says that he handed over the check—a check AfriCare cashed.

According to Chung's account, his mysterious gentleman caller asked Chung for the two faxes from O'Leary, saying that the Energy Department's general counsel thought they might not be legal. Chung returned the faxes. But there are copies.

O'Leary has "flatly" denied that she authorized "anyone to request or accept a check in exchange for a meeting." Moody, through Energy spokeswoman Carmen MacDougall, has said that she "did not request any type of donation to AfriCare." The department's inspector general has begun an investigation, which the White House says it takes seriously.

Chung and the Petro-Chemical delegation did indeed meet with O'Leary on October 19. And, later that day, Chung took the delegation on a special White House tour. That night, he apparently brought the entire delegation to the AfriCare dinner, and, at the reception for the dinner, Chung scored big-time. Spotting President Clinton, he maneuvered Petro-Chemical's president over to America's president, for a quick handshake and a photo. Op city. All in all, not a bad twenty-five grand's work.

**MICHAEL KELLY**



**SONGS INCLUDE:** Happy Days Are Here Again • Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too Suffragette Song • Silent Cal • We've Got FDR Back Again • I like Ike • Joe McCarthy's Band • Ballad of Richard Nixon JFK Song • Don't Wake The President Up • 17 others

Cassette \$10; CD \$15; Postpaid

Collector Records, 1604 Arbor View Rd.  
Silver Spring, MD 20902  
301/652-0393

**PUBLISH YOUR BOOK**  
At A Price You Can Afford!  
**\$197** Size: 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", 64 pgs,  
500 copies, 2-color cvr.  
EACH Negs, Proofs, Perf Bd.  
From \$529. Write for Price List.  
**800-277-8960 PROFESSIONAL PRESS**  
P.O. Box 3581 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515-3581

## GOVERNMENT FORECLOSED HOMES FROM

pennies on \$1. Delinquent Tax,  
Repo's, REO's. Your Area.

Call Toll Free: 1-800-218-9000  
Ext. H-4377 for current listings

**FREE TO CHOOSE**  
SUTHER WEST  
PLATT REPUBLIC  
THE SECRET OF THE  
ATLAS SHIRAZ  
DANIEL BROWN  
THE SON OF PHAROAH  
ESTHER  
Wealth and Poverty  
2-HISTORY BOOKS  
MODERN TIMES  
THE HOUSE OF THE VANITIES

# AUDIO BOOKS

- Rentals by mail
- All Unabridged
- Huge Selection
- 100% Guarantee

**BLACKSTONE AUDIO BOOKS**  
Dept. NE • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland OR 97520  
For a FREE Catalogue, Write or Call:  
**1-800-729-2665**



# WASHINGTON DIARIST

## Distinctionism

WHAT IS A ZION? THAT IS, WHAT is the meaning of the word that gave a name to a city, a land, a people, a prospect of salvation? The word is introduced casually, in II Samuel: "Nevertheless, David took the stronghold of Zion: the same is the city of David." In a blatant violation of the human rights of the Jebusites, the new king conquered a fortress called *Tziyun*. The root of this appellation almost certainly referred to the physical attributes of the place. It may have come from *tziyah*, the short, sharp term for a dry and desolate location, as in "the solitary place" (Isaiah) or "a land of drought" (Jeremiah) or "the wilderness" (Ezekiel). In 1896, the great lexicographer Solomon Mandelkern defined it as *locus aridus et sterilis*, and a year later Mandelkern attended the Zionist Congress in Basel, in the belief, no doubt, that geography is not destiny.

BUT THERE IS ANOTHER ETYMOLOGY for Zion, a more stimulating one. The word *Tziyun* may be owed to the word *tziyun*, which means a sign or a mark. In the midst of Josiah's religious reform in the seventh century B.C.E., as he smashes the altars and the idols, he comes upon a mysterious site and asks: "What is this marker [*tziyun*] that I see?" He is told that it denotes the grave of a man of God, and he instructs his militants not to disturb it. Prophesying the burial of Gog, Ezekiel enjoins that "when any seeth a man's bone, then shall he set up a sign [*tziyun*] by it." (It was on the basis of these verses that *tziyun* became a rabbinical term for a grave, which in the Talmudic practice was marked by lime so as to define the boundaries of impurity about which passers-by needed to be warned.) And the construction is not just morbid. To console the "virgin of Israel" sent into exile, Jeremiah tells her to "set thee up waymarks [*tziyunim*]," so that she will recognize the way back to Jerusalem, and "turn again . . . to these thy cities."

A *TZIYUN*, THEN, IS A DISTINGUISHING feature, a distinction. It sets a thing apart from other things. The fortress that David took was named for its prominence and its position, to which it owed its dominance over its surroundings. (In the days of Joshua, the tribe of Judah

failed to conquer it.) In this sense, *tziyun* is a descriptive term; but the descriptive was promoted into the prescriptive, a material distinction into a spiritual distinction. "The Lord loves the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob": a third-century sage read this verse from the Psalms to mean that "the Lord loves gates that are distinguished [*metzuyanim*] by the study of the law more than the houses of prayer and the houses of preaching." Thus *tziyun* means excellence, of the stringent sort. The most familiar example of this usage appears in the *Haggadah*, the liturgy for the Passover meal. On the Scriptural statement that the Israelites in Egypt "became there a nation," the ancient text comments: "This teaches that the Jews were distinct [*metzuyanim*] there." This refers to the ancient rabbinical observation that the Israelites were redeemed from Egypt "because they were never suspected of incest and slander, and because they did not change their names and their language." They honored the imperatives of morality and the imperatives of identity. Humanly and nationally, they did not slacken.

SO ZIONISM MEANS DISTINCTIONISM. The proper name became the proper's name. But this auspicious ideal got bogged down in a fruitless quarrel between universalism and particularism. Some of the opponents of Zionism attacked it, nervously and sanctimoniously, as a diminishment of the prophetic vocation of the Jews, which is to be "a light unto the nations." For the Zionists, however, the theory of the Jewish mission to the world was more proof of the anomalous position of the Jews, and they insisted upon "the normalization of the Jewish people," as if a general concept of the good is not a characteristic of normality. What the universalists and the particularists shared was the erroneous belief that it was the political condition of the Jews that determined their moral condition; and together these moderns deviated from the religious tradition, which never appealed to Jewish misery for an understanding of Jewish morality. The sorrows never relaxed the principles. You would not know from the ethical literature of the Jews in exile that their lives were often a hell.

YET THEIR LIVES WERE OFTEN A hell. Eventually it became necessary to reject the quietism of the centuries. A

people cannot live by the heroism of the last stand, and so the Zionists set out to gain power for the Jews. They gained it, and normalized the Jews politically; but there was no need to normalize the Jews morally. Instead they carried their scruples from an era of weakness into an era of strength. If there are many crimes that Jews did not commit in their history, it was in part because they did not have the power to commit them, but now there are many crimes that they have the power to commit and they have not committed them. There is no such thing as a spotless state, and there is innocent blood on

Israeli hands; but historically and philosophically, this nationalism has been a critical nationalism. It defends itself and it denounces itself. It will not be panicked out of its aspiration to justice.

THIS IS NOT MERELY a matter of politics.

It will please no politics. For there never lived a human being who was not at once a particular and a universal. The obligations of partiality and impartiality are ceaseless and simultaneous. A light unto the nations? Certainly; but there is no nation from whom we must not require a light. The Chinese are not a light unto the nations, and neither are the Serbs, and neither are the Algerians. And neither are the Palestinians. It is sometimes said that the Palestinians are the "victims' victims"; but if the victims are not to be released from the high human standards, then neither are the victims' victims. The wretched, too, must act decently. Otherwise the cruelty will never end, and the victims' victims will have to understand why they must put up with the violence of the victims' victims' victims.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF ZIONISM IS the anniversary of the Jewish preference for power over self-pity. What the early Zionists could not have known, but what we can know, is that power becomes dangerous when it refuses to let self-pity go. The stronger we are, the weaker we are: this has been the ridiculous premise of those Israelis and American Jews with an un-Zionist appetite for apocalypse, who are not satisfied to think empirically about danger. But in truth, the stronger we are, the stronger we are; and the strong, too, have enemies. Let us be pleased with our muscles, but let us not think with them.

LEON WIESELTIER



# VISIONS OF VISION

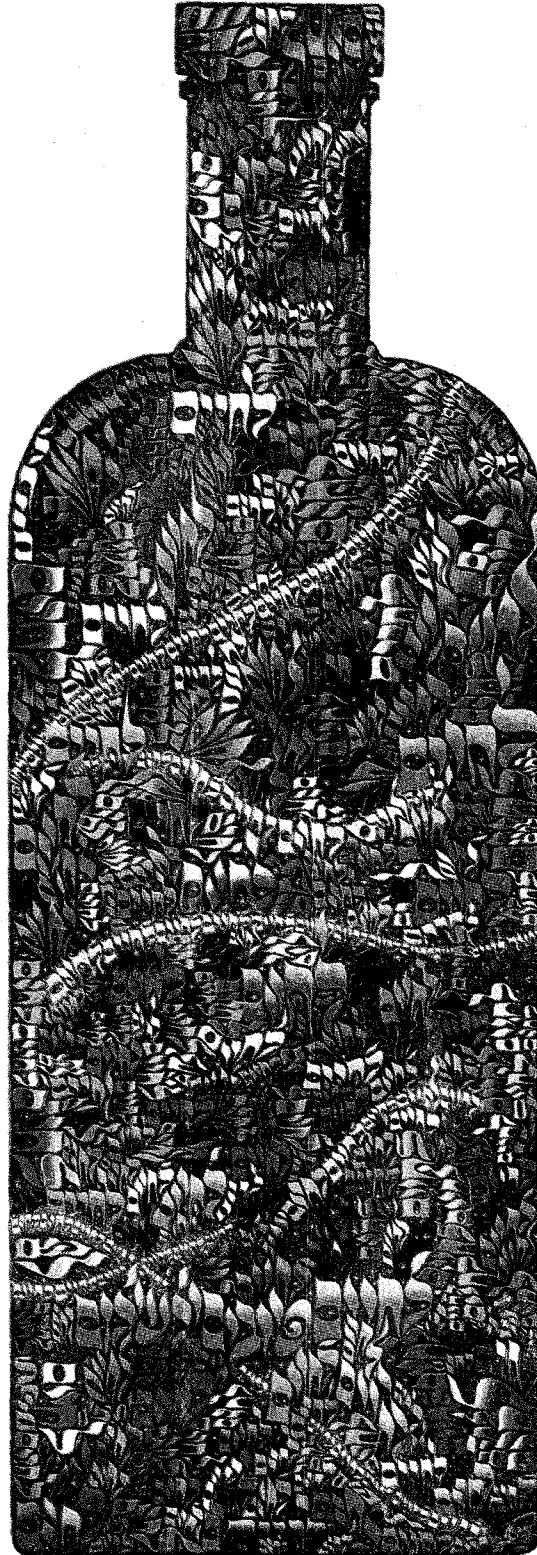
The goals of scientific research are set by inspired visions. Some of the most stimulating are visions about vision. In research centers around the world, the focus on vision opens new paths to medical progress and economic abundance. It engages brilliant minds across a spectrum of diverse scientific disciplines. At the Weizmann Institute where multi-disciplinary research flourishes in Israel, vision-related studies challenge the imaginations of many scientists. Some laboratory projects address the eye itself, such as the demonstration of regenerative growth in injured optic nerves and the use of an enzyme to treat glaucoma without surgery. Other vision-oriented research occurs at the exciting intersection of brain research and mathematics. Discoveries in neurobiology point the way to revolutionary new robotic devices: intelligent systems designed to recognize and understand what they "see." Computer scientists analyzing vision data hope to generate models leading to spectacularly more sophisticated prosthetic devices and infinitely more efficient tools for industrial and agricultural development. Wherever research scientists pursue visions of progress, they deserve enthusiastic support from public and private sources.

The Weizmann Institute, founded in 1934, is a community of 2,400 scientists, engineers and scientists-in-training engaged in a full agenda of 850 research projects ranging from basic medical research in cancer, AIDS, neurosciences and children's diseases to chemistry, physics, agriculture, computer science and the environment.



**AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR THE WEIZMANN INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE**  
51 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10010 212/779-2500





*Michel*  
FIN

# ABSOLUT L'CHAIM.

ABSOLUT® VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40 AND 50% ALC/VOL (80 AND 100 PROOF). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN VODKA & LOGO, ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN AND ABSOLUT CALLIGRAPHY ARE TRADEMARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©1995 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, NY. ARTWORK BY MICHEL SCHWARTZ. PLEASE CALL 1-800-568-1566 FOR LIMITED EDITION ABSOLUT L'CHAIM PRINTS.

THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.